



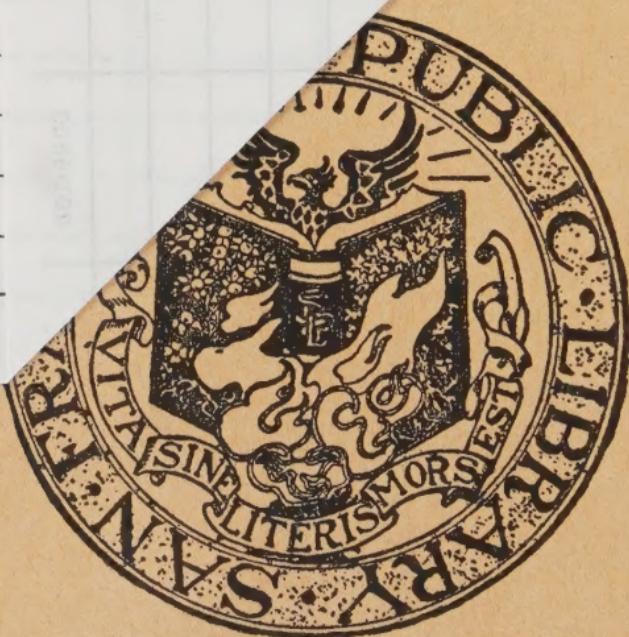
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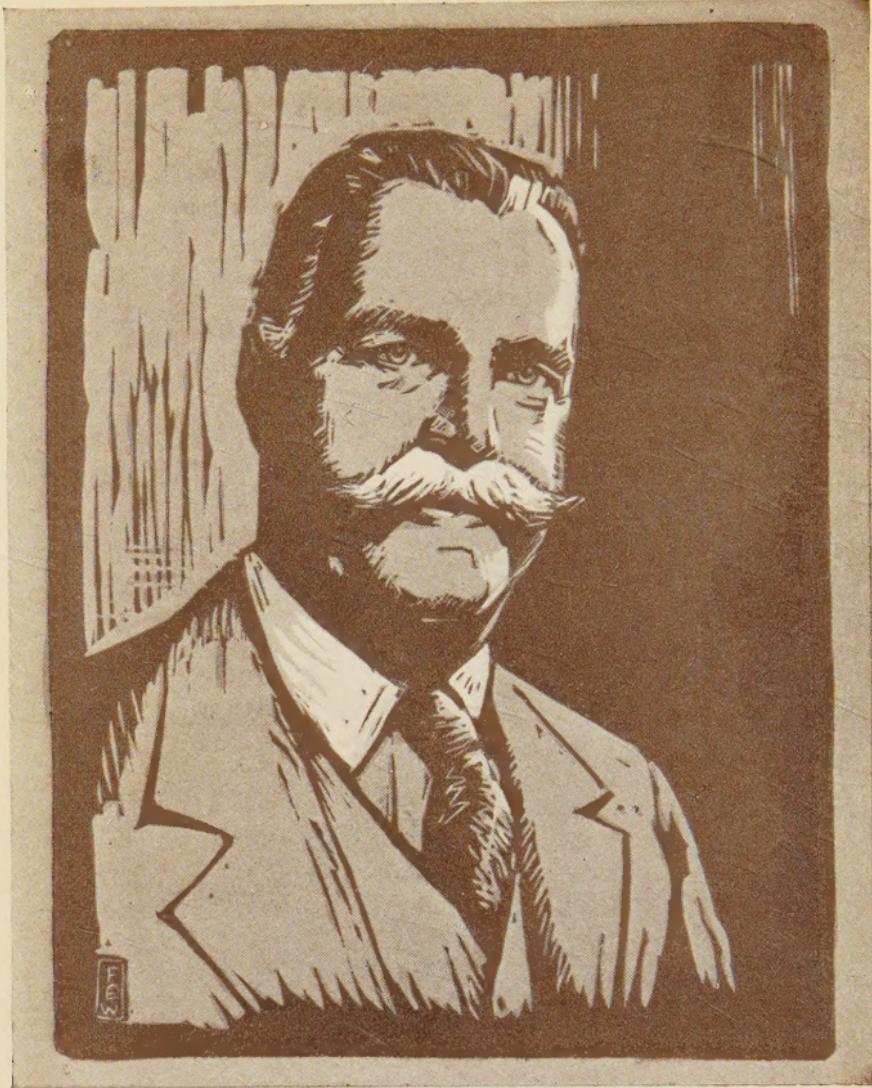
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Yours sincerely

Ottstaft

THE BRIDGE  
OF  
LIFE

by  
C. HAROLD SMITH  
*Author of "Rahwedia"*



Illustrated by  
FERDINAND E. WARREN

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY  
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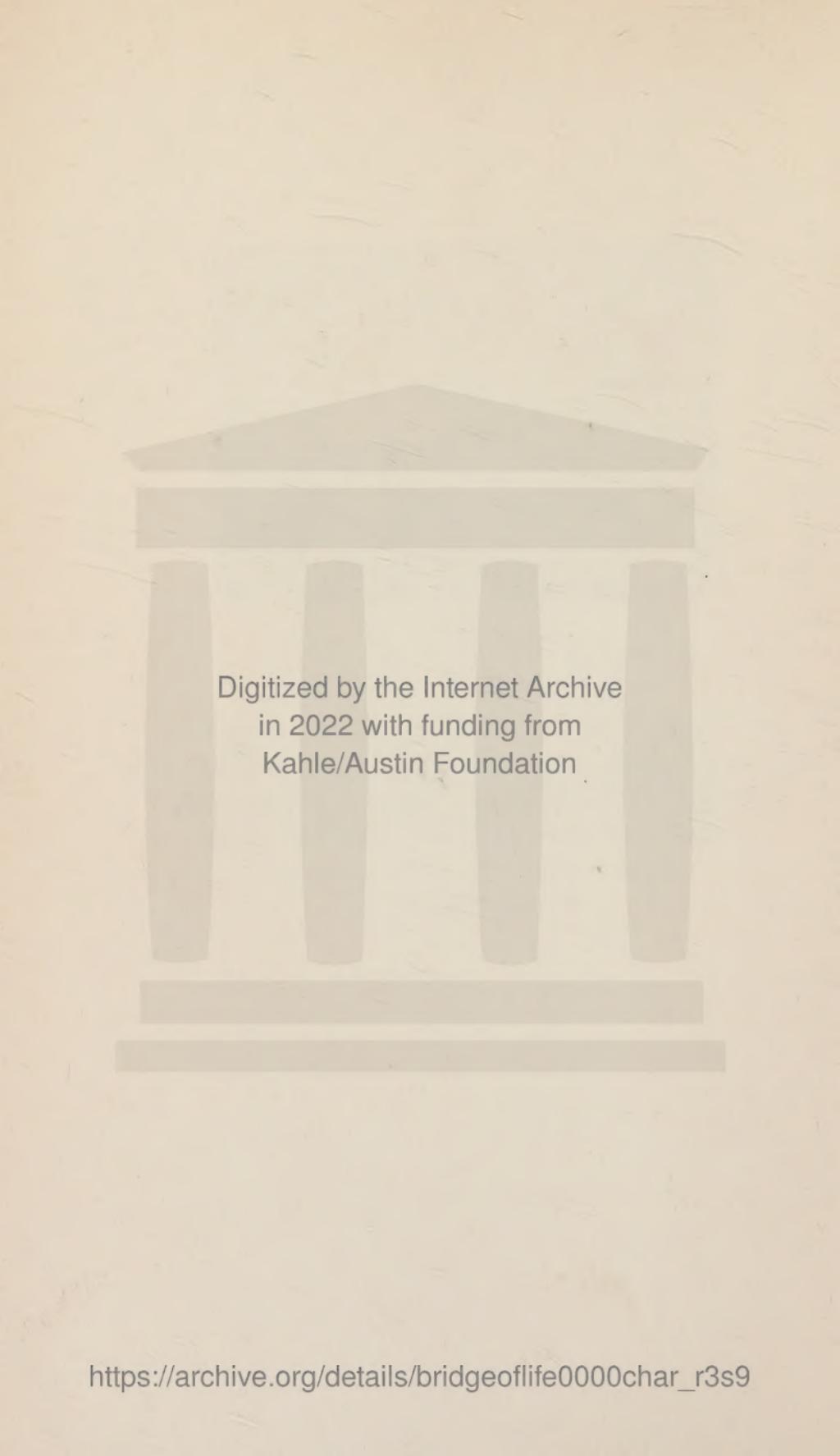




*To*

MY CHILDREN AND MY CHILDREN'S CHILDREN,

*who will inherit my hard-earned possessions and will in youth  
enjoy the pleasures then denied me, I leave this,  
my story, that as they pass across the bridge  
of years, they may better understand  
the meaning of life.*



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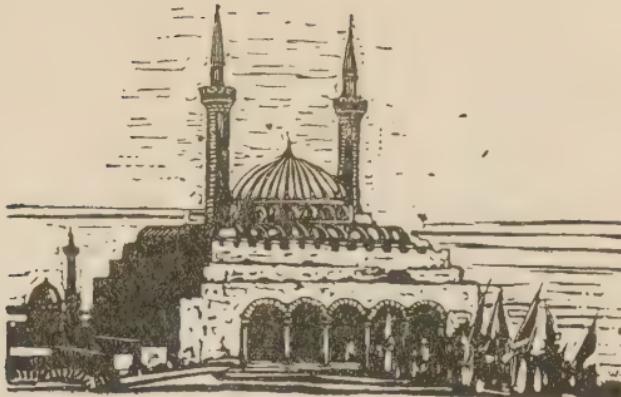


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# I

## *Birth to Boyhood*

1860-1875

A FEW are born to riches, and inherit distinguished ancestors—honorable forebears with titles. Others are born to toil and misery. Why? Who can answer? The Creator sows the seed, casting some on stony ground, some in fertile soil.

In the first month of the year 1860, I was ushered into the world, headfirst, naked and bare, without my consent or selection, to find in time that I was the offspring of healthy parents and inherited the name of Smith, the broken toys of my sisters and the cutdown clothes of my brothers.

# I

## THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

I was the youngest of eight. The firstborn is a novelty to all parents, but when they have children year after year the maternal instinct is dulled and the paternal interest staled: children become commonplace and monotonous. Being the youngest, I was the "fag" of the family. To my childish mind it seemed as if the entire household lay awake at night to find tasks for me to do the following day, and to anticipate my childish pleasures in order to forestall them. It was "Do" and "Don't" all day: "Do this; you mustn't do that."

I first saw the light of day in Blackheath, London, and found myself in a snug nest, from which I was soon to be thrown out as a fledgling, to use my own wings to soar or fall.

One of the earliest recollections of my boyhood days is the sad story of the rooster Joseph. Near the stables was a chicken yard. My mother used to make a mash of potato peelings and other scraps with which it was my duty to feed the chickens. Joseph was a large rooster, with a broad back. He had received his Biblical name because his feathers were of many colors, and I was the means of making him, like his prototype, the object of feminine pursuit. The broad back with its multi-colored plumes proved a temptation to me—and with a wooden ladle I carefully laid a spoonful of the mash on Joseph's back and refrained from scattering any for the other chickens.

In a trice, to his amazement and woe, Joseph was converted into a perambulating restaurant for a hungry mob of young fowls and old hens. The result of my

## BIRTH TO BOYHOOD

playday diversion was most disastrous to the well-being and unalloyed happiness of Joseph, for from a rainbow-hued rooster this Bunthorne of the barnyard was changed into a table-d'hôte runabout—no longer was he adored and admired for his beauty of plumage, but rather for the seductive bill-of-fare that rested on his back. It was a game of tag from the start, and Joseph was "it."

Some days, to my delight, one or more chicks would jump upon his back, and Joseph, with awkward and ungainly stride, would unwillingly give them a pick-a-back ride, ever pursued by his entire *entourage* of frenzied and greedy fowls, who, with wings and necks outstretched, tried to catch up to the fleeing rooster. Elude his pursuers he could not, for the ravenous pullets cornered him; with gaping mouths they encompassed him about like the Bulls of Bashan; and what was worse, they pecked his back bare as a billiard ball. No longer in high feather, he lost his proud strut as Cock-o'-the-Walk; no more did he stride with superior airs, and preen his iridescent plumes—he even forgot to crow, and gave forth but a languid, woebegone croak, as if disgusted with life.

Henpecked by his harem, trampled upon, picked and pecked by his relatives, he lost flesh and feathers, and his décolleté back had a naked look—almost indecent. My mother called it molting, and could not understand the reason—until one morning she caught me dancing with joy at the barnyard scene enacted by my company of hungry fowls with Joseph as the star actor.

## THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

My mother stopped the play and rang down the curtain. This was the last performance of Joseph as a soup-kitchen on legs for he was made into chicken broth of which I had not a taste, being sent to my bedroom on short rations of bread and water. My mother, who had her own ideas of making the punishment fit the crime, put me on short rations to give me an object lesson of what I had made poor Joseph suffer.

My father did not believe that I was as black as I was painted and, thinking my punishment often greater than my crime, he used to secrete portions of his own meals, and slip up to my room with forbidden dainties.

Thus at an early age I caught a glimpse of the power that comes with possession. I discovered that the foolish feathered fowls fluttered about me because the mash in the bowl was what they wanted and must have to live. To them I was a god, for I supplied them with their daily food.

During holidays one of my greatest pleasures was to take long walks with my father, who was my greatest pal. We seldom arrived home together, for when we reached the farthest point of our walk we invariably had an argument as to which was the shorter way home. I usually succeeded in proving my father wrong, because, being younger, I could outrun him. My father was an exceptionally clean walker, I a dirty one, and when we came back from our tramps the mud on my shoes was compared by my mother with that on my father's—with the result that I was sharply reprimanded for carelessness. I soon found a means of avoiding this, for when I saw that my shoes were soiled

## BIRTH TO BOYHOOD

I would bespatter my father's with my cane. My mother concluded that her husband's eyesight was impaired, and insisted that he wear glasses, which my father greatly resented.

While I was still a small boy, my maternal grandfather came to live at our house. Though he was a grouchy, crusty old fellow with porcupine propensities he was the means of developing my commercial instinct in a rather unscrupulous way.

The old gentleman's greatest abomination was house-flies. To reduce the number he entered into a contract with me. For every five flies caught in his room I was to receive a penny, but before payment I had to produce the flies and drown them in a bowl of water in his presence.

The drawback to the sport was that few flies strayed into the old man's room. Nothing daunted, I set about increasing the supply. At school I had learned to make a fly-box out of paper, and it was easy to find and catch flies in and around the stables. Thus my mornings were spent in trapping flies, my afternoons in liberating them in my grandfather's room. That done, all that remained was to recatch them, and collect pennies.

All went well for a while, and the fly-catching industry flourished, until the old gentleman bitterly complained to my mother that his room resembled Egypt during the plague of flies, and that he could not understand how so many of them found their way into his room. Mother duly investigated and discovered my artful dodge. She regarded this development of com-

## THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

mercial instinct in her youngest with extreme disfavor, and from that time I was branded as the bad boy of the family.

My father in his later years became a spiritualist, and collected in his library several hundred books on the subject, with such titles as "The Great Harmonia" and "Footsteps in the Spirit Land." He seemed to believe implicitly that communication could be established between the living and the dead by means of table rapping. When I was allowed to be one of the circle around the table I often cheated, by the simplest means. Shirt cuffs were made of three-ply linen, and when starched were so strong that when the hands were placed on the table and the cuffs underneath, it was easy, in a darkened room, to raise a light table from the floor without detection.

What was later known in America as the Ouija Board was a French invention called *Planchette*. My father purchased one of the first of these devices sold in London, and became a *Planchette* devotee. The great art lay in deciphering what the moving spirit of the mystic board wrote. It is similar to taking a piece of tissue paper, crumpling it in the hand, throwing it on the table, and tracing the grotesque faces made by the shadow. So the scribblings of *Planchette*, like the oracles of old, could be interpreted in widely different ways, according to the imagination of the reader.

One evening we had visited the house of some friends who were as interested as we were in spiritualism. Our hostess had begun to suspect that I directed *Planchette*

## BIRTH TO BOYHOOD

in its answers, and thought she would test her suspicions by questioning *Planchette* in French, knowing that my knowledge of the language was meager. I did not exactly understand her question, which was: "How many eggs are in the henhouse?" Something about eggs caught my ear—I thought I recognized the word "*Oeufs*." When *Planchette*'s answer was deciphered, it read: "*Deux Oeufs*." My father suggested that we should go to the henhouse and see whether *Planchette* was right.

Knowing that the eggs were usually taken from the henhouse during the afternoon, I thought it likely that there would not be many in the nests. Slipping out and taking a short cut to the henhouse, I lost no time in exploring the nests, in which I found three eggs; these I put in my pocket. When the others came they found one egg, and I called out that I had another. Two eggs in all—*Planchette* was right. My father was greatly elated.

Unfortunately, when we returned to the sitting room, I inadvertently walked too near the table; my coat hit it, the eggs broke and began to leak and drip onto the floor. I stood convicted in the sight of all, and my father was keenly disappointed at the collapse of his too hastily blown bubble of triumph.

The schools to which I was sent by my parents were all private boarding schools. The last was Montpelier House School at Blackheath, seven miles south of London, where was founded the first Golf Club in England. This club had for its motto "STRENGTH WITH

## THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

ART" in contradistinction to that of St. Andrews, Scotland, "ART NOT STRENGTH." Golfers may debate the merits of the two mottoes at the nineteenth hole. The red-coated men with curiously curved clubs who knocked a feather-pressed ball about regardless of a strolling schoolboy's safety, seemed to me not sportsmen but malicious Mephistos: I regarded them literally as "golf fiends." I never thought that I would live to enjoy what seemed a silly pastime for the participants and an annoying one for the by-standers.

The headmaster, the Rev. Henry Martyn Hart, was a man of erudition, the author of many books on natural history and on elementary chemistry. He had read much, and his memory was wonderfully retentive. Hart was not only master of the school, but a clergyman with his own church, where I sang in the choir. During the time I was at his school he made a tour of the world, with Lord Fitzwilliam's son and the son of Mr. Petter of Cassell, Petter and Galpin, the publishers. The trip was from England to the Far East, returning from China through the United States, where he preached and lectured in several cities so eloquently that the Episcopalians of Denver offered to augment his salary, build a cathedral and make him Dean. The offer was too tempting to refuse, and as soon as he could arrange his English affairs he returned to Colorado, where as Dean of Denver Cathedral he lived and died.

His magic lantern travelogues, which he presented on his return to England from circling the globe, deeply

## BIRTH TO BOYHOOD

influenced my life, for they aroused in me the wander-lust that, thank God, I have been able more than most men to satisfy, having gone three times around the world and visited many strange peoples.

A gentleman's son in an English school was in my day doomed to a classical education. Much time was devoted to the dead languages, a lingering relic of the time when Latin was the language of every educated Englishman. When the roll was called the boys answered: "*Adsum*," instead of "*Here*," and when a boy had anything he wanted to give away he would call out: "*Quis?*" ("Who?") and the first who replied: "*Ego*" ("I") got whatever was being offered. Parents were called "*Pater*" and "*Mater*." I was known as "*Smith Minimus*," and my two older brothers, "*Maximus*" and "*Major*." The call of caution on the approach of a schoolmaster was "*Cave!*"—Latin for "Look out!"

And when boys were caught, and stood with hand extended or were placed in a recumbent position upon a form, posterior prominent, to receive a caning, our Latin master, who had a perverted sense of humor, would sing with every switch of the cane, this refrain: "*Cave—Cave—Now you've caught it! . . . Cave—Cave—Now you catch it! . . . Cave Canem*"—this dog bites!" Thus at an early age Latin was indelibly impressed upon my memory!

Another of the schools I attended was Eldon House, at Clapham. Our schoolhouse once belonged to the great Lord Eldon, and what had been his picture gallery was our schoolroom. The school stood facing

## THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

the common on which we played cricket in summer, and football and hockey in winter.

At the school were three different Smiths, each of us being called by our initials, "A. O." and "S. S." and "C. H."

One summer afternoon at a cricket match I had just bowled out the last one of the eleven, which put our side in to bat. With a jaunty air I was making my way from the pitch to the tent erected on the common for match games, when one of the boys came up to me.

"You see that lady over there?" he said, pointing to a well-dressed woman of mature age. "She wants to speak to you."

I went to the lady and bowed.

"Are you not little Smith?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "I am."

She inquired then after my father and mother, and I assured her they were both well.

The lady smiled and patted my shoulder.

"You're a nice little boy," she said, and handed me five shillings, for which I thanked her.

On Saturday afternoons the pastry-cooks of Clapham, to catch the pennies of the schoolboys, used to send what we called tuck wagons to Clapham common, and from these we bought cakes, sweets and fruits.

With the five shillings clutched in my hand, I lost no time in joyfully summoning my special pals to come and have a "tuck in," and the money was soon spent.

As we straggled back to the tent with the good things

## BIRTH TO BOYHOOD

inside us the boy who brought me the first message said that the same lady wanted to see me again.

I went over to her.

“Are you not little A. O. Smith?” she asked.

I told her my full name.

“Oh, you’re the wrong boy! Give me back my five shillings.”

But she was too late.

Memory is a strangely capricious faculty. And the average man is usually unable to explain why one of a number of equally trivial incidents should make an impression upon his mind so much deeper than the others that after the lapse of many years he can recall all the circumstances associated with it. Yet commonly it is the trivial incidents that live most vividly in the memory, dimming and even blotting out recollections of great events and mental pictures of historic figures.

One such historic figure, however, I can still visualize as I saw it in the days of my early boyhood—the tragic figure of Napoleon III, last Emperor of the French.

After his expulsion from France he sought asylum in England, and found retirement at Camden Place on Chislehurst Common, which has since been converted into the Chislehurst Golf Club. This property originally belonged to Lord Camden and came into the hands of N. W. Strode, an old and valued friend of Napoleon III, who placed it at the disposal of the ex-Emperor and his Empress Eugénie.

## THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

Now during the early part of his career my father had made many friends, for he was a man of charming personality and had a well-stored mind. He had accumulated an independent fortune, and was able to entertain lavishly. Among his friends were Herbert Spencer, who lived at Blackheath; Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self-Help," a book of the lives of men who had risen through their own efforts, and Charles Darwin, who lived at Downe, a village some ten miles distant.

My father was a great lover of flowers, and we had many greenhouses and a large flower garden. For years we were awarded prizes for flowers and fruit at different horticultural fairs and flower shows. These flower shows were usually held at some large estate in the neighborhood and attended by the County people. There was a family of the name of Wiseman who had a large property at Bickley, near Chislehurst, and the flower shows held in their grounds were attended by Napoleon and his Empress.

On January ninth, 1873, Napoleon died after a prolonged illness. I went with my sister to Chislehurst to see the body lying in state in the picture gallery and hall immediately inside the principal entrance to Camden Place. The ceiling was draped with the French tricolor and, to conceal the temporary chapel, the walls were hung with black curtains, so festooned that they could be drawn apart. The gloom was relieved by tapers and candles of which there was an amazing number of all sizes.

The coffin rested on a low dais in the middle of the

## BIRTH TO BOYHOOD

room between two large pillars. Beneath a crucifix at the end of the hall was a pall of purple velvet, embroidered with the imperial bee. The walls were hung with purple velvet embroidered with the imperial eagle and the Napoleonic "N" beneath the crown. The casket appeared to rest on a bank of violets, the Napoleonic flower, the perfume from which was nearly overpowering. Behind the casket stood monks in gowns and cowls, chanting a solemn requiem. The body looked like a wax lay figure. The cheeks had been rouged to conceal the death pallor, the lips were red. The mustache, which had grown during the long illness, had not been brought to the familiar fine point, nor was the imperial goatee carefully coifed. The Emperor was dressed in the uniform of a French division general, which he had worn that fatal day at Sedan when he and General MacMahon surrendered his army to the King of Prussia, Prince Bismarck and General Von Moltke. Across his breast was the *cordon de Legion d'Honneur*. His cap was laid near his feet and his hand rested on the hilt of the sword he had surrendered to the great three of Germany upon the field of battle.

On January fifteenth I followed the procession of the exiled Emperor on his last journey over Chislehurst Common to St. Mary's Catholic Church.

An Abbé bearing aloft a large crucifix came down the chapel ardent, preceding the coffin. The catafalque, draped in dark purple velvet, was drawn by eight horses ridden by postilions and preceded by monks singing a dirge for the dead. Immediately behind the

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catafalque walked the Prince Imperial, Prince Jerome Lucien Bonaparte, and Prince Joachim.

Prince Jerome was nicknamed by the French "Plom-Plom" on account of his embonpoint. His resemblance to "*Le Petit Caporal*," the Great Napoleon, was remarkable. He was of the same height and build, had the same sallow complexion, finely cut features and curl pendent on the forehead, and in walking he imitated, whether or not by design, his famous predecessor by holding his arms behind his back. After the immediate relatives of the Napoleon family came the friends of the ex-Emperor and a number of French peasants and workmen in their blue blouses and wooden sabots, showing their loyalty to their Emperor even in exile and death.

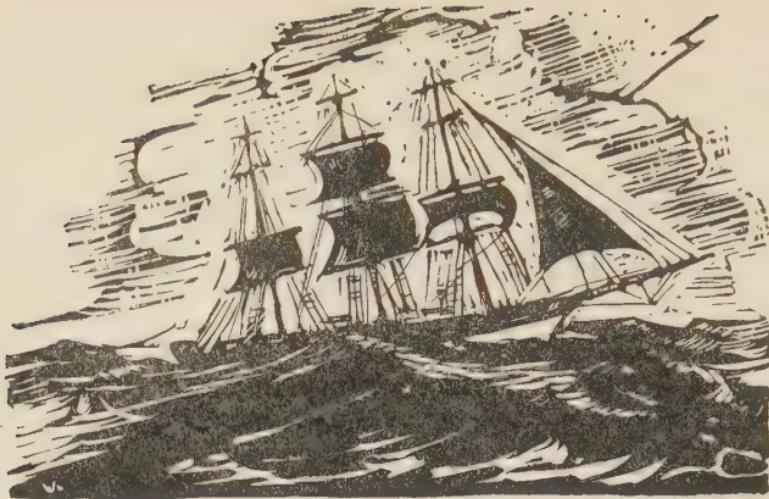
Ever since the day I followed the bier of the ex-Emperor and made part of that impressive funeral cortège, I wished to visit Sedan but it was not until years later that I did so. One of the most striking things on the battlefield is the monument which is erected a short distance from the town of Sedan—a broken plinth of marble representing "The Blasted Oak." This monument honors no heroes, for on it appear no names. It is entirely of pure white marble. An Angel of Peace with outstretched wings bends over a stèle under which there is a dais and resting on this an open Bible of marble. On one page are the words "Thou shalt not kill,"—on the other, "Love one another—Love thy neighbor as thyself." Lying across the open Bible is a crucifix, the emblem of torture,

## BIRTH TO BOYHOOD

which now symbolizes the highest ideal of self-sacrifice.

It is God's command that "Thou shalt not kill,"—our Saviour's command that we should "Love one another" and "Do unto others as we would they should do unto us."

The spectacle of two Christian nations praying to the same Deity to give them victory one over the other, with its concomitant of death and suffering, passes from the sublime to the ridiculous. If man's inhumanity to man makes angels weep, his hypocrisy must make them laugh.



## II

### *A Rolling Stone*

IN 1881 my father died, leaving a somewhat unusual will. The law of primogeniture under which the firstborn inherited the family estate had one obvious advantage in that it kept the estate intact, but it also had many disadvantages. It was rather hard on the younger sons, and it tended to give the eldest a false sense of superiority. My eldest brother inherited my father's business and was one of the executors of the will. His initials were R. B. S., in consequence of which he was known to the rest of us as the Regular British Snob!

It was our father's wish to give each of his children a decent start in life. The will, therefore, provided that each son on attaining his majority should be allowed to draw from the estate a sum approved by the executors, which was to be considered his portion. If

## A ROLLING STONE

this allotment proved to be in excess of an equal division the excess was to be refunded. All my elder brothers in turn overdrew under this clause in the will, and, not being fortunate in business, could not return the money. Consequently I as the youngest did not fare so well.

Owing to circumstances which need not be related here, I had been for some years a ward-in-chancery, with my eldest brother as my sole guardian, although my father was still alive. The Court of Chancery succeeded in administering the estate in such a way that the lawyers and administrators got much and the beneficiaries little. As the income from the estate was greatly curtailed, I was taken from school at the age of thirteen and apprenticed out as an "honor and glory boy" doing hard work for no pay. The outlook was disheartening. In those days the last resort of English families in dealing with bad boys and younger sons was to send them to the Colonies, and it was decided to adopt this course with me. Thus it came about that in the year 1875, at the tender age of fifteen, scarcely past boyhood and much less than a man, passage was engaged for me on the full-rigged ship, "White Eagle," bound from London to Auckland, New Zealand. Across the great deep I was sent to the uttermost end of the world, to fight my way among men, to do or die. I had been brought up in a religious atmosphere, had sung in the church choir for the five previous years. In my home I had attended family prayers night and morning, and prefaced every meal with the saying of grace. I had been recently confirmed in the

## THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

Episcopal Church, and started on my journey to the new world with a chastened and contrite heart, determined to be good and make good.

The coarse oaths of the sailors, the drinking and card playing on Sundays, came in the nature of a terrible shock, making me fearful that some appalling disaster would overwhelm the ship if my shipmates didn't speedily repent and reform. At night I kneeled by my bunk and prayed that I might be saved from the perils of the deep—and the bad companionship into which I had been thrown. This holier-than-thou attitude did not contribute to my popularity, and finally won me a sound thrashing, which, though it severely hurt the tremendous dignity of fifteen, had a generally salutary effect.

The "White Eagle" was a clipper-built ship of 878 tons registered, with a length over all of 200 feet, and 32 feet beam. She was under the command of Captain Andrews, a real old salt who had sailed the seven seas. He had a visage of wrinkled brown leather, his skin was tanned by sun and wind.

There were about twelve saloon passengers. The saloon was located under the poop deck, through the center of which ran a long narrow table, similar to the refectory tables in monasteries. Hanging above the long table was a rack for breakable articles which swung on a swivel and balanced itself with the motion of the ship.

The skipper's wife was the only woman on board. The Captain at one end of the table, and his wife at the other acted as ship's host and hostess.

## A ROLLING STONE

A sailing ship's menu in those days was of the crudest kind. It comprised salt beef and pork, kept in what were known as junk casks on the main deck; limed eggs; tinned butter and milk. There was no bread, only ship's biscuits—"hard tack";—these were split in two before eating as they usually contained weevils, which were knocked out by striking the edge of the biscuit on the table.

There was a salt-water evaporating apparatus on board which did not altogether remove the brackish taste nor the disagreeable odor from the water. Napkins were unknown, the back of the hand being the politest means for wiping the mouth.

A dozen cabins, containing wooden bunks, surrounded the saloon. Each passenger brought his own bedding and candles. The latter fitted into a frame screwed to the side of the cabin. The companionway which led up to the poop deck was little more than a glorified ladder.

At Gravesend, where we stopped for ballast, we took on some coops of chickens and ducks—a job-lot of fowls. These poor miserable creatures suffered from seasickness. Some of them were washed overboard in a storm, and the survivors were reduced to skin and bone.

Sailing ships leaving England for the Antipodes make use of the Trade Winds. On the outward passage they round the Cape of Good Hope, returning via Cape Horn.

After leaving the English coast, day after day we sighted neither land nor sail. We seemed to have the

## THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

world to ourselves. It was just as if we were Noah's family in the Ark, and the sole living human creatures upon earth, for our horizon was bounded only by sea and sky. In our hard bunks we dreamt of cities and towns, houses and homes, but on waking they seemed phantoms, and the green valleys, the trees and flowers, but a mirage of memory.

The crew consisted of about twelve, seven of whom were ablebodied seamen, known as A.Bs., not classified as such until they could steer a ship, box a compass, name ropes and tie all knots. For their marine knowledge they were paid £2.10 per month, receiving a month's pay in advance upon signing up for the voyage. The rest of the crew consisted of a First Mate, Bo'sun, carpenter, cook, and two boys before the mast.

The crew went bare-legged except the A.Bs., who wore boots when the decks were wet, cold or slippery. The boys before the mast had feet as supple as those of a baby. They could curl their toes over the soles of their feet and would climb ropes like monkeys, gripping with hands and feet.

Life on a sailing ship is monotonous enough at best but near the Equator, when the ship lies under a scorching sun, existence is almost unbearable. By day we lolled, sticky with sweat, on the decks; at night we slept rolled up in blankets in the scuppers; naked, at sunrise, we went for'd to be sprayed with water from the hose used when holystoning decks.

In forty days we saw nothing but the vast green ocean; not a moving thing except the sea birds and

## A ROLLING STONE

those curious fish which have learned to avoid the pursuit of their enemies by jumping out of the water and shooting like silvery arrows over the crest of the waves. We not only saw these flying fish, but caught and ate them. The method of catching them is as novel as the fish, for they are not caught in the water but in the air. A canvas is suspended between deck houses before which a lighted lantern is hung. Attracted by the light the flying fish come on board in shoals and are knocked down with barrel staves. They made an excellent change of diet for their flesh is white and delicate.

The monotony of ship life was broken suddenly one morning at lunch, when a sailor rushed into the saloon and cried out that a dismasted vessel was sighted. There was a wild rush by the passengers to get on deck, and there indeed on the horizon appeared a vessel in distress.

The skipper ordered the ship bouted and as he stood with a telescope to his eye said that if she had a crew aboard or cargo in her hold he would tow her into Rio de Janeiro for salvage.

But we were doomed to disappointment, for as we neared the dismasted ship we saw that, with the exception of part of her bowsprit, she had been gutted by fire. On her sides hung some iron chains that clanked dismally as she rolled. She was just a shell—an iron hull full of débris.

We sailed around her. On her stern were the letters "Tit . . ." and "Liv," the rest of the lettering burnt off. She was reported as the "Titania of Liverpool"; we

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afterwards heard that her crew had escaped in boats and made Rio de Janeiro in safety.

The skipper wanted to sink her, as floating she was a menace to shipping. So our little cannon was filled with shot and discharged many times in the hope of striking the hull below the water-line. We shot many holes in her, but none sufficiently low to let the water in, for it was difficult to aim with accuracy and hit a rolling ship below her Plimsoll's loading mark.

Failing to sink her with shot, the Captain ordered a life-boat lowered and the carpenter was directed to cut off one of her plates. As the sailors neared the derelict, the old hull gave a lurch, upsetting boat and men in the ocean. Life-belts were thrown them and all were rescued, soaked but unhurt. Further attempts to sink her were given up and the "White Eagle" sailed away, leaving the old iron hull to the mercy of the waves.

As we neared the Cape of Good Hope, where the giant waves roll and where there is no land to break the force of the wind, we encountered the terrors of a hurricane. Those who have seen, heard and felt the fury and roar of a hurricane will have indelibly impressed on their minds an unforgettable experience. A hurricane is a herculean fight of the two great giants, wind and water, in a struggle for mastery. These giants grapple and wrestle under a leaden sky in murky darkness. The wild wind in its fury howls and roars, the waves sob, hiss and spit back spray. There is a wailing and shrieking in the rigging like a pack of wolves fighting to the death. The world seems blotted

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out; the ocean is churned by the wind into seething white foam; the ship, tossing and pitching, engulfed in billowing waves, staggers and plunges, quivering and trembling like an arrow that has just struck a target.

For three days and nights the "White Eagle," with only her foresail set to lift and give her headway, was tossed to and fro and buffeted by an angry sea beneath a somber sky.

Life lines were strung across the decks. The helmsman was lashed to the wheel. Hatches were battened down. In the saloon the passengers were clustered around the mizzenmast, where they sat or sprawled upon the floor. Few words were spoken, for one had to shout to be heard above the roaring of the waves and the whistling of the wind in the rigging.

One of the sailor-boys, Joe Rogers, who had shipped before the mast, attempted, when the storm had slightly abated, to clamber on deck. As he was climbing out of the forecastle hatch a wave struck him and washed him off his feet, knocking him senseless. He was rescued by some of his shipmates, brought back unconscious and died soon after.

When the wind had blown itself out and the ocean calmed down I witnessed the sad sight of a funeral at sea.

On British ships it is a time-honored custom that the dead are buried in the sea at sundown. The British red ensign was wrapped around Joe Rogers. His shroud was a white winding sheet of sail-cloth,

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weighted with enough iron junk to carry the dead to his last port, "Davy Jones' locker."

The Bo'sun had crudely painted on the outside covering "Joe Rogers—handle with care." I remember wondering whether this message of tenderness was meant for mermaids or sharks.

The corpse was brought up to the poop deck on a stretcher carried by his shipmates. An inclined plank, lashed to the taff-rail, had been well greased so that the body would readily slide down into the water.

The skipper with solemn face read the service for burial at sea. As he uttered the words "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the plank was tipped and the mortal remains of Joe Rogers slid down to the depths below.

I heard the splash as it struck the water and the gurgling sound as the ocean swallowed it up. I saw for a moment the flash of the white shroud as it sank into oblivion in that vast ocean over which the winds will blow and the waves roll through the ages, until the sea gives up its dead.

The birds following the ship circled and swooped down where the victim of Neptune's vengeance had disappeared and hovered over the spot as if to bid our sailor-boy an eternal farewell. I felt a tear upon my cheek, and turning I noticed that tears glistened in the eyes of my shipmates.

The Trade Winds had taken us farther south of the Cape of Good Hope than the course usually followed, and in these latitudes we encountered blinding snowstorms. The ship plowed her way through fields of

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ice. The cold was intense—sleet coated the spars and ropes with layers of ice; the rigging and decks were covered with snow.

For many days it was impossible to take any observation from sun or stars, so the ship had to be navigated by dead reckoning, that is, the direction of the vessel computed by compass and log records. The lookout was dispensed with as useless, for it was not possible to see more than a few yards ahead.

The Captain told us that he expected to sail a few miles south of the Crozet Islands. He showed us these islands on his chart, which recorded them as uninhabited and the channel depths as not sounded, but it was surmised there was deep water to the edge of the rocks.

About noon the snow blizzard passed astern and the sun broke through the dull gray clouds, disclosing our position in the middle of a mass of pointed snow-capped rocks, known as the Twelve Apostles, and comprising the Crozet Islands. Had the snow continued to fall, in a few minutes the ship would inevitably have been dashed to pieces on the rocks. The Captain skillfully navigated the "White Eagle" through this labyrinth of eddies and whirlpools. But not all skippers had been as fortunate, for a few months before a sailing ship named the "Strathmore" had been wrecked on the Crozet Islands; forty of her crew and passengers were drowned and the forty-nine who survived were marooned for six months and twenty-two days on the largest island of this group of barren rocks and the only island upon which there was water. They sub-

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sisted on eggs and flesh of the sea birds which nest on these rocks, built shelters using the frozen bodies of the birds as bricks and clothed themselves in garments of feathers. They obtained light, heat and fuel from the fats and oils extracted from the bodies of the birds. These stranded castaways were ultimately rescued by a whaling ship called the "Phœnix" that put into the Islands for water. Some of the survivors were brought to New Zealand. I had the opportunity of meeting one of the rescued, and was told that our ship was the only one they had sighted passing through the rocks during the months they were marooned on the island. They had signalled to us, but unfortunately we had not seen their signals of distress.

Still farther south we sighted Kerguelenland, which is nearly within the Antarctic Circle, and at that time was not known to be an island. Without further mishaps or adventures, one hundred and eight days after leaving London we sailed into Hauraki Gulf and entered the Harbor of Auckland, one of the largest and most beautiful in the world.

The City of Auckland is built on a succession of hills which rise in a gentle slope from the water, dominated by the volcanic cone of Mount Eden, one of the many extinct volcanoes which surround the city. The verdant green of the foliage, the clean white houses nestling in the trees, were an entrancing sight to us who had for so long a time seen nothing but sea and sky. To me it appeared the golden gateway to a land of adventure.

I had gone, or been sent, to make my fortune in

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New Zealand, but fate ordered otherwise. Soon after my arrival, I went, as planned, to a small native settlement called Hikitaia. This was less than a hamlet and was situated a few miles from Te Aroha, one of the highest mountains in the Northern Island. In the foothills I went as a lumberjack into a bush camp of rough woodsmen employed in cutting down the Kauri pines which grew on these ranges.

Owing to lack of experience in following a blazed pathless trail in the semi-tropical jungle, I lost my way and escaped starvation only by encountering a native tribe encamped on a river bordering the Hau-Hau or King country, part of the Northern Island of New Zealand which at that time had not been brought under British rule.

The native tribe that befriended me was preparing to attend a *hakari*, or feast, to be held in a clearing on the banks of the river Thames, a short distance from Hikitaia. It was a feast of reconciliation of all the Maori tribes in the Northern Island and was the largest and most momentous meeting of Maoris in the history of New Zealand. The feast was given by the Hau-Haus, or King natives, and invitations had been accepted by the different tribes who had fought with the British against the Hau-Haus. The tribe that succored me, fearing treachery, had secretly hidden rifles in their canoes. These were discovered by the Hau-Haus who threw them into the river. This act fanned the smoldering embers of the old Maori war spirit and precipitated a war dance. It did not seem possible that the shedding of blood could be prevented. War-

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fare was averted, however, by the diplomacy and tact of Sir Donald McClean, the British Native Minister. The reconciliation was considered so important that the famous Mata-Atua—altar of the gods, or memorial of guardian spirits—which was shown at the Wembley Exposition in London and subsequently at the Dunedin Exposition, New Zealand, was constructed in commemoration of the event.

I was falsely accused of having acted the part of a spy by informing the Hau-Hau tribes of the hidden rifles. As a matter of fact, the secret was divulged by the bastard son of a chief. The chief had made love to a beautiful Maori girl who had repelled his advances and who had befriended me and given me her love. It was from her lips, when she was dying, that I learned of the treachery of this Maori chief, who had arranged to bring false witnesses to appear against me. This traitor to his tribe hoped by a master stroke to shift suspicion from his son and at the same time remove me as the lover of the girl. There was no safety for me but in flight.

This thrilling adventure, together with my other experiences in the New Zealand bush, I have recorded in a separate book under the title of "Rahwedia," the name of the native girl.

From Auckland I took a steerage passage on a boat to the Fiji Islands, and then sailed on to San Francisco, stopping at Honolulu.

The steerage accommodation in 1876 differed from the almost luxurious quarters provided for third-class passengers in this year of grace. It consisted of a com-

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bined dining room and dormitory at the extreme stern of the vessel through which ran the propeller shaft. A series of berths was arranged in tiers, and a table at which the company ate was clamped down in the center.

The passengers comprised an odd and motley assortment of humanity, representative of most of the races of the world. White men, Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians and many others slept in the common dormitory in small coffin-like berths. The majority of the white men were miners, on their way to California and Nevada to try their luck at placer gold mining.

At intervals during the voyage they became involved in fights, which were regarded by the other passengers as enlivening entertainment to break the monotony. Among these rough characters I felt as a lamb among wolves. I had little money, but what I had I concealed in my high boots for fear of having it taken from me.

At last we arrived at the Golden Gate—the entrance to the land of promise and opportunity—each dreaming his dreams of fortune, each hoping that in the new land the fickle goddess of Chance would smile on him. Boy as I was, the Golden Gate and the promises it seemed to hold out filled me with indescribable enthusiasm. The world lay before me—to take and to conquer.

I had made friends with some of the Australian miners on board, and on our arrival at San Francisco they took me to the Golden Eagle Hotel, on the outskirts of Chinatown.<sup>B</sup>

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Fifty years ago San Francisco was hardly more than a wild western town. Some beautiful homes had been built on Knob Hill and the Palace Hotel had just been completed and was the show place. A great portion of the town was given over to dance halls and low dives. On every street there were gin mills, each with shutter-doors or screens that hid the customers from the passers-by. Most of the drinking was done standing and whisky and lager beer were the principal beverages. Before those who drank strong spirits a bottle was placed with two small glasses. From the bottle you helped yourself to one or more fingers, which was the measure of your drink, and in the East would be called "pegs." It was the custom to toss the whisky or fiery spirit down the gullet in one gulp and follow it with a chaser from the other glass. Those who drank lager beer first blew off the froth to prevent it from getting in their mustaches, which at that time were of the long, flowing variety. The proprietors of many of these grog shops had been bush rangers and prizefighters; each carried or kept behind the bar a revolver or "shooting iron," with notches in the butt to show how many the genial host had "sent to Glory."

The town was full of adventurers and hoodlums, the latter a term for the apaches of the slums of a large city, a word seldom used now, because there are few of them. Chinatown was a cesspool—a sink of iniquity with its gaudy tinsel palaces of vice, opium dens, gambling resorts. The section known as the Barbary Coast was then in full swing, its streets dis-

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tinguished by green shutters, red blinds and large numbers on the doors, behind which kisses were bartered and beds farmed by the painted fair.

The Golden Eagle Hotel to which my shipmates took me was a primitive place. The dining room of the hotel was downstairs. All the guests sat at one long table plentifully supplied with meats, vegetables and fruit. Some put their hats underneath their chairs, others hung them on nails on the walls at the far end of the room.

Now one of the first things I had done when I landed had been to buy myself a new hat. It was of black felt, broad-brimmed, with braid and tassels. On my first evening at the Golden Eagle, I hung my new twelve-dollar hat on one of the pegs. When I got up from the table the hat had disappeared, and in its place was a ragged, shabby one.

I put this on—and started in search of my own. The most likely place to find it was in the bar, for it was Saturday night, and this was the place where most of the miners congregated. My eyes lit on a husky strapping fellow resplendent in a red shirt and my new hat. I timidly went up and touched him on the shoulder.

“You have my hat.”

“The hell I have. If you think it’s your’n, try and get it.”

The chance of succeeding in that attempt was remote—and I was balancing the respective values of discretion and valor when one of my new-found mining friends, who had been listening, laid his right hand

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threateningly on his hip pocket, his other hand forcibly on the fellow's shoulder.

"You'll give the tenderfoot his hat."

With a scowl the man handed back the hat.

Such are my earliest recollections of San Francisco—a wild town that knew no law but violence—and understood no code but "Might is right."

Driven by necessity I began to search for work. Odd jobs were not difficult to get and usually kept me in pocket money. My first was with a wholesale fruiterer. California was then fast becoming one of the great fruit-raising sections of the United States.

Having saved enough money to start the trip across the country, I bought a second-class ticket on the Union Pacific railroad, then the sole trans-continental railroad and only recently completed. A second-class ticket entitled the passenger to the use of the smoking car, whose occupants smoked so incessantly that the air was blue and acrid.

There were of course no Pullman cars—only the regular coaches, with a stove at one end and oil lamps suspended from the ceiling. In one of these cars I slept, curled up on the seat like a dog, trying to get as much comfort as possible. My money took me as far as Salt Lake City. There I stopped and worked until I had saved sufficient to go on again. Before I reached New York there were many other stops—at Ogden, Denver and elsewhere. Sometimes I managed to steal a ride in a caboose, where I made myself about as comfortable as I had been in the coaches—though haunted by the danger of discovery by irate brakemen.

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The country through which the railroad ran was wild and uncultivated. Buffaloes roamed the plains, and the passengers used to beguile the monotony of the trip by shooting at prairie dogs. When at uncertain intervals the train stopped for meals, buffalo or bear steaks were offered the passengers as a delicacy.

From Denver I made my way to Chicago. On the train a man drew me into conversation, and appeared very interested when he learned that I was working my way across the continent. For some reason I distrusted him, and this distrust increased when the stranger made various attempts to find out where I carried my money. He would have had to take off my boots to get it for there I kept my money for safety.

The man wrote down his name and address on a slip of paper and handed it to me. When I placed it in my vest pocket, he suggested that it might easily get lost and that it would be safer in my pocketbook. I did not take the hint. After a while the man left to talk to some one else, leaving his coat over the back of the seat.

A passenger who was seated behind leaned forward, examined the tag on the coat and showed it to me. It did not bear the same address as the slip of paper. When the stranger returned, I was very reticent, but did not voice my suspicions. Shortly afterwards he left the train, imagining probably that I would seek him out at the address given me on the slip of paper.

The second man who had spoken to me became friendly. He sold pharmaceutical preparations and was going to Chicago on business. He took me to his

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hotel there and helped me obtain a position. The friendship thus formed continued and years afterwards I visited him at his home in St. Louis. In Chicago I earned enough money to take me to New York.

The material progress that has taken place in the United States in the last fifty years is almost beyond comprehension. In New York City the changes have been little less than miraculous. In giving my impressions of the city as I first saw it in the early summer of 1876, the year of the Centennial Exposition, I shall leave it to my readers who know the New York of to-day to draw their own comparisons.

New York was then a city of about one million people, mostly concentrated in the lower part of Manhattan Island. The main thoroughfare started at Castle Garden, or Battery Park, running north to Chatham Square, up Third Avenue and through Yorkville and Harlem, connecting with the Boston Post Road. The east side of Manhattan Island consisted for the most part of low marshy land, unpaved streets and vacant holes below street-level filled with stagnant water. As there were few hills, roads could be easily constructed, and the east side developed more rapidly than the west.

From Chatham Square to Ninth Street, the section called the Bowery was the main artery of the city. The principal avenues up as far as Fifty-ninth Street were planted with trees. These have come down as the tall buildings have gone up. Fifty-ninth Street was at that time considered the northerly limit of active city life.

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On the west side of the Island, now Columbus Circle, squatters had built rude shanties on a series of large rocks overrun by goats. Riverside Drive, of course, did not exist. In fact, there were few buildings of a permanent character on the west side north of Fifty-ninth Street, possibly because of the difficulty and cost of excavating foundations and leveling the surface of rocky ledges in an age in which dynamite for blasting was unknown.

On Broadway stages were the principal means of transportation. These started from South, Wall, and Fulton ferries and the farthest north any of them went was Forty-second Street. A stage held ten persons, five on a side. The floor was covered with straw to keep the feet warm in winter, and to hide the unsightly expectorations of the many tobacco chewers. The driver's seat was covered summer and winter by a large umbrella which prominently displayed a manufacturer's advertisement. The coachman had not only to drive a pair of horses, but to see that each passenger, as he entered the stage, dropped the exact fare into the box. If the passenger did not have the necessary nickel, he pulled a cord to attract the driver's attention, passed his money out to the driver and received the change in a sealed envelope. The fare box was at the end of the stage, so placed as to permit the driver to see that the right fare had been deposited. When the passenger wished to alight, he either called to the driver through the aperture by which change was given, or he pulled the cord.

There were no cabs as in Europe, but a few hacks

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could be obtained at regular stands, such as Union and Madison Squares. There was no fixed fare; the passenger bargained with the driver at the start; if he did not, at the end of the journey the driver demanded what he thought the passenger could be made to pay. Many business men came down to their offices on boats which plied along the East and Hudson Rivers, this being, especially in summer, a far pleasanter means of getting to their work.

The nearest approach to rapid transit was furnished by the Ninth Avenue elevated railroad, on which three-car trains, pulled by a small steam locomotive, achieved a maximum speed of eighteen miles per hour. The cars were sunk below the platforms so that the passengers had to descend two or three steps to enter. The only other means of reaching the northern limit of Manhattan Island was by street cars on Third Avenue, which took something like two hours to go the full distance to Harlem River or One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street. These cars were pulled by horses and during snowy weather were often out of service, for in those days the snow was not cleared from the streets.

There were no theaters above Union Square. The principal hotels downtown were the Astor, Earl's, and the Brevoort; uptown, the Metropolitan and the Fifth Avenue. The principal shopping district was on Grand Street, east of the Bowery, and later extended to Fourteenth Street and that part of Sixth Avenue below Twenty-third Street.

Houses of the better class were built of brown stone

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and copied from a Dutch design, a type well adapted to the needs of Holland where foundations were all on damp ground, but rather unnecessary in a city mostly built on rock. On the stoops the residents spent the summer evenings gossiping.

The streets were badly paved, the sidewalks badly kept and copiously ornamented with barrels of ashes and garbage which were often upset so that their contents were strewn over the streets. The general untidiness was augmented by the manner in which mail was delivered. Letter boxes marked with the names of tenants were hung in the vestibules of office buildings. In these the postman deposited the mail and then whistled for the recipients to come down to get their letters. Enterprising merchants were accustomed to stuff these receptacles with circulars and advertisements which, when the boxes were opened, were generally flung into the street. It was also the custom of the street car companies to issue to passengers tickets of different colors, according to the fare paid. These were thrown into the street by the passengers on alighting from the car.

Along the avenues and streets were many unsightly gaps and vacant lots which destroyed the harmony and continuity of the thoroughfares. The streets were lined with a network of wires supported on wooden poles and decorated with rags and remnants of discarded crinolines and kites with or without tails.

In the windows of the grog shops or gin mills which occupied nearly every corner along the Bowery and Third Avenue, were displayed signs depicting a large

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glass of beer with froth overtopping the brim of the glass.

The standard costume of the well-dressed man consisted of a long black coat and waistcoat, white shirt, black string tie, tight-fitting trousers and high boots, with a silk hat or derby in winter and a straw hat in summer. The waistcoats were cut very low, showing a big expanse of shirt bosom, in the center of which was a diamond stud, real or imitation. The poorer classes had a false bosom known as a "dicky" which fastened to the shirt band. The trousers, or pants, as they were called, were tight fitting to permit their being pushed inside the boots in muddy weather. The older men wore beards, Dundrearys or side whiskers; the middle-aged, mustaches. The clean-shaven face was affected by waiters and coachmen and was otherwise a rarity.

Business occupied the attention of men to a much greater extent than it does at the present time. The offices were cold, uncomfortable places with the cannon stove as the central ornament. Baseball was the only sport. Football, tennis and golf were not played. So far as I know, I brought over the first net, rackets and balls for tennis, but found it difficult to form a club as no one knew the game.

Along the streets and sidewalks were hawkers and hucksters, pushcart venders and peddlers who sold green groceries, wearing apparel, toys, imitation jewelry and merchandise of all kinds. Among these itinerant merchants was the junk man who drove a wagon upon which were strung bells to attract the

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housewife's attention. The wagon, drawn by a half-starved nag, slowly paraded the streets while the man went in to see what he could buy, from old iron to rabbit skins. Then there was the old clothes man who walked the streets with the dismal cry, "Clo', old clo', any old clo'."

The riff-raff and scum of the great city centered mostly around "Five Points," which corresponded to the "Seven Dials" of London.

In the summer time many men were seen walking the streets in shirt sleeves or wearing what was known as a "duster," a garment worn by both sexes when traveling on the railroads to protect their clothes from smoke and dust.

Residents of the suburbs drove down to business in buggies, with a buffalo robe over their knees in cold weather. In front of residences and stores there were hitching posts for the horses.

There was no gold and but little silver in circulation. During the Civil War, paper currency had been issued, for five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cents. These "shinplasters" were indescribably filthy, so torn and besmeared that it was difficult to read what was printed on them. Brass and copper tokens of storekeepers were also in circulation. In some cases cardboard tickets were issued which were good for five or ten cents at some particular store.

The men, both in offices and hotels, had the habit of sticking their feet on desks or anything else which would elevate their feet above their heads. It was not unusual when passing along Broadway to see some

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hostelry window decorated with a row of boot soles belonging to guests watching the passing pageant. Most men chewed tobacco. If one man asked another for a chew, he would be handed a plug of tobacco from which he would bite off a piece. This disgusting habit necessitated spittoons everywhere and made long-distance marksmanship a valued art.

The Bowery was the white-light district, and the streets between the Bowery and Broadway, the red-light district. Green and Worcester Streets consisted of rows of dilapidated, disorderly houses with green shutters through which the inmates called to men who passed. The Chinese quarter, located at Pell and Doyer Streets, was a collection of battered buildings, ugly and hideous, nesting brothels and opium joints.

This was a prudish and puritanical period in the United States—days when women thought it immodest to display the ankle, and trailing skirts were worn that brought the filth and microbes of the street into the home. Chests of drawers were called bureaus, and undone buttons and button-holes considered gestures of deshabille. These were the days when women had limbs and not legs, and corsets, garters and stomachs were included in the unmentionables.

Few women were seen below Grand Street, for the typewriter was unknown and women were not employed in offices. The ladies had just passed the crinoline stage and had arrived at that monstrosity, the bustle, when to produce the “puff out” at the back the skirts were drawn tightly in front, for these were the days of the Grecian bend. The waist was pinched in, the

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sleeves were of the puffed-up, leg-of-mutton style, the skirts were long and swept the streets, the hats were mostly pork-pie or turban models. The older women wore chignons; the younger, braids and curls which fell to either side of the head, and the "flapper's" hair hung like a waterfall at the back.

Inside the houses the furniture was of walnut or mahogany, heavy and clumsy in design. Dust collecting portières hid the sliding doors that divided the living-room, or parlor, from the back bedroom. The mantelpiece was covered with what was known as a lambrequin. On the walls hung cheap prints of the heroes of the Civil War and family photographs. On a metal plate in the middle of the room was an unsightly stove of the cannon or barrel variety, which gave out suffocating coal-gas fumes. The houses and offices were lighted with candles, kerosene lamps and gas. The floors were covered with oilcloth or rag carpets, home-made products. The furniture was upholstered in horsehair cloth, slippery and uncomfortable to sit upon. The floor was strewn with hassocks of varied sizes and shapes over which one could hardly avoid stumbling. Rocking chairs seemed indispensable and were so universally used that even at meal time many persons teetered back and forth in their chairs. This rocking-chair habit gave them the appearance of those Chinese dolls which continually wag their heads.

The bedrooms were merely places to sleep. The boudoir and the dressing room were hardly known. The beds were canopied with a mosquito netting, the

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walls hung with mottoes, such as "God Bless Our Home," or "Home Sweet Home," embroidered by the young hopefuls of the family. Every bedroom was equipped with a cuspidor and a boot-jack.

Many workers lived across either the East or Hudson rivers and traveled to and from work on the ferry boats. As the boats were not provided with gates, a favorite exploit of the young men of that day was to make a daring jump from the deck to the pier as the boat approached the landing. Owing to the many accidents, gates and gatemen were later found necessary.

There were no high buildings nor what are known now as apartment houses or apartment hotels. The poor lived in tenement houses, families crowded into few rooms. Rich men were rare; a man who had a quarter of a million dollars was pointed out as a prince of finance.

The suburbs were built up haphazard—they consisted of a series of ugly houses, inartistically placed, mingling with factories and wooden shacks and shanties. Even in the homes of the better class sanitary conditions were none too good, and in the congested areas they were appalling.

It redounds greatly to the honor of the citizens that in half a century they have built this vast city with its sky-piercing towers and luxurious buildings, subways, gigantic bridges and tunnels, splendid theaters, hospitals, public institutions and agencies for health and sanitation, the like of which are not to be seen in any city in the world.

Alone in New York just before the presidential elec-

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tion, I had the opportunity of seeing some of the great political parades. Electioneering in the United States was entirely different from anything I had ever seen in any other country. Prior to election the Republican and Democratic parties instituted a series of parades of partisans and voters from every walk of life.

The daylight parades were usually headed by bankers, followed by insurance men and members of the different exchanges—cotton, grain, coal, produce. Each of these had its own band of music and carried its own transparencies on which were set forth the slogans of the party. Flag bearers preceded each delegation, carrying on a walking stick some symbol of the trade they represented: for instance, Cotton Brokers would have bunches of cotton on the end of the stick, the members of the Coal Exchange a lump of coal. These men marched to the accompaniment of fifes and drums, under banners which blazoned forth the names of the nominees for the various political offices. The usual route was up Broadway and Fifth Avenue, passing between long lines of spectators who cheered, hissed or hooted according to their political affiliations.

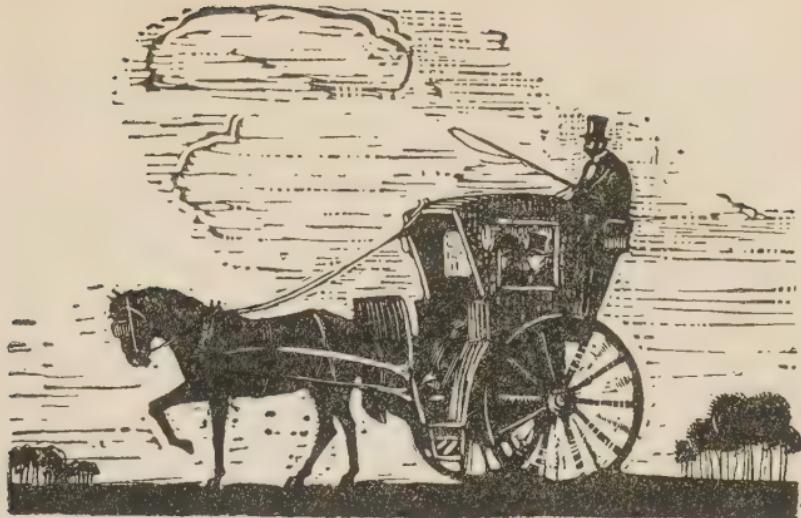
Still more spectacular were the night parades of men wearing caps and helmets, each bearing aloft a flaring, flaming, swinging oil-pot—an inferno let loose, of shouting men and shrill-voiced women. In New York City ten thousand men marched in these parades led by drum-majors in gay uniforms, beribboned and beplumed, each battalion of tramping men carrying transparencies bearing the catch-cries and slogans of their party. This howling, singing, shouting mob of march-

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ing men was led by standard bearers and bands of music that blared out national tunes and was acclaimed with cheers as it passed before the reviewing stand which was occupied by office-holders and political bosses. Each delegation of these enthusiastic men endeavored to stir up and excite with mad enthusiasm new adherents to their party.

Although I knew no one in New York City, I had relatives who lived up the Hudson River. Accordingly, after a few days in the city, I set out for their house, and remained there a week, until Election Day—the famous election of 1876, when for months after the vote had been cast, it remained in the balance of uncertainty whether Rutherford B. Hayes or Samuel J. Tilden would be the next President. From New York I sailed on the S. S. "Wisconsin" of the Guion Line, traveling second class; the weather was bad and it was fourteen days before we landed in Liverpool.

Thus before the age of seventeen I made the last lap of my first trip around the world, having twice crossed the equator.



### III

#### *Young Ambition's Ladder*

CHANCE plays an important part when a young man is adrift in the world, seeking anywhere and everywhere to get a start. A son who inherits his father's business, or is educated for a profession, soon gets into the well-worn rut on the road of life. With me it was different: adrift in the world, I might have filled any berth into which fate tumbled me. In the earlier years of my life I was like a ball on a billiard table, knocked by an unseen hand, uncertain into which pocket I should chance to fall. It was my aim to become an actor, but fate decreed otherwise.

Upon my return to London I sought out boys whom I had known before going to New Zealand. Among them was a young fellow, a few years older than I, named George Alexander Samson. Alec was employed in his

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father's business, which was wholesale millinery, in St. Paul's Churchyard. But he did not like commercial life and had a great yearning for the stage.

Living near Blackheath was a great Shakespearean monologuist, Samuel Brandram, and he encouraged us to take up elocution. Both Alec and I used to give recitations at parties, and I discovered I had better than the average memory. This gradually led to my taking part in private theatricals, until after a time my sister and I were frequently invited to various houses in Blackheath to give sketches. One of the houses to which we were often invited was that of a Mr. Bancroft, who had a beautiful place, with gardens and tennis courts. The principal attraction, though, was a charming niece named Dorothy.

Both Alec and I courted this fair maiden, but her uncle soon made it clear to me that I could not aspire to her hand. Alec was more fortunate. As his suit seemed to be regarded with some degree of favor he was determined to ask the fatal question as soon as he had obtained a professional engagement as an actor.

Our friend Brandram was an intimate friend of Sir Henry Irving—then plain Henry Irving. At the time that Alec was seeking a position, Henry Irving was about to produce a new play in the provinces and shortly before the opening date one of the leading actors fell ill. In those days there were not the hundreds of out-of-work actors clamoring for each part that there are to-day, and Irving told Brandram of his troubles, asking if he could suggest any one to play the part.

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"Why, yes," answered Brandram, "I know just the man—a young fellow named Alec Samson. He's never been on the stage but he's a fine handsome chap, and very much interested in the theater. He's given all his spare time to the study of Shakespeare, and would welcome an opportunity to get a start."

Thus it was arranged that Alec Samson should take over the part. From that day on, selling frills and frou-frous to the fair sex interested him no more; he became absorbed in his new career. Known to the public as George Alexander, he stayed several years with the company and under the expert tutelage of Irving, became one of the most polished actors the English stage has ever known and deservedly received, like Irving, knighthood.

It is amusing to note the change in opinions and customs through various generations. This is strikingly reflected in the attitude of society toward the stage. Having graduated from a status that was little if at all better than that of a mountebank, the actor nowadays has a profession that is ranked with the arts, and a position that is assured and respected.

When Alec joined the profession, however, actors were still regarded with suspicion and prejudice. Elated over the wonderful opportunity that had been given him he returned to Dorothy to press his suit. When her uncle discovered that the presumptive suitor had chosen the stage as a career he put his foot down. No niece of his should marry a ne'er-do-well, good-for-nothing play actor! Nothing would change his mind, and finally Samson gave it up as hopeless, though his

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love for Dorothy endured in memory many years.

Meanwhile, I was endeavoring to find work in the commercial world which Alec had forsaken. It happened that my brother-in-law, who had been born and bred in the United States, had recently come to England selling brush patents. He had started a British company, making fiber brushes, and was building up a successful business. To him I turned for help in getting a position.

He put me in touch with a firm of brokers, dealing in Mexican or Tampico fiber, hemps, sisals and different fibers used in rope-making and brush-manufacturing. This commission house offered to apprentice me on another "honor and glory" basis—much work and no pay. This placed me in the position of being an added expense to my family and I was no better off than when I left for New Zealand nearly three years before.

However, after I had worked for the firm for a month or more, one of the principals asked me if I thought I could sell hog bristles, and offered me a commission of one per cent on the sales. This seemed a heaven-sent opportunity which I accepted eagerly.

I was taken to the store room where the bristles were displayed, given particulars about the various kinds and directed to bring a bag in which to carry samples. Fired with the ambition of youth, I brought a large valise which I completely filled. As bristle is heavy, it must have weighed twenty-five pounds. Having received no expense account, and not being able to spend any of my own precious coins on omni-

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bus or cab fares, on foot I carried the valise around London to the different manufacturers located in widely separated sections of the great city.

For three weeks I tramped London, calling on brush makers without success. Bristles, I found, were difficult to sell. The brokers for whom I worked hoped that with my brother-in-law's business connections I might be able to find buyers. It was not easy for I soon learned that bristle could not be sold from sample. The prospective purchaser might obtain a general idea of the quality from the sample but would not buy without examining the casks. This was necessary because the bristle varied considerably in length and stiffness and swindling tricks were frequently perpetrated by the packers. Like many other merchants they put the best on top. To increase the weight an extra amount of twine was often used in tying the tufts of bristle, or some sand or metallic dust-like substance was sifted in between the bristles.

After trudging the streets of London for three weeks without making a sale, I was losing confidence in myself. When I was utterly crestfallen and discouraged, Lady Luck relented and smiled. I made a sale.

This proved my salesmanship and the brokers gave me horsehair and raffia ruffia to sell. The latter comes from Mauritius, being the fiber obtained from the raffia ruffia palm, and is used for tying up plants. With these two new products I was fairly successful, and my income increased.

Now and then, while I was working for the brokers in Mincing Lane, odd commissions were given me to

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execute. An amusing episode occurred in connection with Professor Lundy, who had patented a process for coloring butter. I was given his address, and told to interview him, and obtain some secret information. Having been warned that he would probably be very disagreeable and refuse to see me, I was prepared for the worst when I handed my card to the maid.

She returned after a short while, stating that the Professor would be busy for some time, and asked if I would wait. I was determined to obtain the information for which I had come, however long I had to stay. The girl showed me into the library and left me alone.

Searching for something to pass the time, I glanced around the bookshelves. In an obscure corner I saw some books in uniform bindings, labeled "Coal Strata of Great Britain."

Now it happened that I planned to pay a visit the following week to a grand-uncle of mine, whom I had never met. This uncle was a pioneer in the discovery of coal stratifications of England, and as I knew nothing whatever about the subject I thought this a golden opportunity to learn.

I took several of the books from the shelf, and laid them on the table. Opening the first, I stared at the title page and rubbed my eyes! I opened the second and third. Ovid's "Art of Love," the "Satires" of Juvenal, Rabelais, the "Decameron," in the unexpurgated originals—all were disguised under the innocent title of "Coal Strata of Great Britain"!

"So this is the way," I said to myself, "that the eru-

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dite and sophisticated can enjoy that which is hidden from the innocent and ignorant."

It was some time before the Professor came in. He was tall, and looked like a scholastic Don. He was dressed all in black and entered with much dignity. I pointed to the books lying on the table.

"Well, Professor," I said, "I find your volumes on Coal Strata most interesting."

He looked at the books, he looked at me—and then he laughed a merry laugh and said:

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

"I have noticed, Professor, that if an author wants to write something naughty he puts it in French, if obscene in Latin, if it is altogether unprintable he sprinkles it with asterisks, dashes and dots. But do you think it wise to use combustible materials like coal strata as a cover for such hot stuff as I find here?"

The Professor laughed again, and replied:

"You are right; I think I will change the label to an asbestos one."

As Oscar Wilde observed, "Laughter is the best way to begin a friendship and the wisest way to end one." After this strange introduction we became quite friendly and I obtained the information I had been sent to procure.

Increased sales fired my ambition and emboldened me to call on the largest brush manufacturers in London, G. B. Kent & Co. There I obtained an interview with the head of the firm, Mr. George Kent, and per-

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suaded him to visit the warehouse and examine the bristle.

Mr. Kent made an offer for the entire lot, which was valued at over six thousand pounds. His offer was accepted by the brokers and this profitable transaction materially increased their appreciation of their young salesman. I was afraid that this large sale was going to leave me without employment, as it disposed of all the bristle I had been engaged to sell. However, I was again taken to the warehouse and shown another lot of even larger proportions.

By this time I had become acquainted with most of the brush makers in and around London. One day I had called to see a manufacturer of tooth and hair brushes. I was deep in conversation with the buyer, exerting all the arts of persuasion and wiles of salesmanship, when I noticed a man standing near and listening intently. As I was leaving, the stranger touched me on the shoulder and asked for whom I was selling. I told him and he asked me to accompany him to his office.

Together we walked to a building in Budge Row off Cannon Street, where the stranger had offices and a sample room. He told me that his name was Horne and asked for whom I was selling and what commission I was receiving.

Mr. Horne then said that he had a lot of bristle that he would like me to sell, and he offered to pay me a commission of five per cent, the only condition being that the bristle should not be offered to two designated firms.

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I accepted with alacrity and became friendly with my new employer. He often asked me to lunch or dinner, giving me cigars and various presents, and after a while invited me to his lodgings. Mr. Horne appeared to be a lonely man, craving companionship, and we frequently spent Sundays together at one of the fashionable resorts up the river. I was successful in selling the bristle and Mr. Horne paid me promptly, even liberally, giving me a bonus in addition to the commission that he had promised.

When I had been with Mr. Horne some time and had won his confidence, he told me that all the bristle I had sold for the brokers had belonged to him, and that he had a further quantity to market. He must, he explained, dispose of the remainder of the shipment promptly and at any price. As an inducement he offered me a ten per cent commission on all further sales. So anxious did he appear to clear the entire parcel that he declined no offer, and within two months of our first meeting I had sold to the value of thirty thousand pounds. Then, one Sunday we went together to Hampton Court Palace, and as we were seated under one of the old yew trees in the garden, which were planted in the shape of a W and M during the reign of William and Mary, Mr. Horne turned to me.

"I have helped you," he said, "I want you now to do something for me. I'm going to place in your keeping some important papers which I want you to guard most carefully. On Monday morning go to my office at 11 o'clock. Albert, my clerk, will not be there. Here is the key to my general office, so that you can

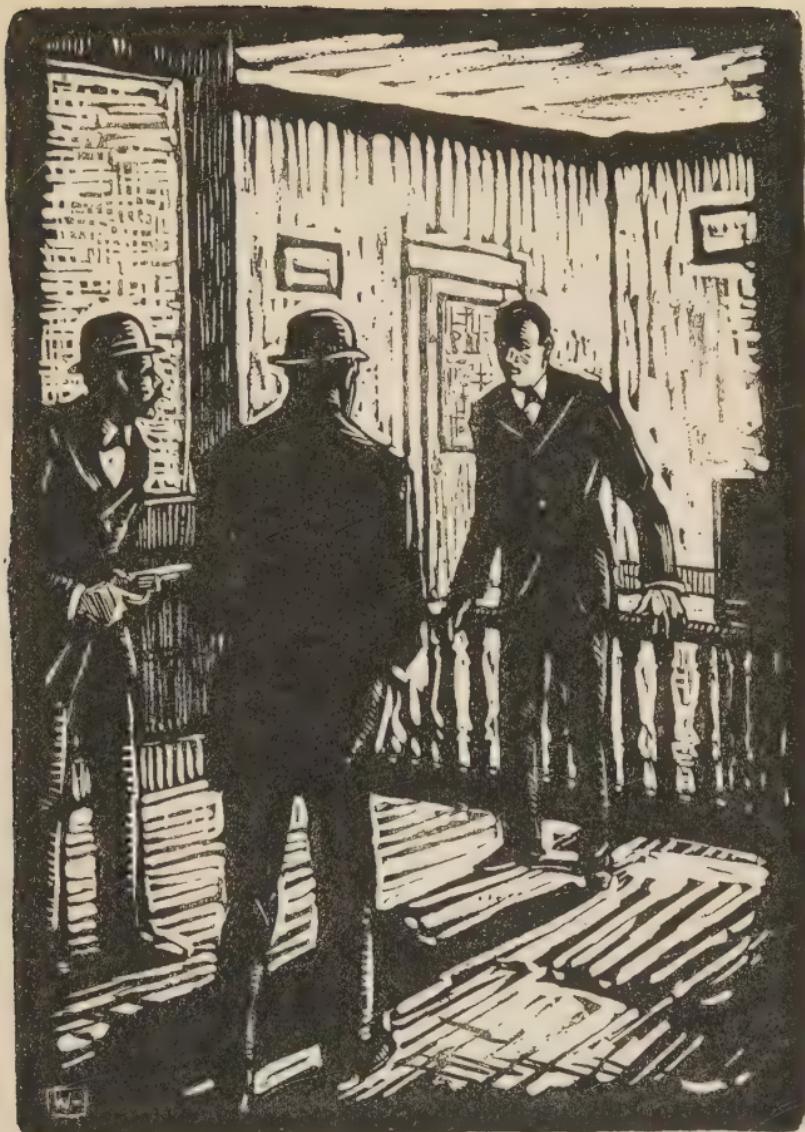
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let yourself in. Remain in the front office until two men call and ask for me. Tell them I am not in and that you don't know where I am. They will try to force their way in. Make a show of stopping them, but give way before they do you any harm. When they have got into my private office stand and watch them—see whether they remove any papers from my desk or safe. When they have gone, meet me at the office of my friend—at Snow Hill."

I was rather mystified but promised to obey instructions.

On Monday I went to Mr. Horne's office at the appointed time. After about half an hour there was a knock on the door. Two men entered and asked for Mr. Horne.

One was a short, wiry little fellow with black eyes, black hair, and a muddy complexion, the other tall and heavily built. The small man was the first to speak, in a distinctly foreign accent. When I asked for his card, he opened a pocketbook and presented a card inscribed: "Emil Polig, Cracow." It was apparent he understood very little English, and that his companion was to be interpreter, and in case of trouble, defender. I explained to them as best I could that Mr. Horne was out; I did not know where, nor when he might return. Both men appeared excited, and talked together in a language that I did not understand, apparently debating what to do next. I stood against the rail gate that barred the little reception room from the other offices and as the men tried to push past me, blocked their entrance. To intimidate me one of them



*To intimidate me one of them drew a revolver.*

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drew a revolver. Fearing what these excitable foreigners might do, I stood aside and allowed them to enter.

They went directly to the safe in the inner private office, and, to my surprise, opened it without difficulty. They began to ransack the drawers, pulling out papers which they examined eagerly. As I stood watching them, the door of the sample room opened, and to my amazement Mr. Horne appeared, accompanied by two men.

The foreigners turned from the safe and made a rush for me.

“Arrest these two men,” Horne shouted.

His companions were detectives from Scotland Yard. After a short struggle they handcuffed the two burglars and left, Mr. Horne accompanying them.

Bewildered at what had taken place, I locked up the office and went to meet Mr. Horne at the place previously appointed. He praised me for what I had done, but offered no explanation of the mysterious proceedings. He asked me to meet him the next evening for dinner, at the Holborn Restaurant, and to bring the papers that he had entrusted to me.

The following evening Mr. Horne arrived at the Holborn with a handsome girl of about five and twenty, and the three of us sat down to dinner. Mr. Horne appeared extremely nervous, and drank large quantities of champagne. When dinner was over, as we were having liqueurs and coffee, he turned suddenly and said dramatically:

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"To-night we say good-by. We shall never meet again!"

To the girl he gave a diamond necklace—to me a hundred pounds, in bank notes, and a cabinet of Roman coins. He kissed the girl, shook hands with me and immediately left, without any explanation. We remained, puzzling over the abruptness of his departure.

Time passed—nothing more was heard of Mr. Horne.

Several months had elapsed when a group of lawyers representing a Düsseldorf bank called upon my employers to elicit information about the bristle sold for the account of Mr. Horne and to ascertain if there was any money due him.

These attorneys informed my employers that a quantity of bristle had been sent from Russia and Poland to the Leipzig Fair. Two men, of whom Mr. Horne was one, had purchased it and given in payment notes that bore false signatures or indorsements. The forgery had been discovered and Horne's confederate caught and imprisoned. Horne had escaped arrest and succeeded in disposing of the property for his own account, and so outrun the constable, outwitting his partner as well as the law. The night of our farewell dinner he boarded a boat for Buenos Aires, where he was safe, as there was, at that time, no extradition treaty between Britain and the Argentine.

With the disappearance of Horne my profits disappeared. I had now only horsehair to offer and what

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had been a drug on the London market for years, human hair.

Most of the black human hair came from China. It had been exported in large quantities to Europe when the chignon was in vogue. The Celestials, not aware of the vagaries of fashion nor the fickleness of the fair sex of the Occident, continued with their characteristic conservatism and lack of imagination to ship the black tresses long after the chignon had gone out. It was packed in cases, each hank of hair tied up with red cord and carefully wrapped in thin Chinese paper. This hair was put up for sale at the Mincing Lane Exchange, but could not be sold even at five pence a pound, though it had previously brought three to four shillings.

To sell horsehair I had to call on a different trade, for brush manufacturers do not buy baled horsehair as shipped from South America. The hair must first be sold to the dressers who hackle it. This is done by drawing it through combs fastened to benches, after which it is tied into bundles of varying lengths.

Horsehair happened to be scarce, and a fiber dresser named Perkiss had been experimenting with the hair of the Tibetan yak, which he thought could be used as a substitute for horsehair, if he could only find some way to eliminate the kink—for the yak has a permanent wave which would be the delight of any lady.

I suggested to Perkiss that the Chinese human hair might be mixed with horsehair to advantage. The experiment proved a success and we agreed to join

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forces; he dressed the hair, I sold it. It was our good fortune that at this time there came into vogue a silk hat with an unusually narrow brim, which required a narrow long-haired hat brush. Our mixed hair was just what was wanted for these brushes, and so long as the human hair and the fashion lasted, our business prospered beyond our wildest dreams.

My association with Perkiss brought me in touch with another branch of the horsehair business—the sale of fine white horse hair for violin bows. The hair used for this purpose must be what is known as live hair, and sells at a high price.

The makers of violins and violin bows are mostly located in the network of small streets between the Strand and Oxford Street. That entire section was, and still is, given over to antique and second-hand shops, fascinating places, if you disregard the dust of ages that usually covers everything. In many of these old curiosity shops real treasures may be found by the connoisseur.

There was a violin maker in Berwick Street who went by the euphonious name of Tubbs. Like most of the shopkeepers of that neighborhood, he lived in rooms behind his store, to which he frequently invited me for tea. From him I learned something about the Cremona violins and the difference between the old and the new.

Dealers in all kinds of antiques used to visit Tubbs, and thus I picked up considerable knowledge of colored chalk engravings and old china, Wedgwood, Chelsea and Lustre ware. As I became more of a

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connoisseur I received commissions to buy grandfather clocks, chairs, cabinets of Hepplewhite, Sheraton and Chippendale, also old snuff and patch boxes. My particular specialty was colored chalk engravings. The best of these by Bartolozzi and Angelica Kauffman could be bought then for one-tenth the price they command to-day.

The study of antiques made me curious about the value of the box of Roman coins that Mr. Horne had given me. In order to learn something about them I applied for a card of admission to the British Museum Library. This I had no difficulty in obtaining, although I was under age, for the son of Edward Bond, the principal librarian, was an old school-fellow of mine.

The task proved to be more difficult than I had anticipated, for the best books on numismatics, and Roman coins in particular, are in French, of which I had only the usual school-boy smattering. In spite of the handicap I persevered and spent my evenings for several weeks in the museum. I always tried to get the same desk, near the reference books which I used, and from time to time I borrowed paper from a man who sat near me. One evening I met this stranger in a bun shop in Museum Street. In the course of conversation he asked me if I was a collector of coins.

I told him about the collection which had inspired my curiosity.

“You’re going to a great deal of unnecessary trouble,” he said; “if you take your coins to the Nu-

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numismatic Department of the Museum they are bound by law to tell you about them."

This surprised and annoyed me, when I thought of the hours I had wasted poring over technical French books. On returning to the museum I took my box to the Numismatic Department and saw the head of the Department, Mr. Poole.

Imagine my chagrin when the expert picked up one coin after another and said, "Forgery—forgery—forgery." A few he put aside as genuine.

The Romans, he said, stamped their coins with reference to events and any coin that verified a date in history was valuable: also, the dies used gave a superior undercutting to any modern minting. He told me another extraordinary thing—that some Roman coins had been forged with dies that were so good that the forgeries were of more value than the originals, and that the British Museum had purchased many of these forged coins.

About this time I had the opportunity of meeting many men who were famous, or later became so. A friend of my brother-in-law, Mr. Daniel Pigeon, who had made a fortune by investing in United States bonds issued after the Civil War, owned a beautiful place called "Homewood," in Putney. Being of a literary turn of mind, and himself an author, he surrounded himself with a coterie of men and women who had made a name in the world of letters. He kept open house every Sunday, and supper was served in the evening.

Homewood, secluded from the outside world by a

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high wall, was one of those old English properties with terraces and lawns laid out with flowers and shrubs. The largest room was a library which contained thousands of books. The walls were entirely lined with bookshelves to the ceiling, and the room could be divided into a number of smaller rooms by adjusting sections of the bookcases which ran on tracks. Large open fireplaces furnished heat in cool weather. After supper the library was the meeting place for discussion and criticism of the interesting books and new theories of the day. Here I sat enthralled, a fascinated listener to the intimate talks of this charmed circle. These Sunday suppers and symposia of men and women of wit and worth, gave me a thirst for knowledge—made me a lover of literature. Realizing my educational shortcomings, I acquired the love of reading, and always carried a book in my pocket to be read at odd moments.

Among those who frequented Mr. Pigeon's symposia were James Russell Lowell, who was then Ambassador to England; also Henry Labouchère, a member of the House of Commons, and one of the orators of the day; Frank Burnand, editor of "Punch," and the author of "Happy Thoughts"; Mr. Buckmaster, now Lord Buckmaster, who later became Lord Chancellor; I felt it was a privilege to meet these great ones of the earth, and I listened with keen enthusiasm to the recital of their experiences. I remember Henry Labouchère relating the story of the time he slept on Boston Common, and incidents in connection with the period when he was Attaché at the Embassy in St. Petersburg.

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Some of these experiences especially interested me because they were similar to my own. It was at Home-wood that I first heard Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat" read aloud, and heard Darwin's "Descent of Man" criticized by these brilliant minds.

Henry Labouchère was the owner of a paper called "Truth," which satirized and lampooned the public men of the day. One evening the exploits of a stock gambler named Albert Grant were being discussed. Grant was what might be termed a stock exchange plunger, who had made money by sharp practices. He had built himself a house in the north of London that cost millions, and furnished it with ornate furniture and valuable paintings. Having acquired wealth, he longed for fame and title. Learning that a garden in the center of Leicester Square was private property and to be sold, he purchased it, and arranged for a trust fund for its upkeep, with the intention of giving the garden to the people of London. He asked King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, to open the gardens to the public and present the Albert Grant gift to the citizens of London in perpetuity. The Prince of Wales refused the invitation, and Albert Grant had to be content with the Lord Mayor of London as master of ceremonies.

The title that Grant craved he failed to procure in England. But shortly after the Leicester Square incident the title of Baron Grant was bestowed upon him by Victor Emmanuel of Italy. The week that this Italian honor was conferred on Albert Grant, the punning

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epigram which had originated over the walnuts and wine at Homewood appeared in "Truth":

*The Queen can title give;  
Honor, she can't.  
Title without honor is  
A Barren Grant.*

Driving across London in a hansom cab, an American girl said to me:

"Who invented the hansom—this switchboard on wheels? It is the weirdest kind of a rig! Was the name of the inventor Hansom, or was he a handsome man?"

"How do you know the inventor was not a woman?" I replied.

"Never on your life!" she retorted. "No woman would invent so odd a contraption that she cannot get into without catching her skirts or hitting her hat."

I explained to her that it was supposed to be an evolution from the sedan chair, and said:

"Haven't you ever heard why an Englishman likes to ride in a hansom?"

"No. Why?"

"Because he, the superior, in the interior, sees not the posterior of his inferior on the exterior!"

This reminds me of another story.

One of my sisters married a Doctor George Lucas, who lived in a small town called Uckfield, forty miles south of London and ten from Brighton. Uckfield has a population of eight thousand people, consisting of a

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few titled families, some landed gentry, but mostly farmers.

I used to spend week-ends at my sister's house, a large rambling place with old-fashioned gardens, tennis courts and croquet lawns.

Uckfield had only one public meeting place besides the church. This was the town hall, an unpretentious building in the center of the town, which was used in the daytime for tennis, in the evening for lectures and entertainments. There was a stage at one end, provided with a drop curtain, on which appeared advertisements of the local butchers, bakers and candlestick makers.

For several days before my visit the town crier, ringing his bell, had made the following announcement:

"Oyez, Oyez, Oyez—at eight o'clock on Saturday evening next Miss Bella Bloom will exhibit, in the town hall of Uckfield, her beautiful wax models, plastique figures, representing ancient and modern art. Prices of seats in the first ten rows, one shilling, other seats sixpence and fourpence according to location. God save the Queen."

The evening came, and the doctor, my sister and I attended and were seated in the first row. Altogether the hall contained about seventy people awaiting the appearance of Miss Bella Bloom. It was usual to employ two young yokels to act as stage hands, their remuneration being free admission; their principal duty was to raise and lower the curtain, by means of ropes in the wings. It chanced that the previous evening the hall had been rented for a magic lantern show

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and a sheet had been attached to the curtain with hooks.

At eight o'clock Miss Bella Bloom came before the curtain. She was a woman of about five and thirty, with a pretty face and a round, plump but pleasing figure. She concluded her introductory remarks thus:

"I have to get around behind, and when the curtain is raised, you will see a display of indescribable beauty."

After a few moments the crude and clumsy curtain slowly rolled up disclosing the unexpected—for as ill luck would have it, the hooks at the bottom of the curtain had caught the skirts of Miss Bella, who was standing behind it, and the uplift poised her on the tips of her toes with her skirts above her head. And as the curtain went a little bit higher, Miss Bella was taken off her feet and suspended in mid-air. The *mise en scène* conclusively proved to the spectators that Miss Bella Bloom had got around behind, and the *dénouement* confirmed it, for when the village lads discovered that something was preventing the curtain from rolling up, they suddenly let go of the ropes. This, added to the frantic struggling of Miss Bella Bloom to extricate herself, precipitated her before the curtain in a series of somersaults, with her heels in the air.

The audience expectantly lingered, until a grizzly old man with a bald pate and flowing whiskers shuffled on to the stage and in a somewhat shamefaced manner announced that after the "unfortunate exposé" Miss Bella Bloom did not feel equal to facing her audience and in consequence the show would not be given. We

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all left the hall, thinking the show had already been given, and many considered that they had had more than their money's worth.

In my boyhood days I used to tramp the country around Uckfield, which lies on the border of Ashdown Forest, a large tract of land similar to the New Forest, having been, like it, once entirely covered with trees. It was here that the Piltdown skull was found, that has caused so much discussion among scientists as to whether it belonged to a primitive man or to a "missing link."

Before the days of coal, the wood of these forests was used for smelting, and there is an old house still standing which bears on the outside this inscription:

*In this house I, John Hogg,  
And my man, John,  
Were the first two men  
Who made the first cannon.*

It is to be hoped that the cannon made by John Hogg was better than his verse.

As the villages surrounding the forest are far apart, my brother-in-law, the doctor, used to call upon his patients on horseback, and whenever I was stopping at his house I accompanied him on his daily visits. Like most country doctors, he had his own surgery and dispensed his own medicines.

When riding out we were often stopped by the sick and the maimed. Once an old woman signaled to us to stop, and described her ailments as follows:

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“Doctor, I ‘ave some’at awful!”

“Well, what have you got, Mrs. Denby?”

“Why, Doctor, I ‘ave an all-overish feelin’, and a sort of buzzin’ in the ‘ead.”

“Ah—that’s it—I will send you something that will put you all right.”

As we rode on, I was curious to know just how he would diagnose a case like this, and what remedy he would prescribe.

“Why,” he said, “faith and a dose of castor oil will go a long way toward a cure.”

My brother-in-law, George, had taken a holiday one summer, to get a rest, and had his brother come as *locum tenens* during his vacation. On George’s return, one of the poor old women, a regular attendant at the Parish Church, who had been his patient for many years, called him in and said:

“Oh, Glory be, Doctor, I’m glad you’re back! I’ve been sick ever since you’ve been away, and that other doctor is no doctor at all. Now I know what it means when it says in the prayer book: ‘From all false doctorin’, Good Lord deliver us!’ ”

It was at this adolescent period that I felt the lure of the gay life of the city. It was a time-honored custom of the trade that upon completion of a sale, seller and buyer took a drink together. London barmaids are dangerous distractions and can suggest many ways for a man to spend money. The destructive charms displayed by these pert and painted bacchantes were a great temptation to me. I realized that if I could not curb the urge of sex it would lead inevitably to my

## YOUNG AMBITION'S LADDER

moral destruction. Youth easily falls in love and cools; illusions are quickly dispelled. He sees his ideal, but soon this is shattered; the tall brunette is cast aside for the *petite* blonde. To unmask woman and to know her ways is a secret man hungers to learn. The mystery with which a woman surrounds herself increases the glamour, especially to youth. In life as in love there is a complement of pain, for wild oats make a bad crop in later years.

As I look back, the prayer which should be made by youth, starting out in life, is: "I ask, O God, that Thou wilt not give me money to spend until Thou hast also given me wisdom not to spend and use it to my hurt or that of others."

Though I never drank to excess, I frequented all the gay places in London, the Cremorne Gardens, Argyle and Evans Supper Rooms, The Judge and Jury, and many other resorts long since vanished. I discovered that dissipation soon dissipates money, and that pleasure's sowing is happier than its harvesting. The gaieties of London soon palled. The "sowing of wild oats" period of life is more hurtful to the young man than to the young woman for shiftless girls are not punished so promptly as shiftless men.

Had Paris anything new to offer in the way of thrills? Naughty, noisy, mysterious Paris—the city of light, love and laughter—drew me with irresistible force.

The excuse of a business mission served me well. Ostensibly I went to see a man who had a new process of bleaching bristle. Once in Paris, I plunged into the vortex of its wildest life. The money I had earned I

## THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

squandered. My nights were spent in the old Jardin de Mobile, then the gayest resort of that entrancing city. Carelessly, recklessly I drifted on—intoxicated by the garish night life, the tinsel and the glitter.

This could not go on forever, and the day arrived when I found myself without money. In desperation I wrote for assistance to a clerk in my eldest brother's office in London, with whom I had been friendly. This young man responded to the call but as a precaution cut in two the bank of England notes, enclosing one-half in a letter addressed to my boarding house, the other in a registered letter addressed to me, care of the Poste Restante, Place de la Madeleine. I had difficulty in obtaining the registered letter. Meanwhile, the clerk told my brother of my difficulties. A family meeting was called, at which it was decided to send over a detective. It was easy for him to find me, and I accompanied him back to London.

My wanton ways had caused a flutter in the family dovecote. They were disappointed that my sojourn in New Zealand had not chastened me: they considered me a menace to the good name of Smith. There was no telling what terrible disgrace my wild life might bring upon them. No fatted calf was killed for the returned prodigal—instead, he was given a second-class ticket on the S. S. "Maine" bound for New York, with five pounds in his pocket to start life anew in the New World.



## IV

### *Friends in the Underworld*

THERE were only two families in the United States that I knew—my uncle's, whose hospitality I had enjoyed on my first visit, and relatives of my brother-in-law.

When I first landed I was cordially received in both households, on a basis of entire intimacy and confidence. To a youngster still in his teens, beginning life in a strange land, this was a delightful experience, and my heart soon warmed with affection for my American relatives.

But unknown to me, for some time the two families had been secretly and subtly forming into two hostile camps. In each was a beautiful girl of marriageable age—rival beauties. It was woman's warfare, lacking in open attack and sense of honor—each

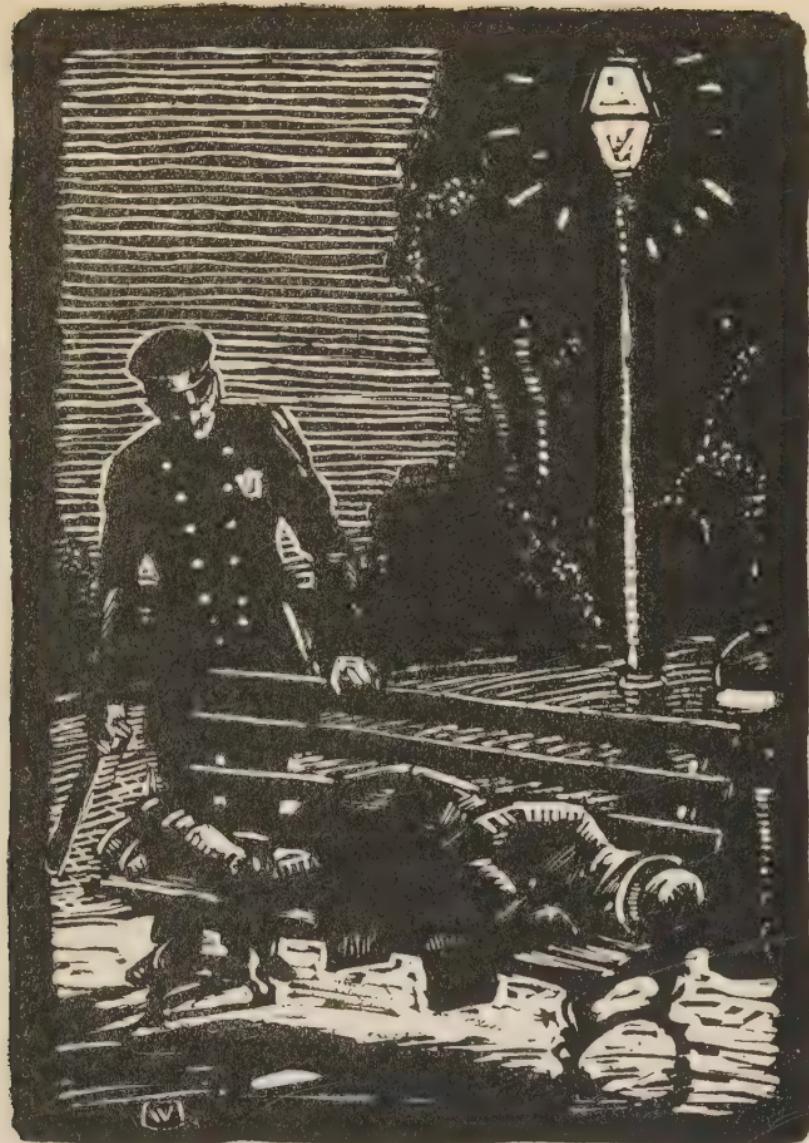
## THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

carefully hiding her real motives of enmity; the darts cast were feathered with apparent amiability, the tips dipped in sugared venom. Jealous fancies were created by subtle whisperings. It was a struggle between two women of clashing interests to attain wealth and higher social position. I was made the cat's-paw—all of the weapons woman carries in her armory were used against me—tears of hypocrisy, feigned sorrow, half confessions—all the time concealing the storm of warring passions which wrought ruin to me and a rival. Beguiled and betrayed by these Delilahs, I was sacrificed as the scapegoat of both families.

Youth is proverbially indiscreet. Some chance remark of mine, perhaps exaggerated or misconstrued, came to their ears and to my dismay I found myself forbidden both houses—the door was closed and I was left on the mat outside—once more cast adrift in the rough sea of life.

There was no one then to whom I could appeal for assistance. Too proud to beg or ask help from strangers, I was penniless and alone. Sometimes I could get odd jobs, which helped keep body and soul together. In the day I went from place to place seeking work, and at night slept in the five- and ten-cent lodgings that lined the Bowery. My meals were taken in cheap eating houses, where a cup of coffee and roll cost five cents.

I sold and pawned my few things of value—the watch and ring my mother had given me, and lastly, my overcoat. God may temper the wind to the shorn lamb, but a man without an overcoat feels the chill



*My sleep was soon to be ended by a policeman's  
night stick.*

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blasts of winter and shivers. With linen soiled, collar turned up, I walked the streets to keep warm; sick at heart, I continued the weary quest for work. Shabby in appearance and half-starved I was always turned away in favor of some more prosperous looking applicant. At last I did not have money even to pay for a five-cent lodging and was driven to that last refuge of the "down and outer"—a bench in the park, on which lovers sit at dusk, and tramps sleep at night. That was my nightly couch. My covers were scattered newspapers, gathered up and wrapped around my shivering form, some stuffed up my trousers to keep out the cold. Sometimes even on this miserable shake-down exhaustion brought sleep, and temporary surcease from life's realities, soon to be ended by a rude whack from a policeman's night stick on the soles of my feet, and a cuff on the head, with a peremptory command: "Get out of this!" when I would move sleepily on, to crouch huddled up under some stall or in a doorway for shelter. How long were these days and how long the nights waiting in sleepless suffering for the dawn!

In the mornings I awoke cramped, cold and dejected, to face another interminable day of tramping the dreary streets in vain search for work. I was envious of those who had work to do; I hated those who lived in luxury. With yearning eyes and watering mouth I stood outside cook-shops. Those who have not faced starvation in a big city do not know how strong is the impulse to steal. It seems as if all the

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world is against you and even God has his thumbs down.

Time drifted on, and still I met with no success. Sad, despairing, with a heavy heart and a famished belly, one day, after twenty-four hours without food, I turned my footsteps towards my uncle's office in the hope that his anger had abated.

In the office there were evidences of prosperity, and hope was born anew in my heart. In a few words I explained my desperate need. My uncle listened and made no comment, until I had finished.

"All I will do for you," he said at last, "is to get the British authorities to send you back where you came from."

To be sent back to England penniless and in disgrace? That was more than I could face.

"I'd rather kill myself."

My uncle laughed.

"That's the threat of a coward," he answered; "you haven't the guts."

I staggered out of the office, the taunt ringing in my ears. Did I lack even the courage to end it? The despair born of hope deferred, lack of food and shelter, took hold of me. What use was I—to myself or any one? What else was there to do? Death, whether it came to-day or to-morrow—what difference? I found myself on the docks, where I stood looking into the black swirling water.

A coward! I would prove I was not—I would show them. I thought over the problem of life and death until my weary brain reeled. Death was the only

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way out—life held nothing for me . . . it was best to end it.

The dagger, poison and the gun are the rich man's means of suicide; the cheapest way to Heaven or Hell for the outcast is the jump or water route.

A number of the poor folk of the neighborhood were seated on the pier to get the air, and I sat down to wait for dusk. I hoped that my body would float out upon the dark and silent tide into the night. But in case it might be recovered I removed from my clothes anything that might lead to identification. "An unknown man had slipped from the dock and drowned"—that would be the police report.

As the night closed in, belated working people hurried past to their homes. I started to let myself down on the timbers that supported the dock—I was within about five feet of the water when a woman's voice arrested me.

"What are you doing?"

I hesitated, then irresolutely climbed back.

"I have been watching you. Some day I'll do it too."

"Do what?" I asked.

"Make a hole in the water. I have tried to drown my sorrow in drink and find forgetfulness with drugs."

She was a shabbily dressed woman of five and twenty who still showed a trace of beauty, though her face was coarsened and pallid, her lips worn; her eyes, circled and haggard, were gray and seemed to mirror tragedy, while veiled behind them floated a wanton bitterness. Her voice was husky from drink, but her

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accent—that arrested my attention. I could not be mistaken!

“You are English?” I said.

“Yes—I am,” she replied.

In a few words I explained to her my desperate condition.

“You have not suffered more than I,” she said; “come with me and I’ll give you something to eat.”

The room to which she took me was on the second floor of a house in Cherry Street, then one of the most disreputable streets of New York, a neighborhood of hovels and saloons in which were hatched shameless and sordid deeds. The house was a resort of a motley crew of sailors, longshoremen, night-prowlers, the veritable slime of the slums. The room was small and poorly furnished. The gaudy hangings served but to accentuate the threadbare condition of the rug. The chairs and sofa were worn, the stuffing protruding from the tawdry coverings. A bed with a gayly patterned coverlet occupied one corner, and in another a screen hid what served as a pantry, and a small stove. In the opposite corner was a washstand on which stood a basin and a jug without a handle. A few colored prints in broken frames were placed in odd positions on the walls, apparently to hide holes in the plaster or tell-tale stains of drunken debauches. A table bearing some paper-backed novels and one or two newspapers, and a lamp with a red shade, completed the furnishings. In the air hung a faint odor of stale tobacco smoke and cheap perfume. One of the pictures was a water color painting of a beautiful woman,

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bearing some resemblance to the unfortunate creature who had rescued me.

“Is that a picture of you?”

“Yes,” she replied, “it is my sole earthly treasure—the one souvenir of the only happy period of my life.”

“Tell me your story. . . .”

“I will, but first eat.”

She gave me some bread and eggs and milk punch, and as I ate, she sat on the edge of the bed and talked to me in her husky voice.

“I was born in Nottingham, England, and after leaving school took a position as salesgirl in a tobacconist shop. The hours were long, the work tedious; the drab days with their monotonous repetition palled. Life for me was stagnant—a girlhood leading nowhere. I yearned for the gay world outside. With the cigars and cigarettes I had to sell my smiles to young dandies or old roués and endure their leering suggestions and tolerate their bawdy stories. I soon realized that men I could have married—I wouldn’t: those I would have married, I couldn’t. The stage had always appealed to me, for my mirror told me that I was graceful and men had told me I was beautiful.

“I joined a dancing-school and became the dancing master’s favorite pupil. A theatrical promoter seeking artists came to see us at the school and offered me an engagement for a tour through South America. He painted a brilliant picture of the life with its bright lights and gaiety, its laughter and applause, its glamour and charm. I was thrilled—it seemed the oppor-

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tunity for which I had yearned. Against my parents' wishes, I accepted and went with the theatrical troupe to South America. I was successful beyond my wildest hopes. I had countless admirers; my dreams were coming true. By chance I met some girls from Andalusia who taught me the great dance of Spain, the *flamenco*. This is a dance starting with languid movements, ending in frenzied passion; in which every muscle is put into play. I had a beautiful new costume for this number—the one in which the celebrated De Perez painted me. It was red and yellow, the colors of Castile, the emblems of blood and gold. This *flamenco* dance was received with great applause—each night there were enthusiastic encores. One night as I took the curtain call, I felt dizzy and sick—a mist before my eyes. I swayed and crumpled down in a heap upon the stage. The curtain was lowered, a doctor called—they took me to a hospital. After a week's rest I felt better, so it was a shock when the doctor ordered me to give up dancing. But what else could I do? I disobeyed the doctor's orders and went back to the show. For a few weeks I continued to dance, but my heart could not bear the strain—and again I collapsed. Once more I was taken to the hospital, this time for a longer stay. When I was discharged after six weeks, I returned to the theater, but found the company had gone—no one knew where. I was alone and destitute. In despair I turned to one of the scene shifters at the theater. In my dire necessity and helpless misery he saw his opportunity. Yes, he would help me, and like Shylock, demanded his pound

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of flesh. Revolted and sick at heart I left the theater.

“My savings soon melted away. At last, starved into submission, I had no choice. . . . Shame and remorse followed. I felt like a leper, unclean; I dared not write home, the future was dark. . . . The instinct of self-preservation made me cling to life, though I could only sustain it by a shameful calling. I drifted to New York, where at least my own language was spoken. Drink and drugs brought forgetfulness—made my sordid life more bearable. Now I live on from day to day with no hope—not caring what may happen; I am a woman forgotten.

“But with you it is different. You have not dragged your name through the mud. You can get work to do and fight your way out of this rotten hell. A woman can never come back. Let me do a decent thing—for a fellow countryman—let me help you. I’ve got ten dollars and I’ll share it with you.”

So saying she thrust some notes into my hand. God knows, my need was great but I could not accept this sacrifice from a heartstricken unfortunate. I refused the money. She begged me to take just a dollar—enough for bed and breakfast. This I at last accepted, and as I took the money the iron entered into my very soul. Had I sunk so low that I could accept this tainted money from a Magdalene?

Next morning with determination taking the place of despair I started out to search for work. Footsore and weary, I trudged from street to street, looking for the sign “Men Wanted.” I joined line after line of woebegone job-hunters—to wait and wait, only to be

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told that the position was filled or that I was not the man wanted.

Doggedly I persevered, and late in the afternoon found myself in Peck Slip. There from a loft hung a sign, "Piece Workers Wanted for Wrapping Packages." I went in and saw the foreman, who at last gave me a job. The work was to pack and label packages of powdered charcoal. Few men would take the job as the charcoal squirted from the cartons, dirtied the hands and filtered into the lungs.

The wrappers did not work for a fixed wage but did piece work for so much per hundred packages, and by working from nearly morning until late at night a man could average eight dollars a week.

Here I met a Scot named MacPherson, who worked at the same bench. Mac was a strange character. He was perhaps forty years of age, tall, lean and lanky. He had a well-shaped head, bald and edged with a fringe of reddish hair. His complexion was the dull white color of lard, his eyes were blue and prominent. His features were regular with the exception of his nose, which had an upward tilt and a brilliant red tip. The blue eyes, red nose and white skin made his face a veritable tricolor.

He walked with a shifting, shuffling gait with neck bent forward, shoulders swaying. His arms were unusually long. Like Rob Roy, he could fasten his garter without bending his knee. His hands were those of a skeleton covered with skin, his finger nails edged with black. When sober he had a sort of hang-dog expression, as if ashamed of himself and not wishing

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to see or be seen. Drunk, he was entirely different: then his head was tilted upward and he swaggered along with the devil-may-care swing of a Scotch piper leading his regiment. His mentality is more difficult to describe for it is hard to X-ray the mind. He was a bundle of contradictions. His father had been in the insurance business in Aberdeen, where Mac had attended the University. In his early days he had been a studious scholar and an omnivorous reader. His one failing was his addiction to drink, which was the reason he had left his own country. He had worked for a year or more wrapping packages for a meager eight dollars a week. He also kept the books, and made custom house entries.

Mac rented a room on East Broadway, which he shared with a man named Phillips. The latter happened at the time to be working as a waiter in a restaurant at Coney Island, so his bed was empty. That first night, Mac took me to his lodging to interview his landlady, Mrs. Dunn, and bargain for the use of the vacant bed. It was arranged that I should pay \$1.50 a week during the absence of Phillips. Upon his return, a third bed was to be placed in the room and my rent reduced to \$1.25.

The furniture of the room was in keeping with the rent. There were two washstands, on which stood cracked basins and broken pitchers, two wooden chairs, one without a back, and two beds, in opposite corners. Two small oil lamps provided spots of light for a radius of a few feet, but accomplished little more than to render darkness visible. Neither oil nor wicks were

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provided by Mrs. Dunn, nor did she serve meals.

There were many eating places on the Bowery, and at the cheapest, popularly known from prominent characters of the day as Jim Fisk's and Boss Tweed's, a plate of soup could be had for five cents, or a roll, coffee and one egg for ten cents. These restaurants were designed to fill the empty stomach with food, rather than feed the soul with art. The floors were strewn with sawdust, over which rats and mice scuttled. Here the poor and needy, the derelicts and outcasts, sat in rows on wooden benches and wolfed their food.

The waiters shouted the orders to the kitchen in a language all their own. "A Hebrew funeral" meant pork chops—"one in the dark," black coffee—"stack the chips," griddle cakes, "sunny side up," eggs fried on one side only. These epicurean delicacies were served in unbreakable earthenware dishes and cups, the latter without handles and so thick that it was difficult to get one's mouth over the rim.

The waiters themselves were a brutal crew, with closely cropped hair and muscular, hairy arms, equally ready to throw the food before the patrons, or to throw the patrons out in case of disturbance. Rough and tumble fights were frequent, and the waiters had developed splendid teamwork. When one gave an S O S signal all the rest came to his assistance. Often some "down and outer" with an empty belly and empty pockets ordered a meal for which he could not pay; they could not get the food back, so the would-be

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bilker was thrown out with a bloody nose and black eyes, his sole compensation a full stomach.

In the late seventies, the Bowery was the white-light district of New York and the surrounding streets the red-light district. It was there that the night revelers, the flotsam and jetsam of the great city, rubbed shoulders nightly. Stolid Germans came to the Atlantic Garden and other beer gardens to drink beer and listen to the music of an indifferent band. There were vaudeville palaces where ten or fifteen cents was the price of admission to an entertainment of vulgar songs, leg-lure and lingerie. Close by was the noted dance hall of Theo. Allen, on Bleecker Street, and the gambling joints of Billie McGlory, Owney Geogheghan, Harry Hill's on West Houston Street, and Milligan's Hell in Broome Street.

Five- and ten-cent lodging houses, one flight up from the street, lined the Bowery. Below them were cellar "dives," the lairs of the crimpers, who used women as a decoy to lure victims inside where they were treated to drugged drinks and robbed.

Mac and I used to eat our morning and evening meals at Boss Tweed's. At midday broken crackers, obtained at a greatly reduced price from a bakery near by, sustained us until evening.

Eating, sleeping and reading were our principal pastimes. Mac was an omnivorous reader, and purchased many of the standard works from a dulcet-toned sidewalk salesman who had a stand of second-hand, paper-covered books of the Seaside and Lakeside series. These cheap publications were a god-

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send to us, for the highest price was ten cents; second hand, five, and if returned, one cent was refunded.

Every evening after supper we repaired to our lodgings and lay down on our trundle beds, our one place of solace, and read in the dismal flicker of a small lamp. During this period of my life I read many of the English and French classics. Some evenings, too weary to read, we argued and debated, covering every known subject from creation and philosophy to drama and art.

Mac was a Catholic, with a child-like faith. He was not a continuous drunkard, but periodically went off "on a spree," from which he invariably returned filled with penitence and remorse. If the craving for drink was upon him, he had no control over himself. When his money was spent, he would go to Baxter Street and barter his shabby clothes at a "hand-me-down" shop, for a still shabbier suit, and a few cents in cash. Even after the last cent was spent, he would continue to order drinks until thrown out by the bouncer. Rum-soaked, dejected and staggering he would at last turn up at the lodgings with bruised and blackened eyes, dressed in nondescript clothing. Once he came back with a tam-o'-shanter with the topknot gone; on another occasion he returned with a Glengarry bonnet with the ribbons missing and a safety pin at the back to hold it on. In his wardrobe exchange he usually chose the dress of a clansman, and one morning, to the amusement of the street arabs who followed him, he returned in a Campbell kilt, *sans culotte*—with knees bare and dirty, and on his

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head an Alpine hat with the stub-tail of an old, moth-eaten squirrel fastened on the back.

One morning he arrived at the office with a hang-over after one of his periodical sprees, and said in whining tones to the boss:

“Now don’t curse me; be tender to me. I have had a fearful scare. As I was coming down Chatham Street I saw a sign ‘Coffee and Cakes,’ and went in an’ there, all in a row, were coffins and caskets! It was an awful shock! For God’s sake, give me ten cents for a cup of coffee to quiet my nerves!”

He got ten cents as a corpse reviver!

We sometimes worked at package wrapping on Sundays to add to our income, but soon found that there was little to be gained by this, for we wrapped more packages than could be sold, and consequently were laid off week days.

The loft where we were employed had once been a soap works. It swarmed with rats, and the boss had secured three cats to kill them off. One morning we found all three cats dead—whether killed by the rats, or poison, we never knew. Mac strung them up by their tails, at the entrance to the loft, and pasted up a notice: “This place is Hell. ‘Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.’”

After the death of the cats we invented an automatic trap. The rats were apparently attracted by the paste which we used in labeling packages, so we fixed the lids of the barrels on delicately balanced swivels, and a rat climbing to the top of the barrel was immediately precipitated to the bottom. When a great many

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had been caught, their squeals attracted other rats into the trap, and each morning we would find twenty or more caught by this novel device.

I tried in every possible way to keep Mac sober. In the evening I accompanied him to our room on East Broadway, knowing that once I got him into bed and immersed in a book, he was safe for the night.

One morning on our way down to work, walking along Oak Street, Mac, who was in a fervently religious mood, begged me to go with him into the little Catholic Church on that street. We entered, and sat down in a pew at the back. Mac knelt reverently, and buried his face in his hands, his bald head, with its fringe of red hair encircling it, looking like an ostrich egg in its sandy nest. I looked around and saw that the church was deserted except for a few women worshipers who were kneeling in prayer. As we walked out, I called Mac's attention to the fact that we had been the only men present: from the sexton at the door we learned that the service we had attended was a churching of women!

"Well, Mac," I said, "you got me into the right church and the right pew, but at the wrong time! I cannot see that we can ever offer prayers for the same purpose as those devout women, who are giving thanks for the fulfillment of their dream—for having been 'as women would wish to be who loved their lords'!"

On Sunday, our day of rest, we carefully went through the notices in the papers for Evangelist meetings, lectures on new thought, theosophy or spiritualism. The subject was immaterial, so long as the notice

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intimated it was free. "Strangers Welcome—No Collection." Mac made notes at these meetings to have material for debates during the week. There was nothing we did not discuss, in our cheerless room, from the heavens above to the waters under the earth and all that lies between. We relied on each other entirely for companionship, for we had no friends. No one was ever invited to our diggings, no one ever came. The only exception was the waiter, Phillips; at regular intervals he used to pawn his dress clothes for drink and food, until he got another situation, when he would come to us for help to redeem his clothes.

These debates usually took place late in the evenings, each of us talking from his own cot in the corner and frequently in the dark, to save oil, which was not provided by our worthy landlady.

Mac's favorite quotation when temperance was under discussion was a quotation from Robert Burns—"Man, being reasonable, must get drunk." He argued that the greatest imaginative writing had come from brains stimulated by alcohol, naming Burns, Byron, Webster, De Quincey and Poe. I maintained that women had been the greatest inspiration and cited Dante, Petrarch, Shelley and Pope. Mac liked to base his arguments on the Bible, which he declared was an authority beyond question.

"Admitted," I replied, "but the Bible presents no defense for excessive drinking."

"Maybe you haven't read it," Mac retorted. "I find in the early part of the Bible that only one family was considered by God worthy to live—Noah and his

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sons. When Noah came out of the Ark, what was the first thing he did? Planted a vineyard and got drunk! . . . A little later on, in Biblical history, there was only one family adjudged worthy to survive—Lot and his wife, and as they fled from Sodom and Gomorrah, the burning cities of the plain, what did Lot do? He got drunk. David, who ‘was a man after God’s own heart,’ extolled the wine cup and made Uriah drunk. And what does Proverbs say? ‘Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more.’”

“Admitting that your argument based on the Old Testament is true,” I answered, “even if there was evidence that it was permissible in the olden days, that would be no proof that intelligent human beings should be intemperate in our day and generation. You might just as well argue that because Abraham had two wives and David and Solomon many, polygamy should be practiced at the present time, or that because living sacrifices were once offered, they should be continued.”

“When we come to the New Testament,” said Mac, “we find that the first miracle performed by Our Saviour on earth was the turning of water into wine. Water is seldom mentioned in the Bible except in the case of Dives, who, looking up to Heaven, saw Lazarus in Abraham’s bosom, and begged for a drop of water for his parched tongue. But where was he? In the torments of Hell! And Paul, one of the apostles of the Master, counsels in his epistle to Timothy that he should ‘Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach’s sake.’”

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Mac also maintained that the way to salvation, as he could easily prove, was through drink.

"For," he said, "he who drinketh, sleepeth, and he who sleepeth, sinneth not, and he who sinneth not, shall be saved!"

"Mac that is sophistry, and you know it!"

"It's logic!"

"Yes, pseudo logic, and proves anything or nothing! It is the same kind of fake logic that proves a cat has three tails. You admit that a cat has a tail and therefore a cat has one more tail than no cat. You must also admit that no cat has two tails. Thus, if a cat has one more tail than no cat, a cat has three tails."

"Well," said Mac, "is this sophistry or logic? Drunk, I'm happy; sober, I'm miserable. Why, then, should I not try to be drunk as often as possible, for as long as possible? You must not deprive me of my right to the pursuit of happiness!"

"That's neither sophistry nor logic," I said. "That's bunk!"

Mac, convinced against his will, was of the same opinion still. As a drunkard, he wanted to justify himself in the habit. He tried to varnish his vice to resemble a virtue. Drink may have furnished a temporary solace in his sorrows, but drink was the source from which his sorrows flowed.

We knew no women. The fair sex was anathema to Mac. Maybe he had been jilted or crossed in love in youth, but he never offered the least explanation of his aversion. I never heard him speak to any woman, except to our landlady when he paid his weekly rent.

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Yet he liked to discuss women and seemed to have a profound knowledge of their foibles.

One Sunday afternoon we attended a meeting on women's rights, at which the principal speaker, a woman, demanded equal political rights and the same moral standard for both sexes. To Mac the question of women's rights was like a red rag to a bull, and that evening, when we had snuggled into our cots in our respective corners, he suddenly began to hold forth.

"Women who have reached the age of forty are past their usefulness! It's then they begin to get these crazy ideas. There simply can't be the same moral code for men and women; they are different creatures, with different functions to perform. As the Greeks said, 'A woman always knows her own child; a man, never.' If women's morals were as lax as men's, men would no longer work for children they were not sure were theirs, and that would strike at the very foundation of home and family life.

"It is possible for a man with many wives to have innumerable children, every year. It is impossible for a woman to have more than two or three children a year, even if twins and triplets were the rule rather than the exception. By nature the male is active, the female passive. Sex passion is stronger in men than women. The punishment and risk of leading an immoral life are greater to a woman than man. The fear of loss of reputation, or of becoming a mother, is a deterrent a man does not know. A woman cannot have a clear understanding of a man, for she is unable to put

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herself in his position, and for the same reason a man cannot understand a woman. Woman has not the same curiosity; she is content with one man, as a rule, and is without man's insatiable desire to make comparisons among the fair sex. Never content with her lot she wants to do man's work. She envies men's pursuits and hates her own and would keep her feminine privileges and try to be a man.

"Women want to hold their privileges and also have equal moral rights. When a woman asks for the single standard of morals, does she want to adopt the standards of men—or does she wish men to live up to her standards, and practice the purity which man expects of her? Sexual continence cannot be attained except by making men sexless or neuters. In attempting to curb the creative and active principle in life, and make it passive, you will have a sterilized automaton—you will create a neuter sex or a hybrid that cannot breed."

"All these arguments have been advanced before, some by the ancient Greeks," I said. "You claim, that because men and women have structural differences, and different functions, the resultant thoughts and actions are dissimilar; that the duty of women is merely to bear children; that men are better designed for the work to be done in the world, and women, with their pity and tenderness, their maternal instinct, are by nature better fitted to tend the young, nurse the sick and old. Yours is the conception of the Orient where women are bought and sold as merchandise, kept in seclusion in seraglios, and valued only as burden-bearers and child-bearers. What is the result? In India,

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girls become mothers at an average age of ten and twelve years, and their offspring are weak, sickly, cowardly creatures. Is it not natural, following the law of use and disuse, that under conditions of segregation and confinement women become inferior to men? In civilized countries, where women enjoy greater privileges, the mental difference between the sexes is not so great. It is true that women past forty lose their creative exuberance, but they do not lose their charm, nor their intellectual resources. If you give women more rights and responsibilities they will become more competent and capable of exercising them, and will not be, as in Oriental countries, mere toys for men or valued only as breeders."

"You seem to think you can change the laws of nature," Mac replied. "The bull is stronger than the cow, the stag than the doe. You can't shift sex."

"I don't expect to shift sex nor to change the laws of nature," I said. "But I do see that dimorphism varies throughout nature; that there are many animals, birds and fishes, the male and female of which work together in equality, sharing the obligations of parenthood."

"It is not a question of difference only in physical structure," Mac persisted; "the functional differences produce corresponding variations in temperament and character. Self-pride, jealousy, envy are the ruling feminine passions. A woman seldom troubles to find out the past sex life of the man she is to marry. He may have been dissipated, had liaisons with many women—a man-about-town is usually more popular

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with women than a man who has led a model life. Why? She is flattered that he, having wooed many women, has chosen her to be his life companion. She is not jealous of his past amours, but if he is unfaithful after marriage, jealousy is aroused; her pride is hurt because she has failed to hold what she has won. Jealousy is not a sign of love but a manifestation of vanity."

"You say that women prefer a rake or a roué. Isn't that to some extent true of men?" I suggested. "A siren is more interesting than a saint for she has the gift of inspiring men. The great courtesans are better known than the virtuous saints: Cleopatra, Mary Stuart, Catherine the Second of Russia, Lady Hamilton; these were the women who fanned the flame of ambition in men. The sheep that have gone astray are coveted more than the timid ones that have remained in the fold. Potiphar's wife is better known than many of the Pharaohs, Delilah's fame is as great as Samson's. Consider Thaïs, Semiramis, Theodora, and Aspasia.

"But when it's a question of marriage man requires virtue from a woman; he asks for a virgin kiss, unsullied by the lips of another man. He's got no more use for soiled lips than a bee has for withered flowers. Man invented modesty to keep women virtuous—modesty is the chaperon of virtue. Married women, and women with marriageable daughters have formed a trade union for their mutual protection, and made the wanton a traitor to her sex.

"All women realize that youth and beauty are wasting assets on which they must cash in before it is too

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late. Coyness and modesty are the outposts of chastity and increase the obstacles. Free love would be a free fight, a scramble for possession.

“An over-supply of women makes it more difficult to prevent a lapse of virtue, because the mating competition is more severe. Man does not look favorably on the modern woman competing with him in his own field, filling positions which for years were not open to her, but it’s not only on economic grounds that he objects; he hates everything which tends to free women from the shackles of love; for centuries her principal interest in life has been to love and be loved. The more women try to look like men, the less attractive they are to men. The line of beauty and the line of strength are not the same. Brawn and beauty are seldom united in the same form. The infinite variety of femininity is the elusive charm *femina*. Every woman is a hundred women, depending upon place and circumstances. Man creates, to a great extent, his life; woman has to make the best of her situation.

“I agree with you,” I went on, “that the ruling passion in most women is self-pride, and that wounded pride is the basis for jealousy. To perpetuate the race, women serve the interests of their species. Rivalry among women comes from their peculiar vocation, the creation of new beings. Although you may shut your eyes to it, the fact is that among human beings the primary reason for marriage is not for bringing into the world new beings, but for animal gratification.”

Mac uttered a grunt of protest.

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"It seems to me you take the most degrading and debasing view of the genesis of life," he said.

"I am only stating what is obvious to the unprejudiced, although hypocritical prudes try to hide it. The potency of animal passion is primordial; it is an inborn instinct, an impulse strong and deep, implanted by nature for life's creation and continuance. Doubtless the desire for offspring exists, but usually under normal conditions, offspring follow as an effect, not a cause. Amorousness is an innate 'mate hunger,' an irresistible desire in man no less than in the lower creation. It is part of nature's scheme to stir in youth the blood of men and maids to love.

"When in the spring the flower blooms it cannot foresee if the wandering wind or a flying insect will carry pollen to its mate to perpetuate the species. Man is like the bee, only a pollen carrier. Life from its genesis hangs in doubt. The bursting bud of the rose opens its petals to the sun, and when the petals droop the flower hangs its head as if ashamed that it has passed its prime. It is a law of nature that beauty should attract. When the rose is full blown the colors fade, the freshness and fragrance vanish, the petals fall, for it has fulfilled its purpose."

"Women are such cruel creatures," Mac said unexpectedly. "History proves that whenever woman dominates she is cruel; think of Lucrezia Borgia, Catherine de Medici, Catherine the Second of Russia, Mary and Elizabeth of England."

"Those were mostly women who lived during the Reformation," I pointed out, "when religious fervor

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knew no bounds. It is true that a great injustice done to a woman may transform the angel into the fiend. Women are more emotional than men, and emotional beings are always liable to go to extremes and turn from sympathy, pity and gentleness to vengeance and cruelty. Women have ever possessed the innate instinct of contradiction."

This is merely an abstract of our arguments on a subject of many sides that we carried on for many an evening. Mac could find nothing good to say of women. Debate was a waste of time. Neither of us could convince the other. It is the eternal question feminine—the mystery everlasting.

The more I studied Mac, the less I seemed to know him. Men and women, collectively, are comparatively easy to understand, but more difficult to fathom in their complex individualities. Doctors and actuaries are able to determine with a certain degree of accuracy the average length of life, but are unable to forecast the span of life of any individual. Mac was especially devout when he was penitent or remorseful after a drunken spree, yet I never knew him to go to confession. I never asked him why: I had too much respect for his feelings. The subject of religion was the one topic we never discussed; it was implicitly understood that arguments touching religion were taboo. I went at times with him to the Catholic Church, and he often accompanied me to churches of other denominations; we usually chose those places where the best music or the best preaching was to be heard.

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Mac's ideas on temperance and the practical application of his theories, brought him to his final doom. After I left him, he went from bad to worse, going on more extended debauches, until he became a police character. He oft expressed the wish to die when drunk: even this wish was denied him, for he breathed his last in Blackwell's Island prison, and was buried in Potter's Field. The exhilaration he obtained from drink was probably the only sunshine in his troubled and tragic life.



## V

### *In the Crucible of Life*

ALTHOUGH package wrapping served to keep the wolf from the door, I was anxious to better my position, and I pleaded with the boss to allow me to try my hand at selling packages of lamp black for painters' use. After much persuasion he agreed to pay me a commission on sales.

Most of the small paint stores were owned by house painters. As the proprietors were out on jobs during the day, evening was the best time to visit them. Directly after supper I would start out to call at the paint stores, working up Third Avenue, down Second, scouring the East Side. By working in the evenings I was able to earn an additional three or four dollars a week, and the boss was so pleased with results that he directed me to discontinue package wrapping and devote my entire time to selling.

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At about this time the Colorado beetle was destroying the potato crops, and newspapers throughout the country were printing pictures of the beetle, male and female, embryo and eggs, describing the manner of attack and recommending insecticides. Paris green sprinkled on the leaves of the plants gave the best results, but it had one great disadvantage: it was quickly washed off by rain. Many tried to find some means to prevent this—but none was successful.

One of the lamp black purchasers upon whom I called was the owner of a paint works, named Tucker, who bought up odd lots of colors at rummage and sheriff sales. In a shed at his works, I accidentally unearthed a number of arsenic kegs filled with a green pigment. I mentioned my discovery to the boss, who visited Tucker with me, on the pretext of buying a paint mill. While Tucker and the boss were talking I made my way around to the shed and obtained a sample of the color from one of the kegs. On examination it proved to be Paris green adulterated with clay.

With a sample of the adulterated green I was sent to see a man named Snubber, who bought quantities of Paris green, which was then selling for 12 cents a pound. Snubber was a hot-tempered, erratic man with bright red hair, long flowing whiskers, and extremely dubious credit. Although the boss arranged to buy the adulterated Paris green from Tucker at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cents a pound, and Snubber offered 7 cents a pound for the lot, the terms of payment were more important than the price.

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After much dickering, Snubber agreed to pay half in cash, which at least repaid the investment, and the remaining half in sixty days. Snubber had conceived the brilliant idea of mixing the adulterated green with plaster of Paris, so that it would adhere to the leaves of the potato plant, and be impervious to rain. This idea might have proved a success except for the well-known fact that the vegetable kingdom derives its main nourishment through its leaves: consequently the plaster of Paris choked the pores and prevented the leaves from breathing, causing the plant to sicken and die.

When Snubber's scheme proved a failure, he departed abruptly for parts unknown, leaving the balance of the bill unpaid. At that time there was a New York City ordinance by which a non-resident debtor could be placed upon city limits and forbidden to leave Manhattan Island. The boss learned that Snubber came now and again to New York, in company with a bleached blonde and registered under an assumed name at a second-rate Broadway hotel.

Thither I was sent with instructions to serve him with a summons. The hotel clerk identified him readily enough from my description.

"D'you want to see him?" queried the clerk.

"Yes—" I replied.

"Well—he'll be coming down soon."

I noted something peculiar in his tone and manner, but to carry out my mission I selected a landing half-way up the stairs as an advantageous place to wait. Soon I heard Snubber's blustering voice.

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The instant he reached the landing, I stepped in front of him.

"Mr. Snubber?" I said and thrust the papers towards him.

He did not pause to answer. Instead, he struck out instantly with his fist; I half turned to avoid the blow and he followed it up with a kick. Taken completely by surprise, I bounced down the stairs in a series of somersaults, stopping finally by striking my head against the reception desk in the lobby.

"I see you found him," said the clerk with a malicious smile.

The papers had followed me in my swift descent. I hesitated whether to brave another encounter, but decided discretion was the better part of valor. I returned to the office, bruised and battered, and was congratulated by the boss on my success as a process server.

Although my circumstances were now somewhat improved, selling package black did not offer much prospect of future advancement, and I was constantly on the lookout for a position with better opportunities. One day at a store in a basement on Sixth Avenue near Forty-second Street, I saw a sign, "Man Wanted," and presented myself as an applicant. The store was kept by a Mr. George, who made awnings in the spring and summer, and horse covers and tarpaulins in the winter. It was then about the end of April, the season in which store awnings are sold.

"Have you had any experience in selling?" he inquired, sizing me up.

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Briefly I recounted my experience.

"D'you think you could sell awnings?" asked George.

"Yes—I'm sure I can."

"Will you work on a commission basis?"

"Well," I replied, "I'm making ten dollars a week, which is enough to live on, but I'm willing to take the risk on anything over ten."

I made it a practice whenever I was trying to sell goods and wanted to influence the person to whom I was talking, to speak somewhat loudly, so as to gain the attention of those around. Mrs. George, who was in the shop, seemed favorably impressed by my manner and drew her husband aside, and whispered to him. Turning to me he said—"I am willing to give you a trial—at ten dollars a week and commissions. You are too shabby to go out to sell awnings; I will give you some of my clothes so you'll look better. We are about the same height."

Mrs. George conducted me to their apartment above the store and gave me a suit, which improved my appearance. In the morning I reported early to get samples, prices and instructions. A book was given me in which I was instructed to make an outline drawing of each awning ordered, giving the dimensions of size and pitch.

George told me to go down the sunny side of Third Avenue, visiting each and every store. The method of approach varied. For instance, on entering a delicatessen store, presumably owned by a German, I was to say—

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*“Gott in Himmel, it’s hot! You know summer is coming soon.”*

“Well, what’s that to me?” the owner would answer.

“Everything. When the sun gets hot, it will melt your butter, and you won’t be able to keep your cheese and ham fresh.”

“How can you stop it?” would be the next query.

“Quite simply. You need an awning.”

If the proprietor inquired as to the cost, I would take measurements and give an estimate.

At a bookshop I would say: “You won’t get people to come into your store in summer if it’s hot. They like the shady side of the street. To keep your store cool you must have an awning.”

The work was hard, but in the first week I doubled my previous salary. Unfortunately the season for selling store awnings is short. Before the advent of summer every one has either bought new awnings or put up their old ones.

The house-awning business started when the store trade was over, but it was not practicable to call at private houses to solicit orders. There was nothing left for me to do but to help as a workman in putting up house awnings. One day I was sent with other men to a Fifth Avenue house for this purpose.

The workmen generally used the tradesmen’s entrance through the kitchen, and while they were at work a butler or some other servant would remain in the room to see that nothing was stolen. At this particular house the regular men were in such a hurry

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that they merely hung the awnings and left me to adjust them. The lady of the house chanced to enter the room as I was finishing my work. The room was an artistic one, containing some fine colored engravings by Bartolozzi and Angelica Kaufmann.

"May I look at that Bartolozzi color print?" I asked.

"Do you know anything about engravings?" the lady inquired in obvious surprise.

I told her that I had purchased pictures in England for my brother-in-law and thus obtained some knowledge in regard to these particular works of art. This aroused her interest, and she asked many questions about my previous life, concluding by making a note of my name and address, and volunteering to recommend my services to her circle of friends and to send me a list of prospective customers.

It is curious how knowledge which you may consider valueless when you acquire it, later proves a stepping stone in life's progress. A few days later I received a letter, with the names of several people upon whom I could call, presenting the lady's personal cards to introduce me. Twice a week for some six weeks thereafter I received these lists. It seems that I had kindled the two sentiments which smolder in the heart of all women—pity and curiosity.

Among the names sent to me was that of a lady living in a palatial home on Madison Avenue. A dining-room extension had recently been added to the house. In the roof was an octagonal inset of colored glass, through which at certain times the sun shone

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and reflected the colors of the glass on the dining-room table. An awning was wanted that could be pulled partially or entirely across this skylight.

Feeling unequal to the task of planning its construction, I returned to Mr. George. Perhaps a little piqued at my success in obtaining entrance to the houses of the wealthy, he declined to help, saying that the customer was mine, and I had better exercise my own ingenuity.

I returned to the house with many misgivings. I was particularly anxious, because holes had to be bored in the ceiling to attach the cords and, if my calculations were faulty, Mr. George might be liable for damages. The roof was of zinc, which presented another difficulty, for I did not know how to fasten my tape to obtain an accurate measurement. To measure for window awnings was a simple matter. You only required a broomstick, and in the top of the broom handle stuck a pin over which you placed the ring of the tape. By elevating the broomstick to the cornice of the window, you easily obtained the height and pitch measurements.

While I was studying the problem, a boy of about fourteen came out on to the roof with some school-books under his arm. I asked him to hold one end of the tape for me. He put down his books in order to comply. The measurement completed, I picked up one of the books and discovered it was the *Orations of Cicero*.

“Are you construing Latin?” I asked.

“Yes,” replied the boy, “and I simply hate Latin.

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I can't seem to make any headway with it. Did you learn Latin?"

"Well—I studied it at school," I replied. "You see, in England they lay great stress on the classics."

His Latin lesson happened to be one of Cicero's orations against Catiline, with the opening passages of which I was familiar. I began to construe: "'Jam diu,' now for a long time, 'conscripti patres' conscript fathers, 'versamur' we have dwelt, 'in his periculis' in these dangers, 'sed nescio' but I know not, 'quo pacto' by what agreement the climax of all crime and wickedness has broken on our consulship."

As I translated and construed, the boy listened in amazement.

"You're a Latin scholar!" he exclaimed. "Why are you doing this sort of work?"

Not wanting to go into my history, I made some light reply. The boy thanked me, and went into the house, but returned, before I had finished gathering my tools of trade together.

"I have been speaking to mother about you," he said, "and she told me to ask you into the dining room for some wine and cake. Will you come?"

We sat together in the dining room, talking about his school, lessons and sports. When I was about to leave, the lad asked me to wait and left the room.

"Mother isn't very well," he said when he returned, "she's upstairs, but she wants me to bring you up to see her."

Together we went up to the lady's sitting room. Propped up on pillows on a day bed, she greeted me

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cordially, and questioned me concerning my education, occupation and prospects, with evident desire to befriend and assist me. Before I left, she, too, gave me the names of several of her acquaintances to whom I might be able to supply awnings.

Her kindness resulted in a fresh acquisition of orders. The dining-room extension awning which I had designed proved entirely satisfactory and I was rewarded by an increase in salary.

During these months of striving and drudgery I had never forgotten to be grateful to Nancy—the woman who had helped me in my darkest hour. I now sought her out and obtained for her regular employment operating a sewing machine in Mr. George's workshop.

Here she met a man who married her. She made him a good wife, and for a few years enjoyed domestic happiness, tragically ended by her sudden death. I was shocked one morning to read the particulars in the newspapers.

It appears that Nancy had, during the busy season, taken her husband's supper to him each evening in Bryant Park. His day's work done, he had gone to the park to their trysting place. There he found a crowd collected. He asked a bystander what had happened, and was told that a woman had dropped dead. He pushed his way into the throng, and there, stretched on a park seat awaiting the ambulance, was his wife—dead.

Reading of her death brought back sweet and bitter memories of this soul, tempted and driven to sin by a starved body. The weak heart that had caused her

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misfortunes was now at rest. My sincere prayer was that the Recording Angel who wrote her frailties in the book of life would add the sentiment of Prior's lines:

*Be to her virtues very kind;  
Be to her faults a little blind.*

In the autumn my employer proposed that I should go on the road selling tarpaulins and horse covers. This was neither so pleasant nor so profitable as selling awnings—and besides, it was hard work, as I had to carry a heavy bundle containing a number of sample covers of different sizes. The pleasure of selling was not enhanced by the unpleasant habits of the old cronies who sat around these small harness shops, expectorating on the floor, where I had to unroll my covers for display.

I had now been on the road long enough to know that salesmanship is a fine art. Not every man has the gift. The salesman must never be discouraged—and he must meet all difficulties with a smile. He must be able to estimate at a glance the type of man with whom he is dealing, know how to approach him, and in a minute's conversation learn his opinions and his weaknesses, so that he may lead him around to his point of view.

A good salesman must be a business builder, not just an order taker. He must gain the confidence of those to whom he sells, and be able to influence the buyer to favor him and his goods. The best school-

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ing for any business man is selling, for he obtains thereby an insight into human nature. It teaches him confidence in himself—and without that no man can convince another. Of all the qualities most desirable in a salesman, perhaps the most necessary is enthusiasm.

On returning from a western trip I found a letter awaiting me from my first employer. His business, it appeared, had fallen off, and he was anxious to get me back as salesman. A mutual agreement between the two employers was reached whereby my traveling expenses were to be divided, and I was to sell both lamp black and horse covers.

Thus I gradually built up a connection, and traveled farther and farther afield until my territory extended to Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. As my sales increased, a partnership in the lamp black business was offered to me. Though I was loath to leave Mr. George, the prospects of a partnership were attractive, and I felt that there was more opportunity in selling to wholesale paint and drug houses than to harness shops.

It was during the period I am surveying in this chapter that an incident occurred which made a profound impression on me.

I was living at Port Morris at the northerly end of Hell Gate, now part of the Borough of the Bronx, when one Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1880 I was destined to play a part in a thrilling drama. With a few companions I was swimming off the

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Knickerbocker Yacht Club when a sudden cry went up: "There's a ship on fire coming through Hell Gate!" And there sure enough was a vessel, a seething mass of flames, belching forth great clouds of black smoke.

Hell Gate got its name from the early Dutch settlers because of the whirlpools and turbulent tides. Fire on a ship could not have happened in a worse place. The water is deep, the shores rocky. The nearest point to which the captain could direct his vessel was the sunken meadows of Randall's Island.

My cousin and I with two other young men took a boat and rowed in feverish haste in the direction of the ill-fated ship. As we neared her, we discovered she was the side-wheel steamboat "Seawanhaka," which every Saturday took excursionists to Glen Cove, Long Island. The fire had broken out amidships and the flames were fanned to fury by the breeze created by the forward motion of the vessel.

Those passengers trapped in the stern of the ship jumped overboard to escape being burned or suffocated. On the forward part of the ship the passengers were huddled together ready to jump as soon as the prow of the vessel was grounded. As the boat got to the sunken meadows we saw panic-stricken passengers jump with piercing shrieks to the marshy land where they formed a mass of struggling humanity.

The first who had jumped lay wounded and bleeding, smothered beneath the bodies of others who had leaped overboard after them. It was a sickening sight. Our first work was to extricate the living.

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From this mêlée I pulled out two little girls about the age of ten or twelve whom I took away from the gruesome horror while they piteously cried for their mother.

In the meantime the beached burning boat shot out flames of light. From time to time there were explosions which threw columns of black smoke and showers of sparks high into the air. Millions of mosquitoes rose from the marshy land attracted by the light of the burning ship. As I wore only a bathing suit my arms and legs were black with these insects, but in the excitement I did not feel their sting.

It was some time before medical aid arrived. The first doctors to come were from the hospital on Ward's Island. They brought stretchers and stimulants. Lying on the ground with doctors working over her was a woman who on regaining consciousness sobbingly implored us to save her children. I brought the little girls whom I had rescued, and had the inexpressible joy of finding that they were hers and of witnessing their pathetic and happy reunion. I escorted the three of them to the water's edge where I put them in a boat to be rowed to the mainland. The mother with tears in her eyes gave me her card, but having no place to put it, it was unfortunately lost. I remained on the island helping until late at night, the work of rescue being lighted by the burning ship. When the living had been transported, and the dead removed, we left the boat still burning, a pall of smoke above a glare of fire.

If after all these years my description of this hol-

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caust should chance to meet the eyes of those whom I saved that day, I hope that I may learn their identity.

Soon after the partnership in the lamp black business was formed, I made a trip to Newcastle, England, to obtain an American agency for colors and chemicals.

While in Newcastle, I stayed with an old school-fellow, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick, had an estate called "Moorelands," some seven or eight miles out of town. The Fenwicks had inherited a fortune, and having some five or six daughters, asked many eligible young men to their house. Invitations to their week-end parties were particularly sought after, for the home was a beautiful one, and all sorts of amusements were provided, from tennis and bowling on the green to billiards indoors. There were two sons in the family, one of whom had left home, the other who had been in the same form with me at school.

One week-end when I was at "Moorelands" there were several distinguished guests. One of them was Bishop Wilberforce, of Newcastle, a descendant of the great Samuel Wilberforce who urged upon Pitt, the British Premier, the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies; another, Dean Martin of Newcastle Cathedral. The occasion of the visit of these ecclesiastics was the induction of the latter as Archdeacon of Northumberland. It may be interesting to note that Newcastle, until it was made a separate diocese in 1882, had come under the See of Durham. The latter was the richest

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bishopric in all England by reason of its ownership of land in the principal coal fields of Great Britain. Not only did the Bishop of Durham have a princely income, but he also had the title of "Prince, Bishop of Durham," and was the only man outside the royal family bearing the title of Prince. He also had the right to have this title heralded over his tomb. The difference in the revenues derived from the various bishoprics was so great that the matter was taken up at an ecclesiastical court, and the benefits to the Bishop of Durham were decreased to £7,000 per annum, and £1,000 given to the bishopric of Newcastle upon its creation.

Dean Martin of St. Nicholas' Church, now the Cathedral, was somewhat vain of his personal appearance. The evening before the ceremony, after I had gone to my room, I heard a light knock on my door and the voice of the Dean asking if he might come in. I opened the door, and he entered, with a Gladstone bag in his hand.

"I have just received my archdeacon's clothes from my London tailor," he said, "and I would like to put them on, so that you can tell me whether or not they fit."

He put on the clothes and strutted in front of the long mirror, asking whether the shoes, the buckles, the robes, were all that could be desired. I assured him that everything was perfect, and he departed highly pleased.

I was to take a train back to London the following morning at ten o'clock, the same hour that was set

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for the induction ceremony in the Cathedral. After my breakfast, I found a cab waiting at the door, with my baggage on top, and as I was pressed for time I said a hurried good-by to my host and hostess and jumped into the cab.

As I arrived at the station just at train time, I discovered to my surprise that I had both my own and the Dean's bag: as soon as I found this out, the Fenwicks' carriage appeared, driven madly down the road, with two of the Fenwick girls hanging out of the window and calling: "The Dean's bag! You've got the Dean's bag!"

They were much excited, and said the Dean was pursuing me in another cab. Then the cab drove in sight with the Dean leaning out shouting: "You have my clothes! What have you done with my clothes?"

There was only one thing to do; we put the Dean into the Fenwicks' carriage with the bag containing his archdeacon's clothes and told him to pull down the blinds and make haste to get dressed en route to the Cathedral. He failed to pull the blinds down sufficiently low, for a bit of white moving around inside was plainly visible as he drove off. I have never had the pleasure of meeting the Archdeacon since, but I saw in the newspapers that he was duly installed.

I had had a letter of introduction to a Mr. Goodwait, a merchant in Newcastle, who, on learning that I was stopping with a family of good social standing, had invited me to spend a week-end with him.

"Unfortunately," he explained, "my wife is an invalid, and is in the hydropathic establishment at Hex-

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ham about twenty miles outside Newcastle. Will you come out there and spend a few days with me?"

It was arranged that we should go together the following evening. The next morning Mr. Goodwait told me that he had been called unexpectedly to Durham.

"However," he said, "I'm returning from Durham to-day, and my train, if it's punctual, arrives one minute before the departure of the train for Hexham. Buy a ticket, and wait on the platform. If my train is on time, I will join you. If by any chance my train is late, you go on and I'll follow."

I carried out instructions but my host did not catch the train. When I arrived at my destination, and inquired the way to the sanitarium, I found it was four miles from the station, and there was no means of transportation. In the season, it appeared, a conveyance was provided, but as this was out of season I had to walk and carry my bag.

The establishment proved to be a severe, gloomy looking building in somber and dreary grounds. On arrival I sent up my card to Mrs. Goodwait, who replied with a message that she was not well enough to leave her room, but that her husband would no doubt come by a later train.

After a four-mile walk, I was hungry, and my first request was to be shown to the dining room.

"The evening meal is over," a dour attendant informed me.

"Yes, but a snack will do—a sandwich, or some cheese and biscuits—"

"You can't get anything to eat to-night."

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Rather discouraged, I wandered into a parlor and found some dilapidated looking books. Just as I had selected one, and begun to read, a matron appeared.

“Come to prayers,” she ordered, severely.

I followed her meekly into the hall, where a number of depressed looking people were gathered. Hymns were sung to the accompaniment of a harmonium, a passage was read from the Bible and the proceedings were concluded by a long prayer. When we arose from our bended knees, I retired with my book, intending to read it in my room or cell. I had no sooner got into bed and begun to read than the lights went out.

At half-past five the next morning, there was a knock on my door. Thinking it was a mistake, I made no reply, but the knocking continued, so I got up. An attendant stood outside.

“You must come and take your bath now,” said he.

“I’m not a patient, and I don’t want a bath at this unearthly hour.”

“If you don’t have one now, you won’t get one.”

Now fully awake, I followed the attendant to a room where four or five old men were doing calisthenics. I was then escorted to the bath, and told to return to my room and await the dressing gong. Hungrily I waited for breakfast.

At last it arrived, and proved to be a small portion of porridge, two or three stewed prunes and a glass of milk!

Mr. Goodwait did not show up that morning, that evening or the following morning. Neither did his wife

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appear, or vouchsafe any explanation, so I returned to Newcastle on the noon train. Never since have I heard a word of Mr. Goodwait; fortune favored me, I brought the business affair to a happy termination and secured the agency for red oxides of iron.

Upon my return to the United States I felt a strong desire for an independent business. My agreement with my partner was therefore dissolved by mutual consent, and he took over the iron oxide business, while I bought out his lamp black interests.

The first office of the new company was at 17 Platt Street, New York City. We required a loft for packing the lamp black, and after some search I found one that seemed suitable. The building was a three-story one, and I rented the two top lofts. The ground floor was occupied by an oil company.

A few days later we moved in; a consignment of black arrived from the railroad station, and we were just beginning to get things in order when a representative of the oil company on the ground floor appeared and politely but firmly told me that his company considered our businesss hazardous—that we must “get out.”

Once more I started a search for a suitable loft, and located one on South Street, near the Fulton Market. There was no oil company in the basement, and I felt reasonably sure that this time we were permanently settled. Hardly a week had passed before we received a notification from the Controllers of the Fish Market. They deeply regretted—but the black was such a dirty

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product, and when consignments arrived, owing to its lightness it flew on the wind and settled on the fish, rendering it unsalable—and we must move.

On South Street, above Catherine Street, there was an old building which had originally been a cotton warehouse. The cellar was occupied by a man dealing in second-hand rope, sails and ships' tackle. On the entrance floor was a cheap restaurant, catering mostly to longshoremen and dock laborers. This restaurant was owned by a lady named Jennie—a tall, angular, thin-lipped female with faded hair, sallow complexion and none too sweet a temper. It had two large windows. Upon one window was a painting, crudely executed, of an outcast of the slums, a prowler of the night, with battered hat upon his head, his bare toes sticking out through his shoes, his coat ragged and out at elbows. This life-sized picture, the very delineation of desolation and misery, bore the legend, "Before Eating One of Jennie's Beefsteak Puddings."

On the other window was portrayed a flashily dressed New York dude in a narrow-waisted, tight-fitting tail coat, with high white collar, gloves, spats and a silk hat. Dangling across his fancy waist-coat was a gold watch chain. He carried a knobbed stick, and held on a leash a bull pup with a large brass collar. Under this picture was the caption: "After Eating One of Jennie's Beefsteak Puddings."

Above this eating place were two floors which seemed admirably suited to our wants, which I rented. We employed some fifteen men, mostly Cubans and Italians, who all took their meals at Jennie's, increasing

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her patronage, and for a while everything went smoothly. Unfortunately, however, the hatchway through which we took our black up to the loft was near Jennie's door, and her patrons began to complain of the dirt.

One day Jennie told our foreman that black must not be brought in during meal hours. We should have liked to oblige her, but if we didn't remove the black from the railroad station as soon as it arrived, we had to pay demurrage. After a few days, when Jennie discovered that the black was still delivered at meal time, she sent for the foreman. There followed an altercation, in which our foreman got decidedly the worst of it! After this episode our employees ceased eating at Jennie's—so scared were they of the thin-lipped, angular virago. One morning, shortly after our disagreement with Jennie, we were notified the building was completely gutted by fire. The firemen were convinced that the conflagration had been deliberately started in Jennie's restaurant, but no proof was obtainable.

Everything was lost; our insurance had expired the day before the fire, so it meant starting all over again.

Not long after this disaster two men called at our office with a proposal that we join them in exploiting a new method of making black. These men were Mr. Moorehouse and Mr. Wilson. The latter was the inventor of one of the first electrical furnaces. They had discovered a deposit of aluminous earth at Spray, North Carolina, where they had installed electrical

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furnaces for producing aluminum. In this process, calcium carbide was made as a by-product. They showed us samples of the carbide, packed in Mason jars. It was of a dirty yellow color, porous and lighter than the calcium carbide now made.

We put some of the carbide into a basin and poured water on it. Effervescence immediately took place, and acetylene gas was liberated. This we lighted, and a volume of smoke arose into the air, settling on everything in the room.

Although we saw the possibilities of making black from this new gas, we were obtaining natural gas at a low price, and any change in manufacture would entail experimentation. This, added to our lack of funds, led us to conclude we could make no use of the discovery. We intimated that the gas could be used to better advantage for illumination than for the production of black, and suggested that the carbide be put in receptacles, and a means devised by which water would drip upon it and liberate the gas for use in lighting country houses.

By not accepting the proposal we lost the opportunity to make a fortune, for the production of carbide of calcium and its by-products has since become a gigantic industry. The pioneer manufacturers derived tremendous profits, and to-day immense sums of money are invested in this rapidly growing industry.

Gas made from coal, which is the gas furnished to the householder for illumination, is quite different from acetylene gas made from carbide of calcium. Until supplanted by electricity the latter was used exten-

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sively for lighting railway carriages and automobiles. Neither of these gases must be confused with natural gas, which is obtained by sinking deep wells, similar to those drilled for oil, into sand strata—nature's reservoir.

Natural gas was discovered in the United States as early as the Revolutionary period, in all probability while drilling for water. It was first utilized in the town of Fredonia, New York, in 1824, for illumination at the *fête* held in honor of General Lafayette.

Natural gas was first utilized for the manufacture of carbon black in Ohio about 1879. The industry did not make much progress until gas was discovered in large volume in Pennsylvania. Gas often seeped to the surface mixed with petroleum, but was allowed by the well owners to blow off into the air. One oil operator, more enterprising than his fellows, built a "smut mill" to convert the waste gas into carbon. This was a crude affair, neither economical nor productive of a good black pigment.

Our company had undertaken the sale of the black and I was invited to inspect the factory and suggest improvements.

Mr. Drew, the owner of the smut mill, had risen from the ranks. Originally an oil driller, he had purchased oil property on his own account, and had accumulated a considerable amount of money. He was accustomed to a hard, rough life. Though uneducated, he was a shrewd business man, and he had an exceedingly ambitious wife.

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His house was the show place of the small town. Every ceiling was frescoed, including the kitchen and pantry. The drawing-room was hung with brocaded silk and furnished with gold-legged, silk-upholstered furniture purchased from the most fashionable decorator in New York.

The owner's tastes and personal habits were not in keeping with the elegance of his home. He had a club foot and could not sit in comfort without resting it on a chair. As his boots were often muddy, the effect was equally disastrous to the fine furniture and to his wife's feelings. So leaving to her the splendor of frescoes, Persian rugs and silk brocade, he built for his own use a small wooden structure directly outside the parlor bow window. This little shack was furnished with a pine table and a few plain wooden chairs. Here Mr. Drew could sit in the serene enjoyment of those domestic comforts which his soul craved, and hold converse through the window with his wife in her gilded salon.

There was not much improvement in the manufacture of gas black until a young man whom we will call Breen invented an automatic process by which the gas pressure was utilized to operate the machinery.

So revolutionary was this process that it superseded and made obsolete all previous methods, and prompted us to invest a considerable sum of money in new works, which Breen was to build and operate while we sold the black. Breen's royalties soon brought him what was thought a fortune in those days: ambitious, he was not satisfied and embarked in numerous oil producing

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and refining ventures in which he became heavily involved.

His interests soon clashed with those of the Standard Oil Company, with the result that the larger company placed him at a disadvantage by offering a high price for crude oil, developed in territory adjacent to his refineries. He attempted to retaliate by cutting the price of kerosene.

He organized a fleet of delivery wagons and started a strategic procedure known as "nursing"—following Standard Oil Company wagons and offering the kerosene below the market price. Consequently buyers waited for the second wagon.

Our firm by honorable dealing had gradually built up a bank credit. Breen knew that we were dependent upon him for the continuation of sales contracts and demanded that we should discount notes for his account at our bank. Relying on his promise to furnish adequate security, we discounted his paper for some \$60,000. Breen, like many before him, found it hard to keep all his kites flying, though we had no idea of the desperate straits he was in for money.

I journeyed to Breen's home to obtain further collateral. When I arrived he asked me to go with him to inspect some oil and gas leases some miles distant. I thought this would offer a good opportunity to approach him regarding my mission.

Breen was a lover of horses and had two magnificent spirited blacks. We traveled in a sleigh drawn by these restless horses. When we started there were four or five inches of snow on the ground. After an

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hour or so the wind increased in velocity and the snow began to drift badly. It was late afternoon when we arrived at the property, and almost dusk before Breen concluded his business.

On the return trip the snow had become very deep and we lost our way in the drifts. The sleigh-runners caught on the roots of trees and we were forced to climb out and free them. The weather became bitterly cold and we were nearly frozen. Breen drove at a furious speed. It was now quite dark and, seeing a light in the distance, we headed for it. We found a small settlement in which there was a station, but the last train to our destination had left.

I wanted to remain for the night but Breen insisted on going on, and in the darkness and the blizzard we set out again. Breen drove still more recklessly, appearing to court disaster. Subsequent events leave little doubt in my mind that his intention was to sacrifice my life as well as his own.

When we got back to the town after midnight, Breen did not want to go home and we secured a room at the hotel. I was frozen and utterly fagged out and hurried to get under the blankets. Breen fell on his knees beside his bed and, burying his face in his hands, began to pray.

When his prayer was finished, he looked up toward my bed.

“Don’t you pray before you go to sleep?” he asked.

Somewhat surprised, I replied:

“A prayer to God may be silent: He knows the language of deeds as well as words.”

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The answer did not satisfy him, for he resumed his attitude of devotion, and started to pray in a loud voice for me.

The following morning I went to Breen's office at an early hour. My demand for security was satisfied: Breen handed me stock certificates to the amount of over \$80,000, and I returned to New York well pleased with my success.

A few days later a telegram arrived advising that Breen had been thrown from his horse and killed. It was not necessary, the message continued, for any one from our firm to attend the funeral, as the burial would be private.

I did not follow the recommendation of the telegram but took the night train. On the train there were a number of men who were going to the funeral, including several bankers from neighboring towns. From them I learned that Breen's business affairs were in a desperate condition, and there were ugly rumors of forged stocks and bonds. The conversation filled me with alarm. If the stock certificates given me were not genuine, we were hopelessly ruined.

I went direct from the train to Breen's house, where the funeral cortège was about to leave for the church. There I listened to the pastor's eulogy of him as a Christian and God-fearing man who had set an example of faith, honor and integrity to the community in which he lived. There, too, I heard from his brother John, the only one who knew the truth, the story of the accident.

Breen and his brother had ridden on the spirited

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black horses about eight miles out of town. Breen had said to John:

"I think I'll put my horse to a gallop—I'll go ahead and wait for you at the creek."

Breen started his horse and left John lagging behind. Shortly afterwards John saw Breen's horse coming back riderless. He spurred his own horse onward and about three miles farther on at the creek he found his brother, face down upon the ice, with his neck broken.

At Breen's house I was extremely anxious to meet a certain banker from Erie, who had invested money in one of the works in which we were interested. In spite of our business connections, I had never met him and it seemed as if it had been Breen's design to keep us apart.

The funeral director was announcing the names of those who were to occupy the different carriages to the cemetery. When the Erie banker's name was called I followed him.

"I have been looking for you," I said. "I have very bad news. Did you know that Breen was a forger?"

"That's a lie," he exclaimed in great excitement. "We've been pals since boyhood."

I got in the carriage with him, and told him what I had learned. He was terribly upset at the revelation, for Breen was indebted to him personally and to his bank for a large sum, and the news meant possible ruin to him. In our intense and nervous excitement we could not remain in the carriage but jumped out and walked back together to the hotel.

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At the hotel we found a number of other bankers and business men interested in Breen's financial condition. It was decided that when John Breen returned from the cemetery we should hold a meeting and find out what arrangement the executors proposed to make with the creditors. We learned that two local bankers had discovered that they held forged bonds and on the day before the accident had confronted Breen with the forgeries. Faced with exposure, he had made a desperate attempt to throw himself out of the window. We further ascertained that a few weeks before his death Breen had taken out accident insurance for a quarter of a million dollars.

John said that if the accident insurance was paid, there would be enough money to discharge all liabilities. The circumstances of his death indicated suicide, which would invalidate the policies. Nothing could be done until the question of the insurance was settled. In the interim, over us hung the terrible thought that we were ruined—discredited and dishonored.

For some weeks we remained in a state of anxious suspense. Then to our immense relief the accident insurance was paid in full. The works which he owned were transferred to bankers and creditors, and my company became the selling agent of the manufactured products. "So out of the nettle, danger, we plucked the flower, safety."



## VI

### *Aboard Ship*

ON one of my early business trips, I returned from England on the S.S. "City of Montreal." The boat was very crowded and as I had engaged passage at the last moment there was no room for me at the long dining table in the saloon. At the first meal, I noticed a man alone at a small table.

"There's room for some one at that table," I said to the steward.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "but the gentleman particularly wanted to be alone."

As there was nothing else to be done he asked the gentleman if he would mind my being placed at his table; he agreed, and a few minutes later I joined him. He was a man well on in years, with a graying beard, and an affected accent; my first impression

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was that he was a bumptious man, what in England they call a bounder.

His name, he told me, was Villiers, he had had a nervous breakdown, and did not wish to associate with any of the passengers on the boat. The first day he let me know that he was a connoisseur of art and wine.

“You see,” he explained with a gesture, “wines on board ship are so uncertain—very uncertain. I like particular vintages—and I find the only thing to do is to carry my own supply of wines, liqueurs and cigars.”

During the voyage we became quite friendly. He talked at great length about his house and grounds in London, describing some of the valuable pictures that he owned. As I listened to him discussing Rembrandts, Constables, Corots and other masterpieces which he claimed to possess, I decided that he must either be extraordinarily wealthy, or else was boasting with a view to impressing me, but why he should try to impress a young fellow of my age I could not quite see.

Before we reached New York he gave me his card, with his address. I remember it still—it was 8 Loudon Road, St. John’s Wood. He asked me, when in London, to call. Some six months later I was again in England, and went to visit my married sister who lived near St. John’s Wood. As I left her house, I bethought me of Villiers. I went over to Loudon Road and presented myself at the door of number eight, a fine house, standing back from the road in its own

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garden, the entrance reached through a conservatory.

A butler came to the door and looked at my card.

“Mr. Villiers is away,” he told me; “he’s down at Brighton.”

“Well, when do you expect him back?” I asked.

I thought that the man gave me rather a surprised look.

“If you want to see him, he can always be found at the Pavilion,” he said.

“The Pavilion?” I repeated, wondering if there was a new hotel by that name.

“The London Pavilion—Piccadilly Circus,” added the butler.

Somewhat mystified, I went my way. I had never imagined that Mr. Villiers was connected with the stage. Then suddenly it dawned upon me—this must be the Edwin Villiers who owned a string of music halls.

A few days later, I called at the London Pavilion, and sent up my card. A page ushered me up into an office at the top of the building, where Mr. Villiers seemed very glad to see me.

“Sit down,” he said, “I want you to try a special champagne I have—wonderful vintage—”

He rang a bell, and a page brought a bottle of champagne in a cooler. As we sipped the wine, I turned to him.

“You know, Mr. Villiers,” I said, “I had no idea that you were a theatrical man.”

His face flushed crimson.

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“Well, to tell you the truth,” he answered, “I’m a bit ashamed of the business I’m in. Of course I’ve made a great deal of money out of it—but I can’t help feeling a bit ashamed of owning music halls.”

Later he told me that at one time he had owned and operated five London music halls—the Pavilion, the Empire, the Alhambra, the Oxford and the Canterbury. They used to take in money so fast, he told me, that they were unable to count it. He took me into an adjoining room where with my own eyes I saw the screens which “sieved” the silver into bags. First they ran the coins through a sieve so that the six-penny pieces dropped through, then one for shillings, up to half crowns. Then the bags were weighed and sent to the bank.

Villiers gave me a card and told me to use his box at the Pavilion. One night when I was there he asked me if there were any artists whom I would like to meet. Vesta Tilley, perhaps the greatest female impersonator in vaudeville, was the star attraction of the evening. After her act he brought her to the box and introduced us. Another lady of the footlights that I met through him was Vesta Victoria.

Those incidents seem quaint nowadays, so far has the pendulum of public opinion swung in the past forty years. If you had suggested to any one then that one day the stage would be recognized as a respectable profession, you would have been laughed to scorn. Perhaps the pendulum will swing back some time in the next fifty years; who knows?

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I have crossed the Atlantic many times, and seldom boarded a boat without meeting some one whom I knew. About thirty years ago, aboard the S.S. "St. Louis," I observed an exceedingly handsome man, whom I had frequently seen in a club of which we were both members, but to whom I had never spoken. His name, I knew, was Oscar Okay, and I went up and introduced myself. As neither of us had any other acquaintances on board, we decided to sit together.

In those days there were seldom separate tables on ships, only long ones, running the length of the saloon, with the Captain and officers sitting at the ends. Placing a ten-dollar bill in the ready palm of the second steward, Okay and I asked to be seated opposite the prettiest and most intellectual girl on the boat. Taking the ten dollars, the steward said that he could not guarantee the intellectual part, but that he certainly would place us opposite the prettiest girl on board: and he did.

The girl was traveling with her mother, and at the first meal there was no difficulty in striking up a conversation with the mother. The girl, however, did not open her mouth except to eat. In the hope of drawing her into conversation, Okay told this story, which was really a personal experience.

"Mr. Blank was a university man, brilliant and intellectual. A lawyer, he had been elected a member of the Board of Aldermen in the days when that body was composed of political bosses and when most saloon keepers were politicians. Customers and pot politicians who had chalk and debit marks against their

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names for drinks furnished were obliged to vote as the gin-mill owners directed, and so kept this type of man in office.

"Thus Blank was associated with men greatly his inferiors in intellect and education. He delighted when addressing the Board of Aldermen to use words beyond their comprehension. In consequence of his intellectual superiority he was detested and everything possible was done to belittle him. On one occasion an Alderman made a speech in which he said: '... I believe that you will all agree with me, with the exception of that "pentoid,"' pointing to Blank. The latter jumped to his feet and replied:

"I am sure that the Alderman did not know, when he got up, what he was going to say—when speaking, did not know what he was saying, and now that he has sat down does not know what he has said. When he called me a "pentoid" he no doubt wished to insult me. What he really intended to call me, I do not know—unintentionally he has paid me the highest compliment. As he evidently does not know the meaning of the word "pentoid" nor its origin, I will tell him. It is derived from two Arabic words, "pen" meaning straight, and "toid" meaning crooked. I came across these words last week when reading the story of Ali Baba and the forty thieves in the original Arabic.

"You will remember that Ali Baba was a wood-cutter who made up bundles of faggots. To do this a straight stick must be placed in the center to hold the crooked sticks in place. The straight stick in

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Arabic is called “pen” and the crooked sticks “toid”: When Ali Baba after uttering the magic words “Open Sesame” entered the cave of the Forty Thieves and saw their plunder and loot, he exclaimed “In this den of thieves I am a pentoid—a straight one surrounded by crooks.” ”

This story of Okay’s made every one within earshot laugh, except the girl opposite. She did not even smile. At the next meal we fared no better; conversation got no further than, “May I trouble you for the salt?”; the task seemed hopeless.

At this meal, Okay told the following stories, addressing them to me, but with the hope of interesting the fair one.

“Blank was employed by the Democratic party to speak on free silver, and he arranged to meet a gold standard advocate in joint debate.

“His opponent closed his speech by drawing from his pocket a filthy five-dollar bill.

“‘What do I hold in my hand?’ he shouted. ‘A dirty scrap of paper in every fold and crease of which may lurk disease! Ah! but there is something printed on it. I will read it. ‘The United States promises to pay on demand to bearer five dollars.’’’ He then drew from his pocket a five-dollar gold piece. ‘What do I now hold in my hand?’ he exclaimed, ‘A five-dollar gold piece. A standard of value in every land where the foot of civilized man treads this earth. The one is a promise to pay—the other a fulfillment of that promise. How can a promise be greater than what it stands for? Which will you have? This filthy “shin-

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plaster" with a promise, which may or may not be fulfilled, or the fulfillment of that promise?"

"He sat down—and his undeniable logic won storms of applause. Blank rose to answer.

"I feel ashamed of you, who call yourselves good American citizens, yet have applauded the speaker who has just sat down," he began. "Let me tell you a story. On Cortlandt Street, New York, there was a store occupied by a firm of auctioneers, I. Catchem, U. Stickem Co.: on every Tuesday and Thursday in front of the door hung a red flag, advertising that a sale was in progress. The red flag was to catch the eye of the unwary farmers who crossed on the Jersey ferries and entice the countrymen into the salesroom.

"One day a hayseed, attracted by the red flag, sauntered into the auction room. Mr. I. Catchem was on the rostrum and held in his hand a gold watch which he was describing.

""I have in my hand a magnificent gold lever watch, jeweled in every hole," he said. "One of the best things in my sale to-day. There is not a man who would not be proud to carry such a timepiece in his pocket. What am I offered for it?"

""Ten dollars," some one bid.

"These tricky auctioneers Catchem and Stickem distributed decoys around the room to bid on the different articles, to boost the price. After spirited bidding the watch was finally knocked down to the hayseed for forty-five dollars. He paid the money and took the watch.

"On the corner of Broadway was a firm of jewel-

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ers, Salisbury and Co. The countryman went in to this store and asked them to value the watch he had just purchased. Mr. Salisbury opened the watch and with magnifying glass to his eye examined it carefully.

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ Do you want a frank opinion?” he asked.

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ Why, certainly,” answered the countryman.

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ Then,” said Mr. Salisbury, “as a timepiece it is not worth a damn.”

“ The Jerseyman now realized that he had been swindled, so he immediately retraced his steps to the auction room. The red flag was in and the crowd had departed. Mr. Stickem was seated at his desk figuring up the profits of the morning.

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ I bought this watch for forty-five dollars,” announced the countryman; “ I have had it examined by a watchmaker who tells me that it is worthless.”

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ I am exceedingly sorry that you are dissatisfied,” replied Stickem smoothly, raising his eyebrows. “ You know that many others who attended our sale were willing to pay almost as much as you did. I cannot give you back your money, for that goes to the man who put the watch into my hands for sale, but I can do this for you. If you do not want the watch, you can put it up for resale; I shall be pleased to dispose of it for you.”

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ It isn’t worth a damn, so sell it and stick some one else,” said the countryman, handing him the watch.

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ A few days later he stopped at I. Catchem and U. Stickem’s to learn whether his watch had been sold. U. Stickem consulted his ledger.

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ Your watch sold for twenty-five dollars. There

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is a five-dollar commission," he said and handed the countryman twenty dollars.

"The latter was furious, and called Stickem a swindler, and his company a gang of thieves and other worse things, all of which did not trouble Stickem in the least.

"Why do you feel as you do?" he inquired.

"I bought this watch for forty-five dollars," shouted the countryman; "you asked me to put it up for resale, and you have the cheek to tell me you sold it for twenty-five dollars less a five-dollar commission."

"He turned from Stickem and rushed to the door shouting that he would tell the police of the fraud. Mr. Stickem quietly called him back.

"I am sorry that you feel so bitter," he said calmly. "When you paid forty-five dollars for that watch you heard it described as a magnificent lever watch, jeweled in every hole. When you asked me to resell it for you, you informed me that it was not worth a damn. As honest auctioneers we could not praise the watch as we had done in the first instance, and the result was that we were unable to obtain more than twenty-five dollars. You cannot have the watch, nor can you get back the money you originally paid for it, but I can give you a piece of good advice, that is worth more than either: Never run down that which you want to sell."

"The advice which Stickem gave the countryman is the advice that I would give to the last speaker," wound up Blank. "Never run down the country under whose flag you live. It is an insult to every red-blooded

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American to call the money of his country a filthy piece of paper, in every fold and wrinkle of which disease may lurk. It is an insult to suggest that the promise of the United States to pay is not equal to the fulfillment of that promise. Instead of having applauded this traitor to his country you ought to have hissed him. He is a disgrace to America and not worthy of the protection of its flag.' ”

Chronicling this story that Okay told reminds me of an incident I had heard about him. Okay, I might remark, took politics seriously; he was a powerfully built man and a forceful public speaker. During an election he was asked to speak in a mining town. He knew in advance that the miners would be hostile. On arrival he found every hall in which a meeting could be held had been rented. The only place left was the railway station. He obtained a barrel to stand on, and placed it before an electric light, which formed a nimbus around his head.

The miners were so determined to prevent his speaking that they arranged for a locomotive to switch up and down the track, whistling and ringing the bell. On the opposite side of the street they planted a German band, with wind instruments and drums, to play out of tune. Ignoring these handicaps to oratory, Okay endeavored to present his views to a crowd of jeering men and women. He persisted, until an iron nut hurled by an unknown hand whizzed past his head and crashed into the globe of the arc light, smashing the glass into smithereens and extinguishing the light.

Enveloped in darkness the speaker in a loud and

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strong voice that could be heard by those standing on the edge of the crowd, shouted:

"I do not object to my words being emphasized by a German band, my sentences punctuated by a whistling locomotive, but I will not have a full stop put to my address by an iron nut! The dastardly coward that threw that nut is somewhere on the fringe of this crowd, in the darkness. Unless you're a pack of yellow curs drag this white-livered coward before me, that I may face him man to man!"

This appealed to their honor and won their sympathy. The band was sent away, the train no longer whistled and switched. The crowd stood in front of him and listened to what he had to say.

But to return to the story of Dora: Okay's auction room tale had no effect on the girl. Three or four meals later she was still preserving her stony silence, and we were becoming more and more curious about her.

One day when we were sitting on deck, Okay turned to me.

"If that girl comes up," he said, "I'm going to speak to her and find out the reason for her indifference."

When she appeared shortly after, he walked over and accosted her. They walked once or twice around the deck together, then they leaned on the rail, their heads nearly touching as if they had known each other for years. Presently the girl went down to her state-room and Okay came over to me.

"I've learned her secret," he said; "she says she doesn't like your face and is surprised that I should

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have you for a friend, for though she would like to talk to me, she does not want to talk to you."

Okay kept a straight face while he was telling me this, but I was sure it was a hoax. When the girl came up again, I went up to her, repeated what he had told me, and asked her if it were true.

"Is that what he told you?" she laughed. "Now I will tell you the truth. You two fellows thought you were lady killers, and I decided to be just as indifferent as possible, so that you would come to me as you both have done."

The ice broken, we struck up a friendship. Her name was Dora. We christened her Dear Dora, but when we found that she had an alarming appetite, we named her Feed Dora.

My friendship with Dora and her mother did not end when the "St. Louis" docked at Liverpool. I traveled in the carriage with them to London, and later met them in Paris. The latest Parisian novelty was then the mutoscope, the nickel-in-the-slot forerunner of the moving picture. A coin dropped into the mutoscope set in motion a clockwork contrivance that rapidly turned the leaves of a book upon which was a series of pictures. The rapidity with which the pictures changed resulted in the semblance of natural movement.

Along the main boulevards were rows of mutascopes. Some of the pictures were unsuitable for an American girl to see, so it was agreed that I should look first, then the mother. If the mother "passed" the picture

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as fit for her daughter's eyes, Dear Dora was allowed to look through the spy glass.

Some of the pictures were very Frenchy but amusing. There was one that had as its opening scene a young man strolling on the boulevard. A care-free girl, prepared for fun or frolic, lifts her skirt and shows her ankles. The young man is attracted and asks her if he has not seen her before. Of course the girl understands. The scene shifts to a restaurant, where the young man is waiting in a *cabinet particulier*. He is nervous and has evidently arrived long before the time appointed. He is seeing that the table is properly laid and decorated with flowers, and giving instructions that the girl shall be shown up as soon as she arrives. She comes and is saluted by a kiss on either cheek. They sit down and the waiter brings the hors d'oeuvres. The next picture shows the man and girl bending across the table with their lips glued together in a long, lingering kiss and the waiter standing with an incredulous stare on his face. Below this picture there is this caption:

“Did you never see a young man kiss a girl in a *cabinet particulier*? ”

“Yes,” replies the waiter, the tray falling from his hands, “but not before fish.”

In the days when women were fighting for their rights, I crossed the Atlantic with Susan B. Anthony, the great champion of feminism. On board were Lord Euston and two of his cronies, on their way to San

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Francisco to represent King Edward VII at an international conference of the Knights Templar.

Lord Euston was a man over six feet tall, broad shouldered and handsome, except for a very large nose, reddened by rare vintages, which it must have cost him a considerable sum to color. His two cronies had gout and walked in slippers or with feet enveloped in bandages.

Susan B. Anthony had posted in the main companionway a notice that on a certain evening she would deliver an address on women's rights. After dinner that evening Lord Euston came up to me and said:

"I was asked to take the chair at the suffragette meeting to-night and in a weak moment consented. You know I haven't the faintest idea what I am expected to do. Do you think that I could get away after the introduction?"

I told him I did not think a chairman could leave his chair before the address was finished.

"No, I suppose it wouldn't do," he replied, sighing dejectedly. "I must see the thing through."

At the appointed time he took the chair and did his duty manfully in his speech of introduction. Then with a sigh of relief he settled back, closed his eyes and soon was dreaming of scenes more to his liking. Now and then his head nodded and he started up fitfully.

Miss Anthony meanwhile went into action and launched forth on her favorite theme. At last she reached her peroration, and in ringing tones declaimed dramatically:

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"I demand for women the same rights as those enjoyed by this duke, this lord, this man here." With a swinging gesture her hand went back and nearly hit Lord Euston's well colored nose, when from that organ came a bugle sound loud and long, which drew from the audience chuckles and guffaws of merriment.

The year 1883 was an eventful one in my life. When crossing the ocean on the S. S. "Alaska," then the greyhound of the Atlantic, I met the woman who later became my wife. I thought that she was a member of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. D'Oyly Carte was on board with his entire cast, on his way to the United States to produce the Gilbert & Sullivan operas. She had just left school and was accompanying her cousin to the United States. After we parted on our arrival in New York it was entirely by chance that I happened to meet her again. This fortunate meeting resulted in a continuation of the friendship formed on shipboard and before she left New York City for the West we were engaged to be married.

I could not have made a better choice, for she has made my home a haven of rest where my troubles were reduced to trifles and my achievements were praised and magnified. The most natural woman I have ever known, she has an unruffled temper and a placid soul. The modern woman so often wishes to be the leader in a marriage tandem. My wife had no such ambition; she was willing to run side by side; she was a woman true, patient and tender—all-forbearing, ever ready to comfort—and under the sunshine of her in-

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fluence my finer impulses took form, flourished and expanded. There was nothing in her love of selfishness; it has shone as a steady flame, loyal and unwavering, lighting my path when the road was dark, leading onward and upward when the ascent was steep and the way long. She asked nothing in return, and from the first there was something more than love: there was camaraderie. She has ever been my chum and my pal, a companion in my pleasures as in my sorrows, and so we have lived a life of love and harmony —a love that has never faltered. She has been my helpmate, for I have lived in an atmosphere of contentment, and whatever success I have achieved has been due greatly to her being willing just to be my wife and never trying to be anything else; a good mother of a boy and girl and my supreme blessing.

I have now lived with her half a century, and can sincerely say, slightly changing the wording of the sentiment expressed by Burns:

*But with such as she, where'er she be,  
May I be sav'd or damn'd.*



## VII

### *Variegated Days in Europe*

BEFORE the days when an interpreter was to be found in every office, the answers received from circulars sent to foreign customers were sometimes rather surprising. In the early nineties we distributed widely in Europe samples of black accompanied by a letter setting forth its uses. From a man named Antonio Andres, of Florence, we received a reply, reading:

“We have your pattern received, but of the price we nothing say, because the less it be the more will be our requires.”

On my next yearly trip to Europe, I visited Florence and sought out Antonio Andres. He appeared delighted to see me, and ushered me into the parlor, but as he spoke no word of English, I began to doubt whether the interview would prove profitable. He busied him-

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self placing eight chairs in a row before me, the purpose of which I could not imagine.

Then he left the room, returning immediately with a typical sloe-eyed, black-haired Italian woman, whom I took to be his wife. After many bows had been exchanged, she sat down in the first of a row of chairs. He again left the room, and brought back a girl of the same type. She bowed and seated herself beside her mother. Seven times this procedure was repeated, until I had before me a mother and seven daughters, all smiling graciously upon me, but none of whom spoke a word of my language.

Antonio again disappeared, this time for some ten or fifteen minutes, and returned with still another lady. It seemed she kept a boarding house, patronized by English and American tourists, from whom she had acquired the profound knowledge of English that enabled her to write the bewildering letter we had received.

Through her good offices as interpreter, Antonio was induced to buy a few cases of black. For many years he continued to be our customer. Then one sad day we received a large envelope with a deep black border: on black-edged paper, surmounted by a cross, was printed the request that we pray for the soul of Antonio Andres.

Another advertising story revolves around the imp of Lincoln Cathedral. When visiting Lincoln Cathedral, I observed a small imp, carved in stone at the juncture of the arches of the angel choir, a strange

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place indeed to carve a devil! There were, I was told, various legends about this imp, but the truth was that whenever a sculptor was carving an angel and the chisel slipped, he turned what would have been an angel into a devil. You see how easily an angel is made into a devil: can the opposite be as readily accomplished?

I bought a small statuette of the imp, and had it reproduced on a plaque underneath which I wrote the following doggerel:

*Tho' black as hell, and dark as night,  
Keep me ever in thy sight,  
For mighty magic I possess,  
To banish worries, cares, distress:  
A talisman I'll prove to be,  
If I'm allowed to rest near thee,  
Choose well the spot, there let me stay,  
Then fame and fortune come thy way.  
Tho' very woe to him shall fall,  
Who takes my image from the wall.*

This predated the good-luck Billiken, later so popular, which certainly brought good luck and many millions to its originator. The plaque was used to advertise one of our blacks and proved a great success, in both America and Europe.

My travels later took me to Moscow, where I went to interview a certain printing ink maker. The first thing I noticed on entering his office was that close to the ikon which is to be found in every Russian room hung our plaque of the little imp.

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No one in his office could translate Russian into English, and as I knew no Russian and he knew no English, matters were at a standstill, until we discovered some one who spoke Russian and German, and another who spoke German and English. Everything had to be translated from Russian to German, and then from German to English and vice versa.

In the course of conversation he told me that his trade was poor, and he was quite worried about it. Then he pointed to the plaque.

“Is that an ikon?” was translated to me.

“Why—er—yes!” I said.

“But how can it be? It is a devil!”

“Well,” I replied rather at a loss, “I don’t know about that, but it is an ikon and it brings good luck, as the lines underneath tell you.”

And so to this Russian I changed the Devil back to the Angel that had originally been intended by the sculptor.

He paused for a while and then the interpreter said:

“He wants to know whether he should burn a lamp in front of it.”

“Yes—perhaps you had better,” I replied. “If you propitiate it, and burn a lamp in front of it, maybe your luck will change and business improve.”

The week following I again called to see him. In front of the little imp were two lighted lamps!

Yet—was my Moscow friend so very absurd after all? Is it not perhaps conceivable that faith creates within ourselves a power that does ward off things

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hurtful, and that an ikon's effectiveness depends upon the owner's state of mind?

I remember once seeing in a small park of St. Petersburg, embellished with trees and shrubs and dotted with garden seats—a quiet resting place from the bustle of the Nefsky—a temple containing a new ikon dedicated to the cure of drunkenness. . . . In no country in the world, possibly, are there so many drunkards as in Russia, nor is there any country where they drink themselves into a condition of such absolute insensibility. It may be due to the climate, or the strength of the liquor, or the quantity they imbibe, or the manner in which they drink it. Russians usually have a bottle of vodka at every meal, drinking it between mouthfuls as we would drink water. The word vodka signifies any beverage containing a large percentage of pure alcohol, but ordinary vodka is made from potatoes.

At the new shrine a most amazing sight met my eyes. The entire park was strewn with recumbent figures, some lying on benches, others on the ground. The place looked like a battlefield after the tide of battle had swept past. So utterly unconscious were these drunkards that walking over them or kicking them elicited only slight grunts from some, while the majority were sunk deep in oblivion. Presumably after sleeping off the effect of their potations they would ascribe the return of sobriety to the marvelous curative power of the ikon of drunkenness.

In that same St. Petersburg, before the Great War, there was a gallery in one of the museums where thou-

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sands of old ikons were exhibited. There were all kinds—large ones that had once adorned churches or shrines, house ikons of the sort before which a small red lamp burns in every room, and small pocket ikons carried by the devout.

One cannot help wondering how these ikons lost their virtue and efficacy to heal the sick and ward off disaster. I asked this question, but received no satisfactory answer. In antique stores in all Russian towns you can purchase ikons, and I bought many new and old. Do ikons die daily? Are they cast off like old garments because they have lost their miracle-working power? Or does it perhaps mean that their owners have lost faith? If the latter be the answer it stirs up a mixture of sentiments. For the triumph of pure reason and the annihilation of faith are not an unmixed blessing for any people in the world.

The sale abroad of carbon black, which is produced only in the United States, increased each year, until it warranted our employing resident agents in Europe. Our first representative in France was Pierre Patapouff, who was both a man of business and a man of the world.

After taking charge of our French agency, Patapouff suggested we should exhibit our black pigments at the 1900 Paris Exposition. We had found in previous years that it was difficult to make a display of blacks interesting, and that the Committee of Awards was not competent to judge the salient points nor determine the comparative values of competing pigments.

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I conceived the idea of having a show case displaying the varied products in which our blacks were used. In this case I had specimens of fine half-tone, letter-press and engraving inks, samples of patent and artificial leathers and wax calf skins, oilcloth and wall papers, colored tiles and concretes, rubber boots and shoes, various compositions, black and gray packing papers, carbon paper, typewriter ribbons, Chinese and indelible inks, electric light carbons, stove polish and blackings, crayons, paints, lacquers and enamels.

The diverse uses of black pigments proved a surprise to the uninitiated. This odd assortment of different products artistically arranged made an unique exhibit and was awarded the Gold Medal.

Patapouff was a character so original and extraordinary that the world will not see his like again. He was known as the Falstaff of Paris.

Would that I could paint in words this Falstaff—the man who laughed, and made all who saw him laugh. He was built on the pot-belly plan, of ample paunch and goodly girth, copiously upholstered fore and aft. His figure showed no sideways, and he tipped the scales at nearly four hundred pounds. His great black eyes protruded like those of a lobster, and he could roll them around, and up and down, in a very comical manner. His cheeks were streaked with red veins, and puffed out as if ready to burst. He had a stubby nose, with a saucy upward tilt. His legs were short and fat. He had a countless number of chins, rolls of flesh adorned with a stubble of black beard, and on top

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of his head was a bald patch like that of a Capuchin monk. He could make the most whimsical and grotesque faces, like the rubber ones sold to children, the features of which may be distorted by pressure of the fingers.

He had the appetite of a Gargantua, with the taste of a gourmet. With him, it was both quantity and quality. He was born with a discriminating palate and had acquired an epicurean education. He knew all the best vintages and where each was obtainable; knew all the good restaurants in Paris, and the specialties of each: the days of *bouillabaise* at *La-Pérouse*, and *filet de sole à la Marguery*, *duck Friederich* at *Le Tour d'Argent* and *Marenne oysters Prunier*.

He was a boulevardier, scrupulously turned out. He wore a shiny silk hat, and showed a large expanse of white shirt. His perfect taste in dress gave him *un air distingué*. He knew the most famous men of France for he was independently rich, and was sought after for his invariable good humor. He was a wonderful wit: his jokes were in every mouth; his *bons mots* became the talk of Paris.

Patapouff had a *petite* wife, as small as he was large, and two daughters whom he called his "little chickens." As soon as he got home in the evening he would spread out his coat tails and cluck like a hen, to call the little chickens under his coat tails. He was prodigiously fond of them, and would go to any lengths to amuse them. There was nothing more comical than to see him down on the floor on all fours with his two little girls on his back, imitating a horse prancing or

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growling like a dog. He called this "The Exhibition of Henri Quatre," after the famous picture of Henry of Navarre with his son on his back.

Patapouff seldom walked, and had a victoria with an extra wide seat to take him to and from his office. When I rode with him in an ordinary Paris *fiacre*, I was squeezed into a corner, my legs sticking out on the mudguard. He considered it beneath his dignity to ride in a street car or omnibus, and never cared to be seen walking in the streets of Paris. One rainy day, the bottom of a *fiacre* he had entered gave way, whereupon he made the driver walk his horse, while he walked inside the cab with the roof over him to keep him dry.

He had an estate near Etretat, which adjoined that of Guy de Maupassant's villa, "La Guillette." Guy and Patapouff had drawn up on to the shore a Normandy fishing boat, and set it at the dividing line of their properties. A door had been cut in the side of the fishing smack, which was entered by means of steps that could be pulled up from inside. This ensured freedom from disturbance when they were entertaining.

I was invited to this sanctum sanctorum of these kindred spirits. On entering, I was amused to see a pile of colored silken lingerie and negligées, together with a varied array of perfumes and cosmetics. I asked the reason for this strange collection, and De Maupassant said:

"Ah, that is my happy idea! It is the brilliant plumage, you know, that makes the beautiful bird. The

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ugly caterpillar can be changed into the brilliant butterfly. My friend and I have found that many of the fisher and farm maidens, under their homespun garments, have superb forms and natural beauties rivaling those of their fashionable Parisienne sisters. But alas! they invariably carry with them the taint of their occupation—*pfruit*, the odor of mackerel! So we bring from Paris these scents of Araby, these seductive robes, and—*voila!* we have a maiden more alluring than the sophisticated *demi-mondaine*."

On another of my visits to Etretat, Patapouff, De Maupassant, and some friends arranged for a straw ride and supper at a *recherché* inn, which to the best of my recollection was a place called Hôtel Hanneville. It was a merry party, and among our number was a coterie of actors and actresses who were spending the summer in Etretat. Coquelin the younger was the most celebrated of the guests.

After supper, sweepstakes were made for different sporting events, all of them frivolous and French. The table was cleared of everything except the empty bottles and a prize was offered to the woman who upset the fewest bottles in walking from one end of the table to the other. Of course it was necessary to lift the skirts high, and in those days legs and silk stockings were more jealously concealed than they are to-day. For the men's contest, the bottles were taken from the table and arranged at one end of the room. Corks from the bottles were tied into a bundle, and the contestants had to hop on one foot and kick the

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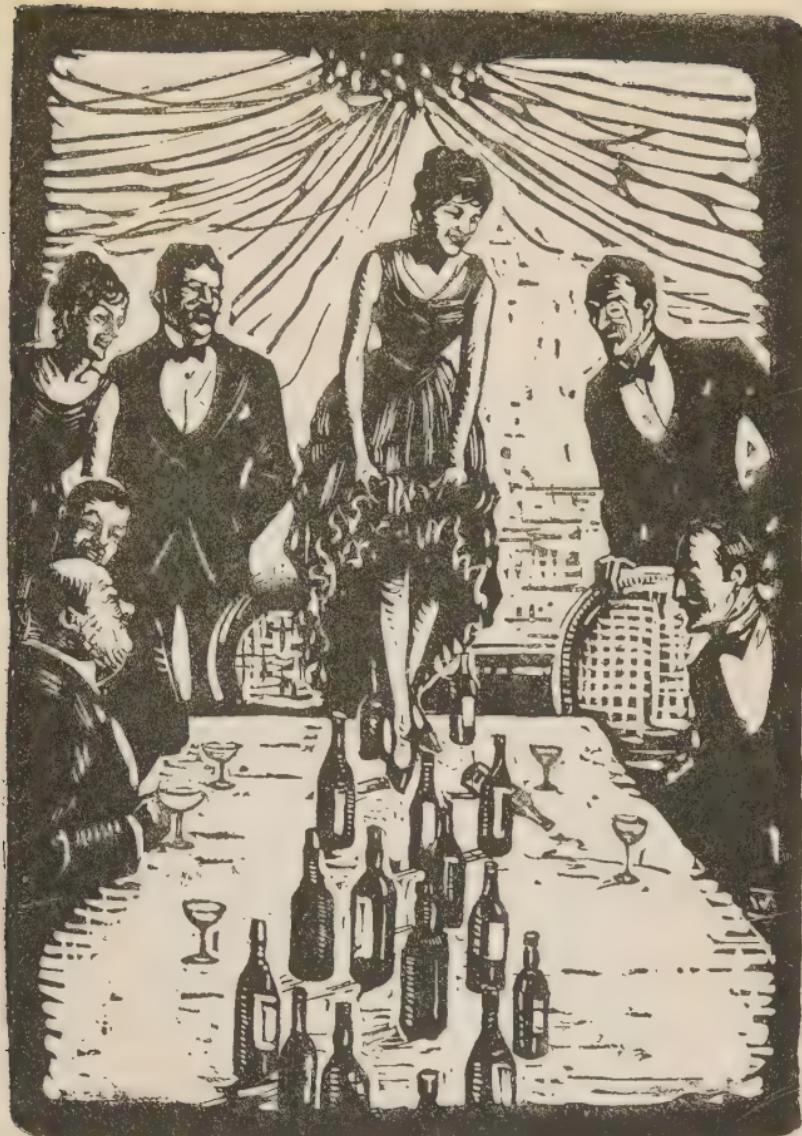
bundle of corks between the bottles without knocking them over.

The principal feature of the entertainment was a performance by Coquelin—a demonstration of his marvelous gift of emotional portrayal. He sat on one side of the table, the spectators on the other. His dressing room was under the table. His wardrobe consisted of table napkins; he used no make-up; he spoke no words.

His first study was a Sister of Mercy. One serviette formed a white bonnet, another around the neck made a white collar, and he appeared from under the table with the palms of his hands pressed together in an attitude of prayer and supplication. His face bore the most benign expression of sympathy and pity.

Next, for contrast, Coquelin portrayed anger and revenge. His hair was ruffled, one lock drawn down across his forehead; one side of his collar was unfastened. Brows were drawn in a black frown, his eyes glittered with a look of hatred, the mouth was distorted in a snarl: rage was depicted in every feature. It was an almost incredible transformation.

Patapouff took a peculiar pleasure in taking me to quaint and grotesque restaurants and inns, or those having some historic traditions. From time immemorial, it has been the custom of French inn-keepers to have some special features to distinguish their hostleries—sometimes the location of the restaurant in an historic building, as the *Restaurant Du Pavillon Henri Quatre* at St.-Germain-en-Laye, where may be seen the room in which Louis XIV was born; or the *Hôtel*



*A prize was offered to the woman who upset the fewest bottles.*

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*de France et d'Angleterre*, opposite the Château of Fontainebleau, in which M. Duman the elder gathered the wonderful collection of old engravings and fire backs. Other restaurants which are equally well known to the traveler are the *Bois Jolis*, midway between Paris and Deauville, and the *Goujon Folichon*, between Paris and Rouen.

There are others equally interesting, but not so well known. In years gone by when boating on the Seine was a popular pastime I often visited the *Restaurant du Pont de Chatou* near Rueil. It now no longer exists, but has been converted into a private house by a great artist. This inn had been for years the retreat of Bohemians, and a rendezvous for Guy de Maupassant and his friends. It was a queer, quaint tavern in which were served epicurean dishes, rich meats and fruits, with a good cellar of vintage wines, at comparatively low prices. It was one of the haunts of gay, artistic Paris—a meeting place for those of light hearts and lively dispositions, of unbridled and fantastic impulses.

Here were held banquets of literary coteries, where guests were expected to contribute mementos of their visits. On the walls artists had painted or drawn outline sketches, which formed frescoes to the rooms; cartoonists had depicted men prominent in the public eye, under which drawings literary men had written lampoons and verses, amorous elegies and cruel epigrams. These works of art and literary compositions were a magnet which brought strangers to the restaurant and fame to the hostelry.

Underneath a griffin dog painted on the wall by *le*

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*Comte Lepic*, Guy de Maupassant had written the following distich, which I reproduce in the original so that those who know French may make their own translation.

### SOUS UNE GUEULE DE CHIEN

*Sauve-toi de lui, s'il aboie;  
Ami, prends garde au chien qui mord.*

*Ami, prends garde à l'eau qui noie;  
Sois prudent, reste sur le bord.*

*Prends garde au vin d'où sort l'ivresse,  
On souffre trop, le lendemain.*

*Prends surtout garde à la caresse  
Des filles qu'on trouve en chemin.*

*Pourtant, ici, tout ce que j'aime  
Et que je fais avec ardeur.*

*Le croirais-tu? c'est cela même  
Dont je veux garder ta candeur.*

In explanation Guy de Maupassant had become world-weary; the sinister specter of his mother's sickness, which he dreaded he would inherit, was overshadowing his life. His passionate and sensuous stories and novels had made him the idol of the *beau-monde* and the *demi-monde*. He had reached that

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phase of life when he realized that to pick the flowers of passion was pleasant, but that the fruit was bitter. He had not had the will-power in his youth to foreswear the world, the flesh and the devil. When he wrote the verses "Sous une Gueule de Chien" he yearned like Icarus to soar toward the sun, but was tethered by brain paralysis to the earth. Surrounded by selfish women and parasites tempting him to continue a life of riotous days and nights, he had the fear and dread that slowly but surely the virility of his brain was declining.

These verses were intended as a warning to his wild companions. In them is a strange and subtle note of remorse, even despair, as if he realized that the pleasures he had sought with ardor had grown savorless, that his enslavement by the grosser passions had exhausted his life, and that his brilliant brain was fast burning out—that he stood on the verge of a chasm down which he must inevitably fall.

As he himself said: "My crown of glory is turning to a crown of thorns; my brain is now a sieve that holds no thought." His very fear drove him to hasten the inevitable end. He sought to retard his doom and buttress his waning powers with increasing doses of cocaine and morphine, which caused those dreadful hallucinations—delirious phantoms of an unhinged brain—portrayed so graphically in his "Le Horla." The tragic close of his brilliant career soon followed, when after a total mental collapse he died, a raving maniac, in the *Maison de Santé*, which stood on the Butte of Montmartre near the well-known windmill,

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Moulin de Galette, overlooking the gay Paris that he loved too well.

The Parisian has always liked out-of-door restaurants, and about this time a new type became popular—a restaurant in a tree. I had heard of the noted “Robeson’s” and asked Patapouff about it. He gave me a peculiar look.

“I thought, C. H.,” he said, “you ware in-tell-e-gent, but I find you *très stupide*. Ze name is not French; he is Engleesh—Rob-in-son.”

“But I am right about this,” I said—“you do eat up a tree, don’t you?”

“You may eat up ze trees in A-mer-i-ca; we do not eat up ze trees in France—we having something bet-taire to eat . . . and when you go to Rob-in-son’s,” he added, “go on ze top platform, or stay on ze lowest platform, for on ze top platform you get ze grande view, and on ze low platform, when ze ladiez climb up ze laddaire you get ze grande see!”

I tried to improve my French vocabulary in conversation with Patapouff but he preferred to practice speaking English, being extremely proud of his knowledge of the language. We went to the Brussels Exposition together, and when we reached the Exposition, found at the entrance different turnstiles for those who spoke English, French, German and Italian.

“I now know ze Engleesh,” said Patapouff, as we approached. “I am not a French-man. We go in ze Engleesh way.”

He could barely squeeze through, and said to the gateman:

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"If I entaire your Ex-posi-tion, I will have to eat in your Ex-posi-tion, and how do I know that I will not have got so *gros* I can't get out? I do not want to live and die in your Ex-posi-tion!"

"You can come through the turnstile sideways," replied the gateman.

"Me?" said Patapouff. "*Mais non!* You may have a sideways, but I have no sideways."

The gateman, between amusement and exasperation at the delay we were causing the other people who were waiting admittance, finally passed us through an exit, which allowed more room than the turnstile.

On one of my annual visits to Paris, Patapouff met me as usual, and after cordial greetings he assumed a doleful expression.

"What is troubling you?" I asked.

"Ah," replied Patapouff, "I must die!"

"Well," I said, "so must we all die."

"*Mais oui*, but I must die—I must die soon."

"Why do you think you'll die soon?"

"Ah," said Patapouff, "I am getting grosser and grosser, so I go to see my Medicine Man, and he say: 'You must stop getting grosser, or you will die,' and then he say to me: 'You must learn to ride ze bicyclette.' I went to ze man who has ze bicyclettes; he look at me and he look at ze bicyclettes, and he shake his head, he shrug his shoulders and say: 'You cannot ride ze bicyclette.' Then I say to him: 'Can you not beeld a bicyclette strong enough for me?' So he beeld ze bicyclette. I hire two of ze most strong men of Paree to hold me on ze bicyclette while I learn

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—ah—I learn to ride. I weigh myself before I get on ze bicyclette, and I ride up ze Champs Elysées and into ze Bois, and when I come back, ah, it is wonderful! I weigh myself, and find I lose one keelogram. I see myself getting ze sparest man in France! . . . Ah, but ze *grande ap-pe-tite* I had! I need no *apéritif*, I eat and eat—and when I weigh myself, I am one keelogram heaviare than before I see ze bicyclette. So you see I must die, and die soon.”

“After you have taken your ride, you must not eat,” I said.

“What! Not eat? If I do not eat, I die—so you see I must die and die soon.”

Another time, Patapouff gave a dinner party to twenty, an equal number of each sex. The men were in full dress, the women in low-cut gowns: *apéritifs* were taken at the Pavilion Chinois, where Patapouff climbed on to the band-stand and led the orchestra of red-coated musicians, to the amusement of his guests and the applause of the onlookers.

Dinner was served under the trees in the garden of the Château Madrid, the famous restaurant just outside the Bois de Boulogne.

After dinner, in a spirit of merrymaking we drove to the annual fête at Neuilly. There we rode on pigs on the merry-go-round. We clambered on to the slide of love to be thrown by the whirling wheel, higgledy-piggledy in promiscuous propinquity. We threw balls at grotesque dolls for prizes. We rode on the Montagne Russe and on the chute-the-chutes. Some played the wheel of fortune; others with rifles and

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dueling pistols broke clay pipes and celluloid balls which jumped up and down in a spiral stream of water.

We gathered together as prizes a cheap collection of gaudy trinkets and baubles which were of no more use than stilts would be to a daddy longlegs or silk stockings to a centipede.

For my dexterity in ball throwing I won a white rabbit, with pink eyes and long ears. I took my living prize away, carrying it by its ears, but the bunny kicked so vigorously it made my arms ache, and fine white fluff covered my clothes, so that I gladly returned it, struggling for freedom, to its former owner, so that it might again be a prize for an expert ball-thrower.

Then we paused before a booth, attracted by a crude painting on canvas, depicting at full length a voluptuous woman in Turkish costume. The painting with the wording surrounding it was the bait to attract the outsiders to come inside—"Walk in and see Fatima, the favorite of the Sultan's harem, an oriental beauty of dazzling loveliness, who for every sou paid her will divest herself of a part of her wearing apparel, revealing hidden charms unbelievable."

We entered the booth to see the houri of the seraglio, the languorous beauty of the Orient. We found her an overweight Aphrodite, voluptuous and sensual, dressed in a semi-oriental costume. We had anticipated viewing the beauteous Fatima in her undies for a few francs. For the first sous she discarded some of her outer garments and we supposed that for a few francs she would soon be standing before us in "the

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altogether," making it necessary for the ladies to cover their faces with their hands to hide their blushes.

Our apprehension was unnecessary for we had reckoned without the wiles and guiles of Fatima who had concealed in her tousled raven hair an endless number of hairpins, for which we were paying a sou a pin. To have denuded this oriental beauty it would have been necessary to live as long as Methuselah and expend the wealth of Crœsus, so we gave up the attempt and visited one of the larger pavilions where there was an exhibition of wrestlers. Here the barker announced to the gaping crowd that a prize would be given to any one who could put the champion wrestler on his back. On hearing the challenge, Patapouff jumped to his feet, his silk hat on his head, and shouted in a loud voice that he wished to inspect the wrestlers before taking up the challenge. His grotesque figure, as he went down the aisle to the stage, was greeted with applause and cheers.

He climbed up on to the stage and felt the biceps and calves of each wrestler. Having done this, he made a deferential bow, removing his silk hat with a grand flourish, and addressed the champion wrestler, speaking of course in French.

"I am a much bigger man than you. You are little man, a nothing," he said. "If I wrestled with you, all I would have to do would be sit on you and you would look like a toy balloon with the wind out." He returned to his seat amid the laughter of the crowd.

Keeping to the midway we came to a menagerie, in which there were three lions. They were drugged and

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drowsy lions, blasé beasts, blinky and bleary eyed, languidly yawning from time to time. The lion tamer with a flowing red mustache was dressed in dirty red and green silk, with a sash around his body, which set forth that he was the World's Lion Tamer. Patapouff must have had a previous understanding with the tamer of beasts, for when we arrived at the tent he went up to the lion tamer. "You are a little lion tamer," he announced, so that every one could hear, "I am a big lion tamer and I will now enter the cage of lions, and make them sit up."

The spectators were scared and thrilled, but the semi-snoozing animals took not the least notice of the fleshy Falstaff, who would have made a luscious meal.

"You needn't be afraid," said Patapouff, "they can't eat me for *hors d'œuvres*."

Pompously he walked up to the nearest lion, placed one of our prizes, a bright green clown's hat surmounted by a large pink paper feather, on its head, adjusted it at an incredibly rakish angle and then stood back and said "Salaam" to them.

Patapouff was unaware that he was making a pun in English—or he would not have given such a tempting invitation as "Say lamb" to lions. However, the lions were African, he was French and the pun was English, so probably it was misunderstood.

On the largest lion he placed a paper crown, crowning him King of the Beasts: on the third and last he put a gigantic pair of spectacles, through which the King of the Forest blinked in anything but a regal

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manner. On each of the lions in turn he put a false beard of different color and, in truth, bearded the lions in their den.

This accomplished, with some difficulty he lowered his bulk to the floor and, crawling on hands and knees, growled with would-be ferocity. All to no effect, however: the monarchs of the jungle were too thoroughly doped to resent these insults to their dignity.

At last Patapouff got up, and placing his own silk hat on the head of the bespectacled animal, walked jauntily out of the cage and dared the great lion tamer to go in and retrieve his hat. The bystanders clapped their hands and shouted "Bravo!"

One thing Patapouff was not—he was not a naturalist. One day I lunched with him at the Cirque d'Art on the Rue Volney, the rendezvous for the great artists of France. We had our *déjeuner* and were seated under one of the colored umbrellas in the garden behind the club house. Patapouff was holding his glass of Benedictine up to the light, slowly passing it under his nose to enjoy the full aroma, and sipping it with the critical air of a connoisseur. Here in the center of Paris, in a garden filled with beautiful flowers, bees buzz about as if in the country. It happened that one of the idlers of the hive, a drone, rested upon a flower near by. I did not know the French for "drone" and,

"Qu'est-ce c'est cela en Français?" I asked.

To which Patapouff replied: "Abeille."

I knew it wasn't a bee, but a drone, and shook my head, saying:

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“Pas de bee.”

To prove it, I went and caught it up in my hand. Patapouff jumped up, saying:

“Let him go! He will stick you with his end!”

But I, knowing that a drone has no sting, took off my silk hat, put the insect into it, and replaced it on my head, to the great astonishment of Patapouff, who expected me at any moment to begin yelling like an Indian and jumping like a kangaroo.

The mid-Lenten festival, or *Mi-Carême*, is a day when the gay city of Paris abandons itself to unrestrained revelry and merrymaking. All traffic is suspended on the principal boulevards, from the Place de la Bastille to the Place de la Concorde. One of the principal features of the celebration is a parade extravaganza. Richly caparisoned horses draw gayly decorated floats upon which are huge bizarre figures of papier-mâché made to resemble humans of gigantic or outlandish proportions, or dragons and prehistoric monsters. These are made lifelike by the operation of internal mechanical devices to give motion to the limbs, mouth, eyes, ears and tails. Young men and women in fancy costume are grouped around these grotesque figures and sing songs, accompanied by instrumental music.

Buildings along the boulevards are bedecked with flags and bunting, and the procession is bombarded with confetti and streamers. On this festive day it is permissible to throw confetti into any woman’s face without offense.

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On this particular *Mi-Carême*, in the long line of beautiful women and fantastic creatures there appeared a float of somber aspect. Upon it was a black whale. The head protruded in front of the float and with rolling eyes and a half-human grin bowed to the spectators on the streets. At the rear, the tail slashed up and down as if harpooned. The fins behind the head moved back and forth like the oars on a barge. The whole aspect was sinister and forbidding. There was no one on the outside of the float.

Along both sides of the whale were rows of gauze windows, through which nothing was visible until a brilliant light from within opened up a vision to the spectators. Grouped around a table in the center were a dozen merry-makers. On the table were lighted candles, flowers, dainties and champagne. In the center sat a huge man in dress clothes, upon his head a serviette, tied, making a turban like that of a Turk. He was surrounded by mermaids and sirens, scantily attired in clinging garments. Some of them sat on the table, others were clustered around the central figure, who was holding up a tankard, as if toasting his guests. Musicians secreted somewhere played popular airs of Paris. Happy Jonah, to be thrown to such a whale!

As the whale came to a standstill and the lights gave a glimpse of the interior, I recognized Jonah as my friend Patapouff.

The Falstaff of Paris could not forswear the pleasures of the table. He dug his grave with his teeth, his love affairs were varied and transient, and he has-

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tened his death by the pursuit of pleasure, dying before he was fifty. Even on his death-bed he loved to picture in imagination the succulent and savory dishes he had enjoyed with friends.



## VIII

### *Some Tricks and Tricksters*

WHEN I was climbing the ladder from poverty to plenty, I was invited by a rich man's son to spend the night at his home.

The family, the Townes, lived in one of the most exclusive apartments in New York. Robert, the son, was an only child, and had been very strictly brought up—almost unreasonably so, and his parents' disapproval of many of the really innocent diversions of youth caused him to avoid explanations by deception.

During dinner, Robert asked permission to take me to a theater. With obvious reluctance his mother handed him a latchkey, admonishing us not to be late, and to return direct from the theater.

At that period of my life my budget afforded little margin for entertainment, and I should have liked very

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much to go to a theater, but as we left the apartment, Robert said:

“You don’t want to see a show, do you? Let me take you to a little club where we can play poker.”

Being his guest, I consented.

Robert suggested that before going to the club we should stop at some theater and get a program, to have proof to support our story. Emmett was playing “Fritz in Ireland,” a play in which a large Newfoundland dog took a prominent part. As this was one of the most popular shows, we thought it would serve our purpose.

Having perfected our alibi we went to the poker club and sat in a game with rather high stakes, accompanied by considerable alcoholic refreshment, till the wee small hours of the morning. When we finally made our way back to the apartment, Robert, past master in the art of making a stealthy entrance, coached me successfully, so we tiptoed into our rooms without arousing any one.

Next morning I appeared for breakfast earlier than Robert. The first question Mrs. Towne asked me was:

“Weren’t you late last night? I didn’t hear you come in.”

“Oh, no,” I said, “I don’t think we were very late,” and started to eat my fruit, hoping to escape further questioning.

Mr. Towne had finished his breakfast and was reading the Sunday paper when Robert came in. His

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mother repeated her inquiry as to the hour we had returned.

"Oh," Robert said, "I didn't really notice the time, but I don't believe it could have been very late."

Turning to me, Mrs. Towne said:

"Well, what play did you see?"

I hesitated. Robert pulled the program from his pocket and declared boldly:

"Why, we saw 'Fritz in Ireland'—darn good, too!"

Mr. Towne put down his newspaper.

"Did you see that big dog?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Robert. "He's a magnificent animal and so intelligent, and affectionate."

"Did he perform his part well?"

"Splendidly. He is so gentle children can do anything with him. He has such beautiful long hair."

Now as it happened, on that particular Saturday evening the dog had become frightened, jumped off the stage into the orchestra, bitten one of the musicians, and created a panic among the audience.

"I've just read that this gentle dog jumped off the stage and bit one of the musicians," continued Mr. Towne.

Robert colored, but hoped to carry through his bluff.

"That must have been before we got there. We were a little late getting in. . . . Funny we didn't hear about it," turning to me.

"No, it wasn't in the first act," Mr. Towne said.

"Oh," Robert replied. "Then it must have been after we left. We didn't stay for all the last act,

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knowing Mother was anxious for us to come back early."

Mr. Towne's look of suspicion deepened.

"No, Robert—it occurred in the second act! You have told a lie; you didn't go to the theater! Where did you go?"

The truth would out whether or not—to our complete discomfiture.

As I was never again invited to their house, I fear Mr. and Mrs. Towne believed that I had led their young hopeful astray. They were like the good wife who gave her parrot away because it had taught her husband to swear.

I do not propose to attempt any justification of young Towne's duplicity on this occasion, my reluctant participation in which was punished by a bad quarter of an hour. I relate the incident only as an introduction to reminiscences of some other fraudulent devices—ranging from criminal blackmail, through unscrupulous imposition upon credulity, to legitimate conjuring—that have come under my personal observation in the course of my journey through life.

One of the most dramatic cases in which I was interested occurred many years ago. The story can be told now that the principal actors have passed from this earthly stage.

A dissipated young man who had sown a plentiful crop of wild oats married a charming and witty woman. I knew both before their marriage. He was an only child who had been brought up with extreme strin-

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gency. After leaving college he got into many scrapes, from which his father extricated him at considerable expense. This young couple were society mad and made a varied assortment of friends—among them a young lawyer who was attracted to the wife. Like many beautiful women, she loved flattery and the lawyer, who was a past master in that art, availed himself of it to persuade her to accept him as her *cavalière servente*. Discovering that the husband had a weakness for women, he ingratiated himself with him by introducing him to some disreputable houses, the lawyer's purpose being to compromise the husband in order to safeguard his own traitorous love for the wife.

One day the husband called me on the telephone and told me that he was in a devil of a mess and begged me to lunch with him, that he might tell me his troubles and get my advice.

At luncheon he told me that before his marriage he had formed a *liaison* with a girl, who claimed that he was the father of her child. He had paid the girl various sums of money from time to time, also her fare from New York to Denver, the city of her birth. A month previously he had received a letter from this girl, who was again in New York and demanded a personal interview. He asked the young lawyer, whom he believed to be his friend, to accompany him to the house of ill fame in which she was an inmate. When he met her, she asserted that the child was alive and demanded ten thousand dollars to pay for its upkeep: five thousand dollars down, the balance within a year. She threatened, if the money was not paid, to tell the

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whole story to his wife and mother and to institute bastardy proceedings.

Knowing the circumstances, I felt sure that the lawyer, his wife's lover, was conspiring with the girl to lead him into a trap. It happened that I knew intimately one of the Police Commissioners, a power in Tammany Hall. I suggested that the young husband see this Commissioner, who was also a lawyer, and employ him to extricate him from his difficulty; accordingly we repaired to the Police Commissioner's office, where the story was related. The three of us met for dinner the same night and outlined a plan of action. After dinner, the Police Commissioner suggested we should all three go to the house where the girl was an inmate, and that in his and my presence the husband should tell her in the most brutal manner possible "that he would not give her a cent but would see her in Hell first."

This plan was carried out, though the husband at first funk'd it. When he did screw his courage to the sticking point he said that which he had been instructed to say even more brutally than was necessary. When he said he would not pay her any money she rushed at him like a tigress, screaming: "You have done me dirt, and I'll do you dirt." In language that could not be printed she told him that she would "get even" and expose him.

This was exactly what the Commissioner expected and wanted.

Turning to me he said:

"You have heard this woman's threats. I want you

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to write down as nearly as possible the exact words she used, namely, that if \$5,000 is not paid her by to-morrow she will expose him to his wife."

Then he turned to the woman.

"As a lawyer," he said, "I should have considered it fair and just for this man to pay you some money, provided you could prove you had a child by him and that it is now living. But now that you have tried to extort money by threats, you can be sent to jail. Extortion is a criminal offense."

In her rage she retorted that she did not care what became of her—she was going to have her revenge.

"I shall station a detective at the door of this house," said the Commissioner; "if you attempt to go north you will be arrested."

The following day the Commissioner called me on the telephone.

"We have the girl down at the Police Station," he said. "She started to go north and was arrested. You had better come down and see her."

I went to the station house; the girl was defiant, but as a criminal proceeding would mean publicity, the Commissioner let her go with a warning.

Two days later she again tried to escape and was re-arrested. As before, the Commissioner and I visited her. This time she was somewhat penitent. She seemed to realize she could not successfully fight against police power and political influence.

While she was held at the police station the Commissioner went to the house of which she had been an inmate and elicited from the proprietress the infor-

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mation that the girl owed her three hundred dollars for arrears in board. As soon as the madam was assured that money would be found to pay her, she was ready to talk.

This had proved a sugar bait to both women. One hoped for easy money—the other for the payment of her debt. It appears the young lawyer had visited the house often and had concocted the scheme to compromise the husband.

The girl had given birth to a child but had no proof of the father's identity. The baby had died, but the three conspirators had arranged, if necessary, to borrow a child to support their story.

With this information the Commissioner visited the girl in the lockup and told her he had unearthed the conspiracy.

“You have no evidence that this man is the father of your child,” he told her. “You lied when you said the child was living—it died soon after birth. I know you are owing \$300 to Madam \_\_\_\_\_. She told me of the frame-up which was planned by your lover—a young lawyer whose name I know. Now, I’m truly sorry for you and it is possible this man may have done you a wrong. I am willing to pay the money you owe Madam \_\_\_\_\_. I’ll buy you a ticket to Denver, and give you \$100 when you get on board the train, on condition that you never return to New York. Should you do so and give any further trouble, I will prosecute you for attempted extortion.”

The girl accepted the terms. The following day she was put aboard a train for Denver, the hundred dol-

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lars paid her, and so far as I am aware she kept her bargain.

Much as one regrets to have to say it, the young lawyer who played the part of the villain in that drama was not unique in his turpitude. Lawyers, ambulance chasers, who are a dishonor to their profession, often scheme and plot with women to blackmail or extort money from rich men. The woman is the bait to the trap, which the lawyer springs when the victim is smeared with the bird lime. Any man of position or wealth, who has taken a girl out for the evening, and kissed her or made love to her, is liable to be caught. It is hard for a victim of a woman's wiles to wriggle out of the net.

If possible, the girl, acting under instructions from the lawyer, inveigles the man into writing her a letter. She contrives to learn either his private or business address, or that of his club. When she thinks she has the victim in her toils, the lawyer writes a letter which sets forth that a woman, a client of his, has called upon him and accused him of having wronged her, and that she demands compensation. The story is often an entire fabrication, or whatever did occur is greatly exaggerated. The letter states that the girl is poor, the amount of money asked for small. If the man will call at the lawyer's office in Jersey City, the matter of his wrong-doing can be very readily settled.

Suppose the man does go to this shyster lawyer's office. The girl appears with a witness. The lawyer then turns on the victim.

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“I have evidence,” he says, “that you have crossed the ferry with this girl, and you can be brought up under the Mann White Slave Act for a criminal offense.”

A bogus witness appears and swears that he crossed on the same ferry boat and saw the man and girl together. Many men pay up rather than run risk of exposure, considering it better to pay than struggle in the snare. The Mann Act, passed for the protection of women, has often been used by disreputable women for blackmail and extortion.

Unscrupulous women, however, have little need to rely on statute law, or call in the aid of dishonorable lawyers or doctors, in order to extract money from the foolish rich. They have many devices of their own.

I knew a doctor’s wife who did not have quite so many fashionable dresses as she would have liked, and used a very simple expedient to secure new ones. At dinner, seated next to a wealthy man, she would set her wine glass down very near his elbow, and when he upset the glass and spilled the wine over her dress, she would appear so distressed that he would feel bound to buy her a *chic* new gown.

Another more carefully worked-up trick was tried on a friend of mine a few years ago. He was giving an after-theater supper party to a rather gay crowd. A beautifully gowned woman was seated next to him, and I sat opposite. Suddenly she put her hand to her forehead.

“Oh, I’m afraid I’m going to faint,” she said, reach-

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ing for a vinaigrette case from her bag. "Will you open it for me?"

Owing to the evaporation of the ammonia, these cases are often difficult to open. This one seemed to stick, and in his efforts to open it, Jones pulled from its setting a stone which formed the clasp. He apologized profusely.

"Oh, it's nothing," the lady said, "but you may have it repaired for me."

Jones took the case, the next day, to one of the leading jewelry shops on Fifth Avenue and asked them to reset the stone and send it to the lady.

A few days later he telephoned me, very excitedly, and read me a note he had received that morning from the girl.

"I have received my vinaigrette case," she wrote, "but I am very sorry to tell you that I find the stone has been changed. The one in the case was a fine pigeon-blood ruby of great value, and I must ask, if you cannot get the stone back, that you refund me the value, which is certainly not less than \$500."

"What do you suppose this means?" Jones said.

I suggested that as the jewelers concerned were thoroughly reputable people he should take the matter up with them without delay.

I met him, and we hurried to the shop and handed the letter to the manager, asking him for an explanation.

He smiled. "We have cases of this sort fairly often," he said. "You need not worry. We had a cast made of the case, and found that some of the points of the

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setting were bent and broken. We took the precaution to have three lapidarian experts examine the stone so that they could testify that it was not a jewel at all, but a piece of glass. All you have to do, is to refer this woman to us, and we will see that you are not molested further."

Jones did, and heard no more of the matter.

There are many New Yorkers who will remember, in the middle eighties, having read in the press that a distinguished patent attorney, Luther Marsh, paid \$100,000 to Madame Dis-Debar, a medium, for a portrait of his mother, said to have been painted by spirit hands. This caused a great deal of excitement in spiritualistic circles, and the general public was somewhat surprised that so smart a lawyer should apparently be so gullible.

Subsequently, public opinion as to the patent lawyer's gullibility was vindicated, for Madame Dis-Debar was arrested on a charge of fraud, proved guilty and sentenced to a prison term.

Partly because of my father's interest in spiritualism, and partly out of natural curiosity, I often used to attend various séances. At about the time of the Dis-Debar case I visited a certain house rather frequently.

A fee of two dollars was charged for admission; the client was ushered into the front parlor where light refreshments were served by the daughter of the medium. Then he was shown into the back parlor, a room containing two or three rows of chairs on one side, and a small umbrella-shaped tent on the other.

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The medium used to give a short preliminary talk, welcoming her guests.

"We hope that there will be some manifestations to-night," she would say, "but you will realize that, although I am a medium, it is not always possible to establish communication with spirits."

When she finished speaking she disappeared into the tent, and all the lights were extinguished with the exception of one small red lamp in a far corner.

On my first visits I was always seated in the back row, but as the medium came to know me, I obtained a seat in the front. On each occasion two spirits materialized—a man, known as the "Colonel," and a girl, called "Little Bright Eyes." From my seat in the front row I shook hands with the "Colonel's" spirit. His hands were cold, and moist, the flesh clammy to the touch.

During the course of a séance the place was raided by the police. The medium's daughter was found in her nightdress, impersonating "Little Bright Eyes," and a man was found made up as the "Colonel." The floor was provided with trap doors, and black cloaks aided the so-called spirits in their disappearance. Among other things discovered was a bucket of ice water, into which the "spirits" plunged their hands. Then I knew why the "Colonel's" handshake had felt so cold and clammy.

What is the difference between a medium who for a money consideration professes to be able to establish communication with a "spirit" and a priest who for a

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like consideration professes to establish it with a saint? I do not propound the question as a conundrum, but as one really anxious to know. There is more in it than meets the eye at first glance, for it seems to entail an investigation into the essential difference between credulity and faith—the one a weakness, the other a vital force. In actual fact, however, there is one practical difference—that if the medium is an impostor he can be detected and punished, whereas if the priest is an impostor he cannot.

This, however, is debatable ground, and I must be wary. What I was really about to say was that some amusing pious frauds have come to my notice when traveling in Europe.

During one of the "Pardons" of Brittany, I visited the Great Shrine of St. Anne. The Breton is renowned for his closeness as the "Scotsman of France."

The approach to the holy shrine is hung with many signs. The first that attracted my attention read as follows: "Those who come with a contrite heart to worship at the Shrine of St. Anne, expecting to have their prayers granted, must purchase and light a candle and place it on the Candelabra before the image of St. Anne." Candles, bearing the image of St. Anne, which can only be bought in the church, are more acceptable than candles purchased outside the building. Incidentally, those in the church cost more.

Another sign sets forth that he who comes to the altar expecting to have his prayers granted must put his hand in his pocket and taking whatever money is

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there, place it, without counting, in the box for the upkeep of the sanctuary.

“What do you Bretons do?” I asked of my Breton guide. “Do you put all your money in the box?”

“Oh—no,” he replied. “A Breton puts one or two sous in his pockets, and thus fulfills the injunction to give his all without counting what he gives!”

The finest and most costly church in St. Petersburg is the Cathedral of St. Isaac. It was built at the command of Tsar Alexander I, according to the plan of the French architect, Richard de Montferrant. Begun in the year 1819 and completed in 1858, it is constructed of granite and marble and cost over twenty-three million rubles.

I visited it with a Russian guide, named Dmitri, of whom more later, who had once been an acolyte in the Greek church. There are no seats or pews. The nave is surrounded by many small chapels, each having its own special ikon. In one of these chapels a priest with a long beard was officiating and on the tessellated pavement were kneeling men and women. From time to time a bell rang: they all rose, and as it rang again, they knelt, while the priest intoned a prayer in a deep voice.

I noticed a poor woman whose tears were falling on the mosaic floor. Every now and then she tried to press something wrapped in paper into the hand of the officiating priest.

“What does that woman want the priest to do for her?” I asked Dmitri.

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““Why,” he said, “she has to pay the priest to make a prayer for her.”

“Then why doesn’t he take the proffered money?” I went on.

“You must know by this time that in Russia a priest does not take one or two kopecks when there are rubles offered,” Dmitri answered.

“But what is expected of a candle lighted and a prayer said before this ikon?” I persisted.

“A prayer is made before this ikon for the sick or dying,” he replied; “probably this woman has come to pray for a husband, brother or lover.”

Soon another priest entered to help out and as he passed to the altar he took the poor woman’s money wrapped in paper.

“Now,” said Dmitri, “you will see how much of a prayer one or two kopecks will buy.”

The priest stood before the altar and simply called the name written on the paper wrapped around the money. Dmitri was right: only the name was called without a prayer, and immediately the woman got up and left.

“Now if she goes home and finds the one prayed for is dead,” volunteered Dmitri, “to-morrow she will have to go to that chapel across the nave, and pay another priest to say a prayer for his soul to save him from damnation.”

At the Church of the Annunciation in the Kremlin of Moscow is displayed the so-called miracle of the three pictures. If one stands directly in front of the picture one sees God represented with a long beard, as in the

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well-known painting by Murillo. Standing to the right, one sees a picture of Christ wearing the crown of thorns, while from the left one sees the Dove, representing the Holy Ghost. The effect is of course obtained by the use of a series of slats of thin strips of metal. This device is in common use in America for advertising, but in Russia it is employed to create in the illiterate worshiper's mind the belief that he is witnessing a miracle.

Just outside the Kremlin is a small building in and out of which men and women may constantly be seen going. In this little temple is possibly the most celebrated ikon in Russia. It is considered most powerful to help the sick and bereaved. So great is believed to be its power that the priests have made many replicas of it: these copies are carried by the priest into sick rooms, so that a prayer may be said before the false ikon, to the monetary profit of the priest!

Priestcraft is much the same in all countries, whether it is concerned with ikons or idols.

In Latin America, the devout person, when suffering from an ailment, takes a silver dollar, and from it he fashions a likeness of the member afflicted—a hand, a head, a foot.

This he places on one of the wires which like a suspension bridge span the space before the statue of his patron saint. Each offering in turn is pushed along the wire until it hangs at a point directly in front of the saint, who when the votive gift is thus thrust before his eyes is supposed to notice the suffering of his devotee and grant the silent prayer.

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When the silver tokens on the wire pass the meridian they become the perquisite of the priests.

A similar custom prevails in the Orient. In China there is a statue of a god before which there is a trellis.

The devout, when he comes to his shrine, writes his prayer on a small strip of rice paper. This is chewed into a pellet, which at a short distance from the trellis is expelled from the mouth in the form of a spitball. Marksmanship is an advantage, for the worshiper aims the chewed prayer so as to adhere to the trellis in line with the eyes of the idol, the apparent belief being that the prayer will receive speedy recognition if placed within the god's range of vision.

When the moisture has evaporated from the chewed pellet and it falls to the ground, it signifies that the prayer has been granted or refused. If the latter, the heathen Chinee must chew and spit again.

In Japan, marriageable maidens, desirous of securing a husband, tie a lover's knot. This must be done with the deft fingers of one hand on the trellis that forms a grill before the god of the lovelorn.

This custom differs not so widely from that employed by the fair ones of the Occident who metaphorically lasso their husbands so as to get them on a string. . . .

After these reminiscences of criminal frauds and transactions of dubious morality it is refreshing to recall memories of some of the tricks and illusions of the honest professional conjurer and magician. Such performances satisfy both faith and reason. Seeing is believing, and it is enchanting to believe, if only for a

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moment, that your opera hat is a combined zoölogical and horticultural garden, since with your own eyes you saw it yield a rabbit, a pigeon, a canary and yards upon yards of festooned roses! It is reassuring, also, to know how the seeming miracle was wrought and to find that your opera hat is only an opera hat after all.

The conjurer's tricks are remarkable, but easy to explain when you know how they are done—just as easy as the explanation a little Irish boy gave of what seemed to me an impossible feat.

When automobiling in the south of Ireland a flat tire delayed us, and among those who came to look on was a dirty little keen-eyed lad. He looked as if he had come out of rag fair: all tattered and torn—a thing of shreds and patches. He wore a loose shirt, from which the buttons had long since disappeared, showing the brown skin beneath—but his knickerbockers, or what was left of them, were what attracted my attention. They consisted of various pieces of cloth which had been used as patches and now hung as separate pieces, loosely by threads. The knickers, a series of holes held together by wisps of cloth, were supported by odds and ends of rope, which joined together formed a belt.

“Sonny,” I said, “how do you get into your breeches? Through which holes do you put your feet? Now tell me, how do you tumble into them and how d’you tumble out?”

“Shure, it’s aisy to get into them,” he said, “for I never get out of them!”

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So it is with the tricks of the magicians and conjurers: they are not so difficult as they seem.

In the course of my wanderings I have met many of the celebrated magicians and experts of legerdemain. One of the foremost was the great Truie, a Frenchman who originally studied for the priesthood, but ultimately became a most perfect equilibrist, rivaling if not surpassing Cinquevalli.

Truie would take a silver dollar out of his pocket, flip it in the air and catch it on the extended finger of his right hand, where it would remain for a moment, balanced on edge. Then by such slight muscular movements as to be almost imperceptible, he would make the dollar roll down his arm, over his chest, along his other arm until it was balanced on the first finger of his left hand. Then he would send it on its return journey, passing over his back instead of his chest, rolling in the same manner until it was balanced on the finger from which it started. With a quick drop of his arm he would catch the coin and put it back in his pocket. I have seen him do this trick on a ship rolling at sea.

On the deck of an Atlantic liner I have also seen the Great Lafayette bring out his rings, hoops of wood bound with metal about two feet in diameter. These he would throw with a peculiar jerk so that they went forward along the deck and returned in the manner of a boomerang. Then, jumping to the side, he would throw out rings of smaller diameter, and so perfectly could he time them that the smaller rings went through the larger ones.

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Of course, owing to the movement of the boat, he made some slips, but it is wonderful that the trick could be done at all on a ship at sea.

Among other magicians I met were the Great Hermann and Horace Golden, the last-named being noted for his ability to conceal things about his person. He could conceal anything, including live pigs, ducks, geese and fish, which he would bring out and place in a cage or tank.

One of his tricks was with a fishing rod and hook which he baited and threw out over the heads of the audience, apparently catching out of the air live fish which he put in a glass bowl.

When I made his acquaintance I gave him my explanation of how this trick was performed. When he put the bait on the fishing rod, I thought it really consisted of a fish made of waxed or oiled paper. When he threw the line out the paper fish filled with air, and he kept it wiggling as if alive over the heads of the audience, who were thus unable to see whether it was a real fish or not. When he drew in the line he took off the paper fish, and substituted a real one which he placed in the bowl. He admitted that I had come very near to explaining the trick, but told me that the paper fish was filled with air through the handle of the rod, as swinging it out was not a sufficiently sure means of inflation.

Among the popular illusions some years ago was the *Cabinet Néant*, a black box constructed like a coffin. It was placed on the stage, and some one from the audience was asked to get into it. By means of lights

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and mirrors the body appeared to fade away, leaving only the skeleton.

The *Café Cabaret la Squelette* was then very popular, and early visitors to Paris will remember it. The tables were shaped like coffin lids, the goblets represented skulls, and the plates bore a design of a skull and crossbones. The waiters wore the cloak and cowl of a Capuchin monk, on which a skeleton was appliquéd in white braid. In the darkness only the white braid was visible, and the visitor imagined he was being served by human skeletons. On the walls of this curious cabaret was a frieze representing girls leaning over a balustrade with flowers in their hands ready to throw to the diners. By some adjustment of the lights the girls gradually faded away and left just skeletons.

At another place of amusement in Paris some one from the audience would be asked to come and sit on a chair in the center of the stage. The figures of two girls would then appear and although invisible to the man seated on the chair, would sit on his knee, and press their lips to his to the great amusement of the onlookers! I offered myself for this trick, and heard the roars of laughter when the phantom sirens put their arms around my neck. I had no consciousness of their embrace and felt decidedly cheated! There was absolutely nothing to reveal to the spectators that these were only the reflected images of girls who stood far back in the wings.

Last but by no means least of the famous magicians whom I have had the pleasure of meeting was Houdini. The last time was at a dinner of the Cir-

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cumnavigators, a club whose members have rounded the world and crossed the equator. Houdini sat opposite me at table, and when the dinner was over was called upon to amuse his fellow Circums.

Houdini rose, and asked the diners to form a ring about him. He took from his pocket some packets of needles. Opening a packet containing a dozen needles he placed them on his tongue, closed his lips and again protruded his tongue. The needles had disappeared. He then drank water. Again he put out his tongue on which he placed twelve more needles, which disappeared in the same way. In this manner he put into his mouth some three dozen needles.

He then exhibited a bobbin of silk thread and, taking the end of the thread between his lips, gradually drew in the silk by a motion of his mouth. When he had drawn about two yards of the thread into his mouth, he signaled to have it severed. He then indicated that some one should take hold of the end of thread protruding from his lips and pull. One of the diners did so and thirty-six needles, all threaded, were drawn from his mouth!

When we returned to the table, I told him I thought I knew how the trick was done.

“If you think you know—tell me how,” said he.

“You have a strong magnet lodged in the upper part of your palate,” I replied. “When you put the needles on your tongue they are pressed by your tongue up to the palate where the magnet immediately attracts and holds them. You have previously placed in your mouth thirty-six needles all threaded, which you hold

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under your tongue. You push this thread out with your tongue, and it is this thread with the needles attached which is drawn out, and not the one you drew into your mouth after the needles had disappeared."

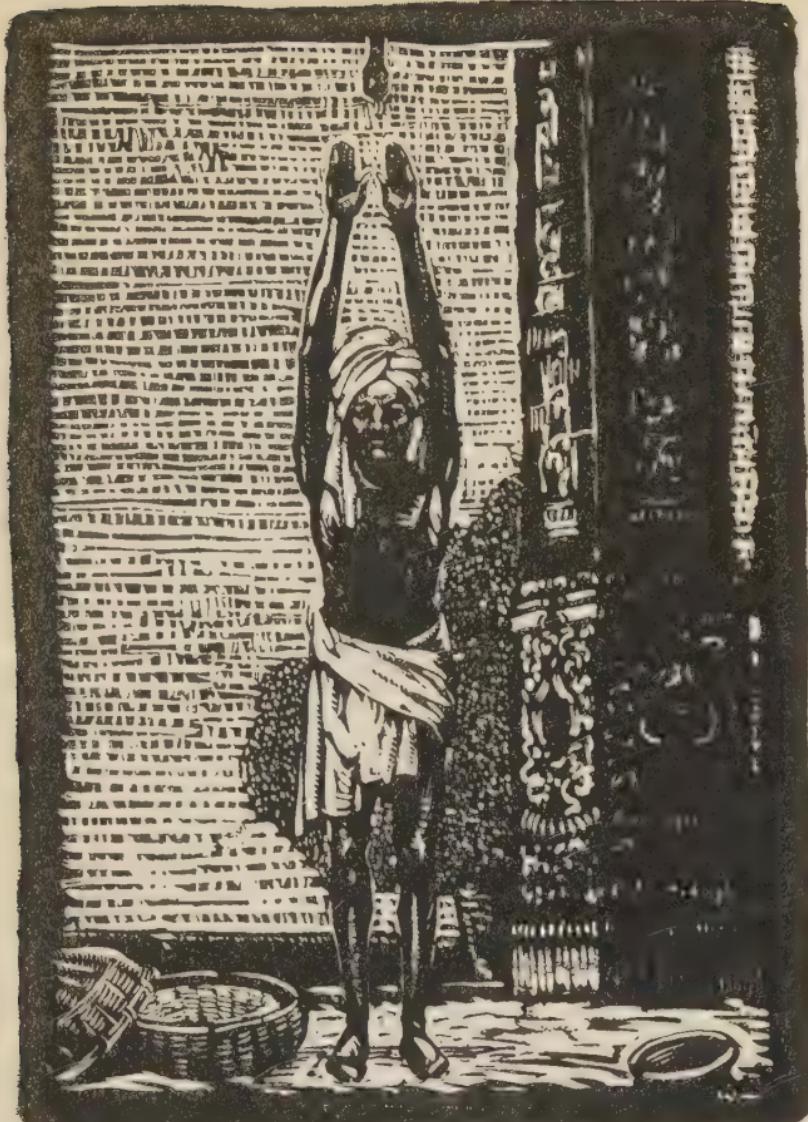
True to his reputation for keeping his secrets to himself, Houdini would not divulge whether my guess was right or not.

During my travels in India, I was much interested in studying the so-called magic of the Hindus. In most Indian cities Hindu fakirs and tricksters, usually traveling in pairs, appear to amuse the tourists, giving their performances in the open air. The opening part often consists of a fight between a cobra and a mongoose. The cobra is first brought out of a basket and teased until it rises and expands its hood, then the mongoose is liberated, and the fight begins.

This is followed by a series of tricks. The performers produce objects which it seems impossible for them to hide, for they wear no clothing except a loin cloth and turban.

When I was stopping at Agra, two fakirs came every other night to the hotel; one of them would take out of a basket a snake some three or four feet in length, and hold it up by the tail; then swing it around two or three times and toss it up in the air. Instantaneously the fakir would extend both his arms up over his turbaned head, whirl quickly around; the snake had vanished!

I asked the proprietor of the hotel if he knew how this trick was done. He did, he told me, but refused



*The fakir would extend his arms up over his head and the snake would vanish.*

to reveal the secret, saying that to do so would set the fakirs against him, as it was a matter of honor to give no information about the tricks performed.

"However," he added, "if you are willing to hide in that shrubbery and remain there while the fakirs do their act, you can learn for yourself how it is done."

I hid in the dusty shrubbery, and watched. When the snake, which, of course, was trained, was tossed up in the air, it stiffened; the man bent slightly forward so that the snake came down, striking its head on the performer's back between the shoulders, slid down and disappeared into his loin cloth. The swift upward movement of the fakir's hands served both to conceal the falling snake and momentarily to divert the attention of the spectators.

The mango trick, which is regarded as a great Hindu mystery, is simpler. I do not claim that this trick may not be done in some other way, but I am sure that the following is one means of growing a mango tree before your eyes.

The fakir builds a mound of earth seven or eight inches in height and then taking a mango seed, which is about the size of a peach stone, he presses it into the mound. Next he throws a cloth over the mound, mutters an incantation, and removes the cloth.

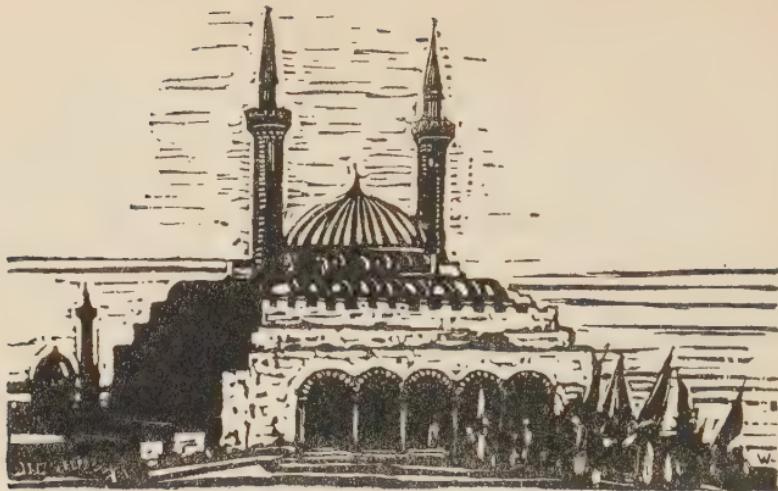
During this process he manages to insert in the mound a tree which has previously been treated with some oil or grease so that it can be rolled up into small compass. From time to time he sprinkles water from a *chatte* (a native bowl) and puts his fingers into

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the earth to make sure that the root of the mango is firmly buried.

The moistening of the earth makes the mango tree gradually straighten out so that the spectator sees the first sprouts of the tree break through the earth, then gradually rise to a height of twelve or fourteen inches.

I have seen many other tricks performed in India, like that of the man climbing a rope thrown into the air, and disappearing from view. This is altogether an illusion, for it is never performed in the open, but always indoors with the aid of apparatus and means of concealment.



## IX

### *My Magic Carpet*

IN the course of my life I have traveled through many of the countries of the world and stayed in their capitals. The Magic Carpet which has borne me on these wide wanderings is smoke—smoke that ascends to Heaven as a cloud, hovers over cities and travels with the wind. The antiquity and romance in the history of smoke, seemingly so unromantic, may surprise my readers when first suggested to them.

We must look backward through the mists of time: its origin is coeval with the making of the world. Smoke is lamp black, lamp black, smoke. In the dawn of creation volcanoes, vomiting forth flames and scoriae, emitted also smoke, which hovered over their cones, and, settling, sullied while it fertilized the neighboring soil which, as yet, there was no human foot to tread.

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Æons later man appeared on the earth. One of the first products he made was smoke, for the first fire he lighted smoked; the first stick he burned became charcoal. He saw that where the smoke settled it left a black deposit; he discovered that with a half burnt stick he could make a black mark, and so he conceived the idea of making a paint or ink out of the sooty deposit, and used the charcoal stick as a touche-crayon for coloring and for making marks upon stones and wood.

Since then lamp black has played an important part in preserving the records of man. It was used for the crude drawings of the cave dwellers; as a paint for the designs and pictures on mummy wrappings and cases, and for the decoration of the tombs of kings. Much of the history of the Pharaohs is known to us as the result of the indestructibility of lamp black, which is as permanent as the pyramids. The hieroglyphics and inscriptions of the early Egyptians are as decipherable to-day as when they were first painted. The earliest records of the Chinese were made with lamp black; when Gutenberg invented the art of printing, the first inks used were made with lamp black, and all printing inks are made with it to this day.

Lamp black may be made from any substance rich in carbon, rosins, fats or grease, vegetable and mineral oils. The finest and blackest lamp black was not made, however, until the year 1880, when it was discovered that smoke from a natural gas flame made a more in-

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tense black than had ever been made from any substance.

When natural gas was discovered in the United States it was first used for illumination and afterwards for the manufacture of what is known as "hydrocarbon gas black." This black in its flocculent and finely divided state is the most brilliant black of a permanent character the world has ever known.

In its manufacture the rock pressure of the gas is utilized to operate the machinery which makes the black. As the gas issues from the bowels of the earth, its pressure is used as a motive power—its expansion to generate electricity and to make artificial ice. The gasoline is extracted and used for aeroplanes and blended with oil gasoline for automobiles. The gas, stripped of gasoline, flows through pipes into burner buildings where its flame is made to impinge upon a metal plate, upon which it deposits this valuable substance—gas black.

The machinery operated by the gas scrapes the black off the plate by a continuous and automatic movement, elevating it into bolting chambers where it is sifted to remove any coarse carbon, and carries it through the processes that turn it out a finished product, packed ready for shipment.

The entire power is furnished by the gas. Silently, continuously it journeys on. It is the all-in-all of the automatic process which transforms its own smoke into a black pigment of great worth to supply an ever-increasing market.

Printing-ink makers at first used this black only in

making book and letter-press inks, but now it is produced, owing to the utilization of by-products, at a lower price for newspaper inks.

Besides the manufacture of printing inks it is used in the manufacture of paints, colored leather, boot and shoe blacking, stove polish, carbon paper, gramophone disks, insulating paper and tapes, and, in the rubber industry, for the reinforcing of rubber compounds in the manufacture of tires. It is also used in the electric arc carbon points, in the manufacture of fireworks and explosives. It would make a long list to give the many uses in which this black is employed in the arts and manufactures. It has indeed a myriad uses and the end is not in sight.

As my company became the sales agent for the principal manufacturer of this new kind of black, it was necessary to demonstrate its advantages as an improved colorant in European countries. After its introduction in Europe a market was sought and found in the Orient. In Eastern countries writing is done with a brush and the ink used is known as "Chinese" or "India" ink. These inks are used not only for writing but also for painting and decorating the various articles made of paper—umbrellas, screens, lanterns, and fans, all extensively made in the East.

China is the principal country for the manufacture of writing-stick inks. There are more than one hundred works in China making lamp black for stick inks from rosins and other residuents, besides a number in Japan, India, Korea, and Siam. These stick inks are used by the greatest number of people living, for

they are sold in Indo-China, Persia, Burma, Afghanistan, Thibet, Malay Peninsula, Turkey, Turkestan and Syria. Stick-inks are made in different shapes and sizes—In China and Japan, in square and oblong blocks; in India, cylindrical; in Turkey, pear-shaped.

Fundamentally, the process of manufacture of stick-inks is the same in all eastern countries. The black is first ground with a pestle and incorporated with different oils and essences. This hand-milling is carried on for hours and the black is then poured into kettles containing boiling hide glue. The boiling is continued until the water has mostly evaporated. During the process the mixture is constantly stirred. When it has assumed a paste form it is run into molds and allowed to set. The hide glue acts both as a binder and as an agglutinant to make the ink adhere to the paper or surface to which it is applied. In China and Japan the molds are in two parts which are pressed together with the soles of the feet and opened up with the hands after the pasty mass has set.

When the soft sticks of ink are removed from the molds they are carefully placed in tray-boxes filled with hot sand and covered with a special kind of paper. The sticks are laid in rows in these trays a few inches apart, and from time to time are turned over. When sufficiently dry each stick is hung on a line to allow the air to circulate around it. The purpose of this long tedious process is to prevent the sticks from cracking or bending. The sides of the sticks are often covered with Chinese writing, and sometimes with pictures and artistic designs which are highly glazed

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and colored. Some are coated with gilt, silver or bronze powders; others, especially for women's use, are perfumed. In the Occident writing paper is scented. The Chinese perfume the ink.

Writing sticks used in Oriental schools often have imprinted upon them what might be termed copy-book precepts or quotations from Confucius; *e.g.*, on one of the sticks is shown a silver water-fall, and below a small fish facing upwards. On the reverse side one reads that little fish must swim with the stream but large ones can swim up the water-fall.

The brush is better adapted for Oriental writing than the pen, for in Oriental countries, especially in China, lines express thoughts. Curved or waved lines of certain length or of varying thickness convey the idea of action, such as the blowing of the wind or the movement of water.

In old line engravings the thickness of lines makes the shading. In Chinese pictures the thinness or thickness of the lines takes the place of shading in an aquatint, since the heavy or fine lines can be made better with a brush than with a pen. It is unlikely that in Oriental countries the former will ever be replaced by the latter as a writing implement. It is not generally known to the uninitiated that the lines in Chinese pictures convey thoughts. The same can be said of the Chinese language. It is a form of hieroglyphics. These signs or symbols are known as ideographs. There are twenty thousand of them, eighteen thousand of which are stereotyped in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Peking. An educated Chinaman has a knowl-

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edge of from twelve to fifteen thousand. These graphs or symbols have been evolved just as were the letters in our alphabet. The Roman numbers and the geometrical signs are ideographs, and so too, in truth, are the devices used in signs on our high-ways. These road signs convey their meaning instantaneously, and the automobilist, moving too rapidly to have time to read a written notice, can take them in at a glance and know whether he is approaching a sharp corner or a hairpin bend. In Italy the danger signal to automobilists is a skull and cross-bones. This suggests danger as clearly as the sign I saw at a grade crossing: "Twelve persons have been killed at this crossing, do you want to be the thirteenth?" Many trades use lines in place of words. Thus the tailor uses "l" to take in tight; "#" to let out or loosen.

The introduction of new ideas and new goods into China is especially difficult, as the people of that ancient land have had the non-progressive and negative philosophy of Confucius instilled into them for centuries. That philosophy has been one of the reasons why China has made so little material progress. All Confucian philosophy is of a negative character. When in doubt to do or not to do a certain thing, Confucius says, "Do not do it." "At a corner take short steps," a philosophy of caution and inertia.

The spirit of the Occidental peoples, on the contrary, is optimistic, resolute, progressive, expressed in such phrases as, "Advance, Australia," or the motto of the City of Chicago, "I will."

It was in that spirit that the Binney and Smith Com-

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pany set to work upon the laborious task of overcoming the innate conservatism of the Oriental merchants and manufacturers, and of inducing them to substitute an American-made product for that which they had used and sold for centuries.

On my first visit to China I sold the first case of the new American black for use in the manufacture of writing-stick inks. Thousands of cases are now shipped annually to China for this purpose. Success so remarkable could not have been achieved had it not been for the great superiority of gas black over all other lamp blacks.

For myself, to revert to the paragraph with which I began this chapter, this wonderful substance furnished the "Magic Carpet" which has borne me all over the world. Its introduction into Europe and into the Near and Far East has given me opportunities such as come to few of visiting out-of-the-way places, meeting strange people, observing customs different from those which come within the ken of most business men, and of collecting material for the making of more than one conventional "book of travel." Work so elaborate and laborious I have no present intention of undertaking. Let me instead in the pages which follow set down some haphazard reminiscences of a few of the things and the people which interested me in diverse places and at different times.

Constantinople was well chosen to be the capital of the Ancient Roman Empire, for there is no other city in the world, it matters not where you go, that is so

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perfectly situated—forming as it does the link between Europe and Asia.

The two largest buildings in Constantinople are the Dolma-Bogtche Palace and the Sultan's Harem, both situated on the Bosphorus. The Sultan, Abdul Hamid, like his predecessors, had many wives, and a harem filled with odalisques. Most of these women had been presented to him by Pashas, Beys and Caliphs. At the time I visited Constantinople, Abdul Hamid had not for years occupied the Dolma-Bogtche or visited the harem, having retired for safety to the Yildes Palace at the top of a hill overlooking the city.

The houris of the harem each occupied a small suite of apartments, for which an allowance was made of ten dollars a day. This in the aggregate was a considerable sum. The uppermost question in Turkey after the departure of Abdul Hamid was: what to do with these superfluous women? They could not be returned to the donors, nor turned out to shift for themselves. Nor could they be disposed of as were the thousands of mangy, cowardly curs, the pariah dogs which had infested Constantinople in the past, and which were herded on to a boat, dumped on an island in the Sea of Marmora and left for "dog eat dog!"

The wives of the Sultan, when they went out, wore thin, flimsy white veils, through which the features were clearly discernible, while the women of the harem wore heavy black veils: many of them, no longer in the heyday of youth, welcome the *yashmak*. These women of the harem could be seen any fine afternoon in groups taking the air on the banks of the Sweet-

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water. They sit hour after hour idly gazing over the water. One wondered what expressions of longing, discontent, or apathy might be reflected in the eyes hidden behind their baffling veils. Any vague possibility of satisfying such curiosity was abandoned when one noticed the huge eunuch who, knotted whip in hand, sat a respectful distance aloof guarding these masked women, and cracked the whip warningly if any one approached too near.

To me the most interesting place in Constantinople is the old seraglio, situated on a point of rock overlooking the Bosphorus and known as Seraglio Point. It was here that the Sultans originally lived. When they tired of a woman, the servants would sew her up in a bag weighted with stones, and throw her into the Bosphorus.

A portion of the seraglio is now used as a museum. As the Turkish Empire once included Syria, the Holy Land, Babylon, and that part of the world to which the oldest civilization has been traced, valuable objects have been excavated and are to be seen in this museum. Among them is the finest carved marble sarcophagus in existence, said to be that of Alexander the Great. Figures in high relief, most beautifully executed, adorn every side of the sarcophagus, which is of the purest white marble.

Close by is another sarcophagus, of hewn stone, bearing the inscription:

*I, Tabneth, priest of Astarte, King of the Sidonians, son of Eshmunazar, priest of Astarte, King*

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*of the Sidonians, am laid in this case which you see here . . . I earnestly adjure each one of you who should discover the case which is here, to come not nigher, do not raise the lid, do not disturb me, for there is no silver, there is no gold, there are no treasures by my side. I am laid alone in this case; do not raise the lid, do not disturb me, for such an act is an abomination in the eyes of Astarte. If you raise the lid, if you do disturb me, may you have no posterity among the living, nor any bed among the dead.*

This malediction did not prevent the withered body of the Sidonian King from being removed from the mummy case, unwrapped, and placed on exhibition in a glass case close to the sarcophagus. The inscription bears a striking similarity to that which Shakespeare is supposed to have composed for his tomb, though it is doubtful if the doggerel on the tomb at Stratford was written by the bard of Avon.

The devout Turk, to gain the thousand joys and delights promised in the Mohammedan paradise, builds a mosque in the same way as the Christian donates a memorial window to a church.

A short distance out of Constantinople is a little mosque built by a Turkish Crœsus whose fortune was made by small economies. Upon the façade is a long inscription in Arabic characters. I thought that it was some excerpt from the Koran, but my Armenian guide gave the translation as "just the same as if I had eaten it." It seemed an odd title for a temple, and

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awakened my curiosity to know the story behind the superscription.

It appears that this devout Turk had forsaken the fleshpots of Egypt, and whenever he wanted to buy something he asked the price and instead of purchasing the article put aside the money into a fund to build this mosque. Thus the temple, a monument to the sacrifice of earthly indulgences for spiritual grace, received this strange inscription.

On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus is Scutari. As seen from Constantinople it appears to be a grove of the black cypress trees that in Italy are called Madonnas, because they point to heaven. It is the last earthly resting place of the Turk, for among these trees most of the city's cemeteries are located. The ground is flat, and the Meander River winds its way like a snake over the low land. On this plain, by the river bank, once stood the ancient city of Troy.

Scutari is not only the resting place for the dead, but is also the home of the Dervishes. In buildings set apart for their religious rites, the Dervishes, with their wide, flowing garments drawn in at the waist and reaching to the ground, whirl, dance and howl. The most remarkable part of their dress is the high conical hat, known in Turkish as the "*kullah*." It is shaped like a flower pot, or a brimless silk hat, and is usually greenish-yellow or black in color. No Moslem wears any headdress with a brim because it is in opposition to the tenets of Islam.

Visitors are not allowed on the floor of the enclosure where the Dervishes hold their ceremonies, but are per-

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mitted to watch from behind a wooden railing. On entering one sees a number of Dervishes squatting on the ground, some sitting on benches, and others standing a few feet apart. For a short time there is absolute silence. Then one of the Dervishes starts a howl, similar to that made by a dog that bays the moon. This is taken up by the others, who rise to their feet and with their arms above their heads start a dance to the accompaniment of the weird, monotonous music of the Orient, played on flute and drum. They twist, turn and whirl around, pivoting on one foot so that the wide skirt is propelled like the rim of a wheel, the body in the center resembling the hub. All the time these fanatics yell and howl, intoxicating themselves until, exhausted, dazed, and giddy, they collapse and drop to the floor.

I never was able to discover exactly what were the tenets of this fanatical religion. One thing is certain, the Dervishes are opposed to any form of work, preferring to beg. They profess to have miraculous healing powers; sick persons are brought in and placed on the ground in order that the Dervishes may cure them by walking over their prostrate bodies. Under the excitement of religious frenzy, the Dervishes are capable of the wildest extravagances, such as cutting themselves with knives, handling live coals and eating serpents.

The Mohammedan religion is a religion of sensual allurement. It is a love dream of beautiful women, sweet singers, fragrant flowers and soft music. It appeals to the senses in emotional intensity. Woman is made the temptation terrestrial, as also the reward

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celestial. She is the petted toy of man's passing hours, a plaything in his life. Woman is the keystone of the Islamic arch that spans from earth to heaven, the silken scented siren of his seraglio, the odalisque of his harem. In the Elysium garden of bliss, the promised paradise of Mohammed, she is his houri entrancing, his ethereal vision, clothed in clouds of silken gauze, fragrant and bejeweled.

When the Turk ceases to regard sensual pleasures as the be-all and end-all of existence, then and not till then will Turkey take her place among the progressive nations of the world.

The picture of Abdul Hamid which is shown here and which was freely sold in Constantinople after his abdication and subsequent flight, gives an accurate indication of the trend of thought in the average Turkish mind.

Kemal Pasha, the modern Moses, may lead his people out of the desert of medievalism. He has prohibited polygamy. He has lifted the latch of the seraglio. The women of the harem are freed of their baffling veils and baggy trousers. The Arabic characters are to be used no more—he is teaching his people the A.B.C.

Traveling from Beirut to Damascus, the train stops at a junction to allow passengers to change for Barbeck, where one of the finest Greek temples is to be seen. At this little junction town, the name of which I have forgotten, a kermess was in progress, and on the greensward behind the station a number of men and young girls in native costume were dancing. I

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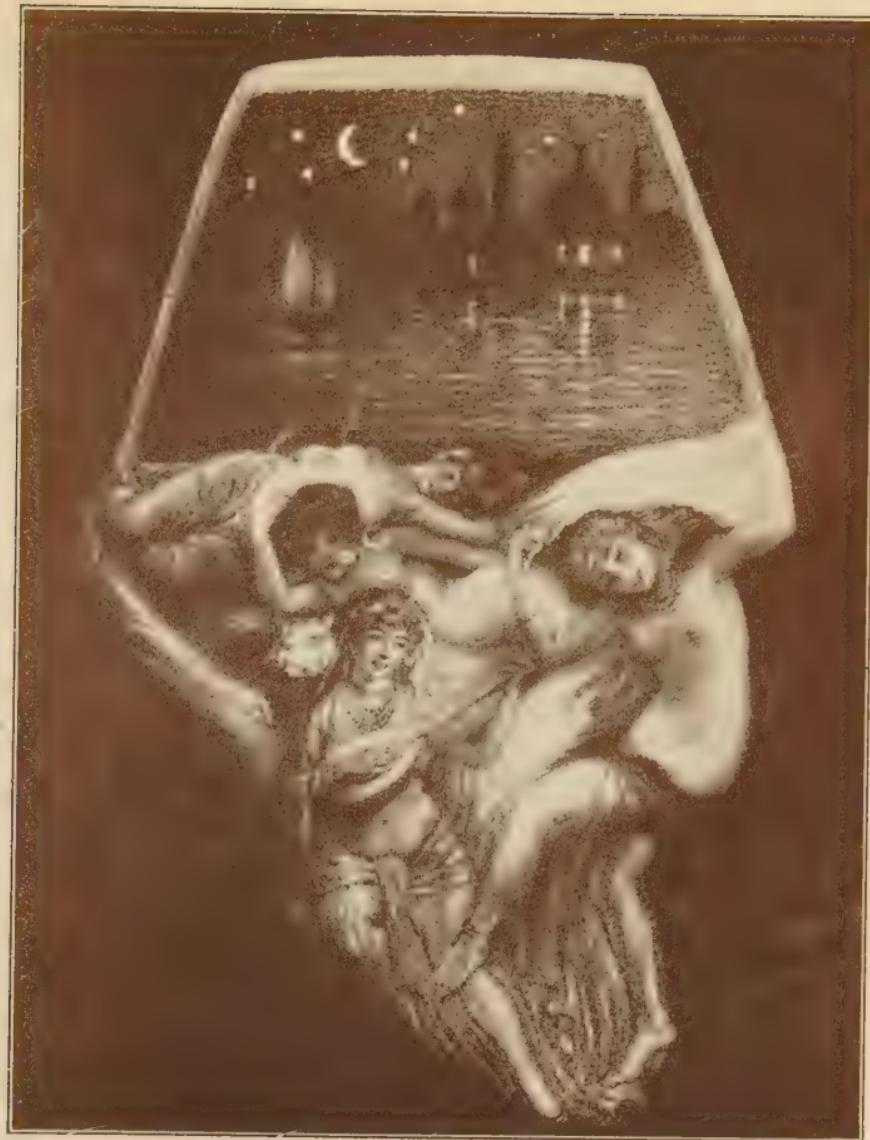
thought it worth the risk of losing my train to obtain a picture of the scene.

When I heard the whistle of the locomotive, I hurried back, but the train had already started. I jumped on the running-board and entered the nearest compartment, a third-class one. All the seats were occupied by perfect stage types of buccaneers. They were bronzed by the sun, none of them seemed to have had a shave for a week, and they wore brightly-colored, theatrical-looking costumes. Their courtesy belied their fierce appearance, for as I entered each one rose and offered me his seat. I refused, and stood with my back to the window, wondering how I might amuse these chance-met cavaliers.

In my pockets I found a package of chewing gum, which I divided among them, motioning that it was something to chew. One big fellow put a piece in his mouth, and in less than a minute opened it wide, to show he had swallowed it! The others continued to chew and chew, and were unable to understand why they couldn't dissolve or masticate the gum or for what purpose it was used.

Again I hunted through my pockets and pulled out my Atlantic passenger list, which had a map on the back. I pointed out the place where I had come from, to their great interest. I hoped that when we next stopped I could persuade them to get out and pose for a photograph.

On the platform of the next little station was a crowd in native costume. A figure which attracted my attention was that of a conspicuous fellow in a wonder-



*Composite picture of the head of the Sultan Abdul Hamid*



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ful dress. He wore high black boots, wrinkled below the knees, brilliant green knickerbockers with red stripes down the side, a red coat braided in gold, with a full skirt. On his head was a red fez, embroidered with more gold but without a tassel. Around his waist was a belt in which were two large pistols inlaid with mother-of-pearl and a dagger with a fancy handle; a sword dangled from the belt, and across his breast were cartridge cases. He was not merely an armed man: he was an arsenal!

Not daring to take a picture of this fierce and important-looking personage without his permission, I went up to him, and doffed my hat.

“May I ask, do you speak English?”

“You just bet your life I do!” was the startling reply.

“What!” I said. “You have been in America?”

“You said it!” said he. “I’ll tell the world I’ve been there.”

I put my hat back on my head.

“Well, what are you doing here?” I queried.

“Oh, I just came back to the place where I was born. Why, I’m the biggest guy in this town!”

“Well, you look it! But why have you got on these fancy togs?”

“This is a national holiday,” he said, “and of course, as the foremost citizen of the town, I have to be dressed up.”

I asked him if he would persuade the four picturesque men with whom I’d traveled to pose for me. He asked them, but without success. They were not

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dressed up, they needed to shave, and they would not pose. He tried to convince them that I wanted to photograph them just as they were, but it was useless.

I again questioned the generalissimo.

“You seem to be all dressed up, with nowhere to go. Where did you live in America?”

“Me? I lived in Haverstraw.”

“What did you do in Haverstraw?”

“Worked in a brickyard.”

“A brickyard?”

“Yes, you just bet your life—and it won’t be long before I’ll be back working again in the brickyard. This country is no place for me—they’re all dead ones here!”

This splendid gentleman readily agreed to pose. As the train was leaving he asked me to send him a print of the picture, and handed me a piece of paper on which he had written his address. But so bad was his writing that it was utterly impossible to make anything out of it, so I was never able to send him his photograph.

Damascus, as my readers know, is the oldest of existing cities. It is noted for the famous Mosque of Omayyade, in which rests the head of John the Baptist. In the shadow of this Mosque is the white marble mausoleum which contains the tomb of the great Saladin. In a glass case at the head of the sarcophagus, which is surmounted by a turban, lies the wreath of laurel laid there by the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II in 1898 when he toured the Near East with a view to winning over the Islam world to Germany.

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Shortly before there had been an uprising among the Druses, who are a mountain race, vigorous and independent, living in the region of Mount Lebanon. They have a secret faith, in some respects resembling Christianity, and though frequently defeated by the Turks they have never been subdued. A little while before I arrived in Damascus, the Turks had arranged a conference with the heads of the Druse families. Tents were erected for the conference, and the Turks promised the enemy chieftains safe conduct. Accepting the word of the Turks, the Druses came down to parley. They had no sooner reached the conference tents than they were surrounded by the Turks and killed. They were decapitated, and their heads placed on stakes in the main streets of the town.

In the center of the Great Bazaar of Damascus, through which runs the street called "Straight" of Biblical fame, stands the Gold and Silver Bazaar. While strolling through this Bazaar I saw a curious embossed silver horn surmounting a filigree gold bowl. This, I was told, was the marriage headdress of the Druse women, which after the ceremony is given to the husband as the bride's dowry. On either side of the horn were silver loops, used to support the long veil which reaches almost to the ground. These curious headdresses may have owed their origin to a belief in that fabulous one-horned beast, the unicorn.

Through my guide I bargained for the *chapeau pointeau*, but like all Eastern traders the Oriental was not willing to sell at my price. To tempt him I placed

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golden sovereigns on the table, but though I raised the offer several times he still refused to sell.

The day before my departure I went up the hills surrounding the city as the sun was setting, gilding with its lingering splendor the roofs of the many dome-shaped mosques which appeared in the distance as a number of Dutch ovens or gigantic beehives.

Returning to the hotel towards dusk I regretted that I had not bought the head-horn at the seller's price, and went out of my way to revisit the Gold and Silver Bazaar. When I reached it, I found it surrounded by an iron grating securely locked for the night. Rather disappointed, I made my way back to the hotel.

Next morning, in the bustle of departure I forgot all about the Druse headgear. But at the railway station, as I was waiting for the train, the merchant appeared, with the head-horn. As he now seemed eager to sell, I offered him a pound less than my previous offer.

He literally jumped about on the platform, swearing fluently and, I am sure, calling me vile names in his own language! He recited the merit of the headgear, saying it was unique and a bargain at twice the money! Most persistently he followed me up and down the platform, and as the train drew in I told him I would pay the sum I had offered in the bazaar.

The money changed hands and the head-horn was mine.

From Beirut I went to the island of Rhodes, famed for the Colossus, one of the ancient wonders of the world, and also for its historic association with the

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Crusades. The boat was crowded with pilgrims, returning from Jerusalem, the Holy City of three religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Islam.

The wives of the Moslems had to be shielded from the prying eyes of other men, and in the salon were drawn curtains, making a series of cubicles in which slept members of the various harems. These screened women had to arise before the sun as the salon was required for serving breakfast!

The deck where the poorer classes traveled was also divided and sub-divided in order that the harems might have their essential privacy. At the stern of the ship, on either side of the anchors were rigged up sheets, blankets and even burnoses, forming small tents, which gave a precarious seclusion, jeopardized by each gust of wind. Throughout the length of the decks, winches, bulk-heads, masts and even railings were utilized to support these make-shift harems.

I became friendly with some of the Moslem men to whom I showed the Druse headgear, asking them to translate the Arabic inscription surmounting the horn. After a great deal of argument and discussion between themselves, they came and told me that it read "to God and my Master," signifying that the woman upon marriage owes allegiance only to God and her husband.

Before my return to the United States I visited London, and took my treasure to the British Museum. There they told me that the translation was correct, and showed me three similar headdresses, admitting that mine was a finer specimen than any in the

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Museum. They also told me that head-horns of this type were brought to England by the Crusaders in the early thirteenth century, and were undoubtedly the inspiration for the steeple or one-horn headgear worn by the fair sex for some fifty years or more.

Through letters of introduction obtained in England, I met Rajah Singh, in the ancient and sacred city of Benares.

Rajah Singh invited me to accompany his wife and himself to the palace of the Maharajah of Benares. The palace is situated some miles from the Holy City, on the far side of the river. The Rajah brought his houseboat down the river that we might make the trip in comfort. It was a peculiar vessel, with an attractive feature—a swimming bath, which afforded delightful relief in the stifling heat.

I was anxious to visit this palace, for although I had seen many in India, most of them were no longer occupied, such as the palace at Agra, formerly the residence of the great Akbar, and the one at Ambler, the property of the Maharajah of Jaipur.

The palace, viewed from the outside, was a cluster of great pinnacles, domes and minarets. An impressive flight of steps led up to the entrance. We were received with much ceremony, and conducted over the magnificent building with all possible attentions and courtesies. The colonnades with Saracenic arches threw welcome shadows from the trying glare of the Indian sun. Here stone was made to look like lace. Before the trellised windows of the harem apartments

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were balconies of fairy lightness. The inside walls were of spotless white marble, relieved by arabesque designs, floral and geometrical, inlaid with lapis-lazuli, amethyst and topaz, and other precious stones; the ceilings were coated with gold! It was a place of many courtyards in which fountains tempered the air with clouds of cool spray. It was furnished in barbaric splendor, with furniture of ebony and teakwood, curiously and beautifully carved. There was a great display of gold ornaments encrusted with jewels. Most startling of all, was a den of lions, restless, roaring beasts, which immediately brought to mind Daniel and King Darius. Whether the Maharajah used it for any such unpleasant entertainment it would have been imprudent and impolite to inquire.

It is disappointing to find, in the palaces of rulers and princes, a touch of the commonplace. Amid all the gorgeous splendor some of the rooms were hung with cheap chromos, which in England would have found a place only in the nursery.

On our return journey the Rajah gave us an Indian dinner. His wife, who was not veiled, was an exceedingly intellectual woman, and discussed, with all willingness, details of Hindu life. On deck, three blind musicians played stringed instruments and sang a monotonous dirge-like song. The *hors d'œuvre* consisted of sliced betel nuts, mixed with lime, served on a betel palm leaf. The betel nut induces saliva, and is considered helpful to digestion; but the taste is so horrible that I do not recommend it to my readers as an appetizer. Various courses followed, and the dinner

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ended with a kind of candied fruit, very sweet, and similar to the Turkish delights and rose jellies of the Arabs, but too Oriental to please the European or American palate.

During my travels in Ceylon, I heard of a Prince of Siam who had foregone his high rank to become a mendicant monk, and who was said to be one of the greatest living exponents of Buddhism. I have always been keenly interested in Buddhism, and was curious to meet one who had sacrificed position and luxury for his religion. When an opportunity presented itself to interview this anchorite, I seized it eagerly.

He lived in a small temple, built on a slight elevation some distance back from the road. Leaving my rickshaw, I climbed the hill. The temple dome gleamed white in the tropical sun. In the entrance stood the Prince; with a gesture of welcome he bade me enter.

He was a man of about fifty, clad in the yellow robe of a Buddhist monk, his legs bare, and on his feet straw sandals. His face was devoid of hair, his head shaven: his figure was thin and gaunt, his skin brown and wrinkled, his shoulders slightly bowed, and his curiously penetrating eyes mirrored an infinite sadness.

The room was spotlessly clean, and a matting of yellow straw covered the floor. The furniture consisted of three cane-bottomed chairs, and a small table upon which stood a begging bowl. Three steps led up to an altar, above which was a stone Buddha in an attitude of contemplation.

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"Why did you resign your rank as a Prince to become a mendicant and a recluse?" I asked.

He smiled slightly, as though he had anticipated the question.

"As the son of a king, like Gautama, I resolved to leave my father's court and become a monk. The distractions of my position were too many and too great to permit me to continue the practices of a true Buddhist," he replied in fluent English which had no trace of foreign accent. "I found myself retrograding in the life of the spirit. Ceylon is the seat of the purest form of Buddhism. So here I built this temple, that I might be removed from all disturbing influences."

For some time we talked of religion. I found him well informed on Christianity. Then he made a remark concerning one of the fundamental precepts of Buddhism—that all of its followers should show charity and kindness to man and beast. This reminded me of a sight that I had seen in Burma a few months previously.

"When I was in Rangoon," I told him, "I visited the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. At the foot of the steps leading up to the temples, I saw dozens of vendors of rice birds. These poor birds were hung up by the feet and sold by the priests to pilgrims, so that the devout might release them to obtain merit from Buddha the blessed one. When the birds are liberated, they fly around for awhile, but as there is no rice in that section, they are unable to find anything to eat, and so to avoid starvation they return to the priests, who feed

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them, and then hang them up for resale. That seems to me to be the acme of cruelty, and not at all in accordance with the teachings of Buddha."

"It teaches a moral lesson," the Prince observed with a slight smile. "There is no religion entirely free from priest-craft. The only way to teach the ignorant is through priest-craft and miracles—"

"You surely do not believe in miracles?" I interrupted him.

"All things we cannot explain or understand, are, in a sense, miracles," he replied; "I will show you a Buddhist miracle."

He rose, entered a small inner cell, and returned with what appeared to be a plain nickel mirror.

"Examine the surface with great care," he said, handing it to me, "and determine if there are any marks on it."

I took the mirror, which was oval in shape, and eight or nine inches long, scrutinized it minutely, and replied that I could see nothing on it.

"The human eye is easily deceived," said the Prince. "Take it out into the strong sunlight and look again."

I obeyed him, but still could see nothing.

"This will add strength to your eyes," he said, and handed me a magnifying glass.

A third time I examined the mirror, and returned the same reply.

The monk then held the mirror so that it reflected the sun's rays upon the white wall of the temple. There appeared the figure of Buddha, seated on a

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lotus leaf, and from the image radiated a gloriole of light.

I gazed at it, spellbound.

“How do you explain it?” I asked, at length.

“These mirrors were first made in China,” he told me; “possibly more than a hundred years ago. The maker knew that metals vary in the reflection of light. The alloys have been so skillfully worked into the surface that, even with the aid of a lens, they are not perceptible. Thus a miracle is only a demonstration of superior intelligence, or a means by which the cunning may deceive the ignorant.”

“If one cannot detect the subtleties of man, how vain to try and fathom the mysteries of life!” I said. “When we think of the hundreds of religions, with their varying doctrines and dogmas, their faiths so far apart, we may well ask: ‘Which is true? Which can we safely follow?’ One thing is certain: all cannot be right, for ‘all would then agree, and faith itself be lost in certainty.’”

“Of one thing you may be sure: the hand that bends the bow that wings the arrow of life is hidden from us; the target at which it is aimed is beyond our horizon; but there is an archer, there is an aim.”

These were the Prince’s parting words, as he ushered me out of his temple and took up his begging bowl for his diurnal walk as a mendicant.



## X

### *Loose Leaves*

PURSUING the informal, anecdotal method adopted in the preceding chapter, I glean some loose leaves from the scrap book of memory—experiences pathetic, humorous, romantic, and philosophic, that may extend your horizon. In this chapter as in the last I shall span the earth in strides of seven-league boots.

Before narrating these wanderings, these odd stories of out of the way places, I would point out some of the advantages and lessons of paramount importance that I have learned from travel, which are more important than decorating one's baggage with hotel labels. The most valuable qualities to be acquired by one who

roams are: self-reliance, adaptability to ever-changing environment, broadening of viewpoint, religious tolerance, and elimination of provincialism.

Human nature is much the same everywhere—hearts beat with similar emotions under white, yellow and black skins; each nationality has certain qualities which we can well admire and copy. The outstanding characteristic of a nation can often be summed up in one or two words: in the United States, progressiveness; in Great Britain, sense of fair play; in France, courtesy and gallantry; in Germany, thoroughness; in Holland, cleanliness; in China, placidity and patience; in Arabia and Morocco, dignity.

To the traveler, geography becomes something more than a colored map of queer outlines, and the history that has changed these outlines something more than a list of kings and battles.

About the year 1882 business took me to Oil City, Pennsylvania. As I have said in an earlier chapter, I was always much interested in colored chalk engravings. It happened, maybe to get a drink, that I went into the bare and lofty barroom of the Arlington Hotel. There, hanging high on the wall between advertisements of beer and whisky, was a colored engraving. I was almost certain that it was the work of the Italian, Bartolozzi, Engraver Royal to King George III. When I had had my drink, I examined the engraving more closely; the inscription was covered by a mat, but unquestionably it represented Apollo and the Muses on Mount Parnassus, and I felt surer than ever that it was genuine.

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I asked to see the proprietor of the hotel, a blustering man with no interest in art, and inquired how he came by the picture.

"Oh, that one in the barroom," he said. "Well, it was this way. We had an Englishman staying here, who came down to look over oil property. He ran out of money, couldn't pay his bill, and disappeared. We went through the baggage he left behind, and found that picture, so I stuck it up on the wall."

"I'll give you five dollars for it," I offered.

He refused to sell for five dollars, which was as much as my purse would permit. As I couldn't afford to back my judgment any further, I left Oil City without the picture.

It was not until 1889 that I again visited Oil City. Remembering the engraving I went to the Arlington Hotel and looked around the barroom for it, but it was no longer hanging between the advertisements of beer and whisky. I asked the bartender what had become of it, but he had been there only a couple of years, had not seen it and knew nothing about it.

Disappointed, I made my way to the street, when something caught my eye in the window of the bar. There, fly-specked and dusty, propped up in the window, stood the engraving. Returning to the hotel, I asked to see the owner. The hotel had changed hands, the new owner was away, and no one else had authority to sell the picture.

On my return to New York, I wrote to the proprietor, offering twenty-five dollars for the picture. He did not even deign to write a formal reply, but re-

turned my letter, with a penciled scrawl across it—  
“Send your twenty-five.”

I sent the money; the print was forwarded. I took it to a reliable picture dealer and asked him to clean it, and remove the matt that hid the inscription. My judgment was correct! It was a Bartolozzi.

The next time I was in England, I went to the Print Department of the British Museum with full particulars of the engraving, and asked them if they could give me any information about it.

They had a record of it, but no reproduction. They told me that the original engraving was executed in 1790 by the two Fabii Brothers in Rome, and depicted Apollo standing. Bartolozzi reproduced the subject, the only difference being that he represented Apollo seated.

Several experts have since passed on the picture; it appears to be the only copy in existence, and a unique treasure.

Shortly after the Spanish-American War, when Colonel Roosevelt had come back the hero of San Juan Hill, my wife and I, with my young son aged four, were stopping at the Oriental Hotel at Manhattan Beach. On Saturday evening there was a mimic reproduction of the taking of San Juan Hill, specially featuring the charge of the Rough Riders. The historical tableau was accompanied by gun fire, fireworks, much shouting and great noise.

This was the first time my son had seen such an elaborate firework display. We left our seats just be-

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fore the last set-piece, in order to avoid the crowd. Even then there was a throng around the exit through which Colonel Roosevelt was expected to leave. My son clung to my hand, sobbing and crying: "I want to see Roosevelt! Why can't I see Roosevelt?" thinking Roosevelt was a grand firework!

As we reached the middle of the bridge leading to the hotel the Colonel, walking briskly, caught up with us. He was just tasting the delicious intoxication of fame and popularity, and with ears alert to the comments of the crowd, heard the cry of the child. No doubt he was touched and flattered to hear even a young child crying for a glimpse of him. He picked the youngster up and held him out at arm's length so that the boy might get a good look at him.

"Now you have seen Colonel Roosevelt," he said, with his famous smile.

Since this incident I had the pleasure of seeing Colonel Roosevelt many times, but I never had the heart to tell him my son thought he was a firework.

For sheer beauty I doubt if any city in the world can rival Guanajuato in Mexico. It is situated in a valley, and the houses, mostly pink in color, are built on the sides of the hills. On their flat roofs are gardens in which semi-tropical flowers bloom in a riot of color amid graceful, clinging vines. These beautiful hanging gardens rise in terrace after terrace to the hill tops, which are surmounted by brilliant green aloe plants outlined against an azure sky. Looking up to the summit of the hills that frame this gem of irides-

cent beauty, one dreams of paradise—but looking down into the valley below, one sees a burial ground, mute proof that all things earthly pass away. The cemetery is just outside the city and is surrounded by a wall seven feet thick. In the wall are nooks and niches in which coffins are inserted as in pigeon holes. Mausoleums, monuments and stones of remembrance are in what might be termed the “Campo Santo” or God’s Acre. The niches in the walls are rented mostly by the poor. When relatives cease to pay the rent, the body is taken out of the coffin and placed in the catacombs. The climate is very dry, which results in the human body becoming mummified by a natural process.

Guanajuato and Palermo, Sicily, have the only catacombs known to me where one can walk through a gruesome labyrinth lined with mummified corpses as dry as the brown, seered leaves of winter. In the gloom of these vaults of the dead, the candles with which visitors are provided cast fitful gleams, throwing gigantic black shadows and grotesque silhouettes upon the walls. Musty and dank odors permeate these corridors of death. Through the groined and vaulted roof, a murky light filters down to penetrate the gloom of this shadowland of sinister silence where men and women with ghastly grinning faces and writhing limbs are propped up against the rough-hewn walls. Most are divested of clothes, wizened, wrinkled bodies knowing no shame. In this Golgotha we meet death face to face as we look upon the bodies of men and women, shriveled to skin and bone, left to dry and slowly rot,

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in solitude and silence. Some stand with gaunt hands like talons outstretched, hollow eyes staring in horror, and dumb mouths open as if to cry for mercy. Others seem to laugh, as if death were a hoary jest. Others in this house of death are suspended by cords from the roof and appear in their ghastly shrouds as if in a dance macabre, floating towards heaven. In contrast, others yet seemed bowed with grief, pain and anguish depicted on their dry and wrinkled faces. And some are dressed in finery of earthly pride as if they sought some vain forgotten joy at carnival or fiesta: women with long, lank hair hanging over bony shoulders, skin shriveled like scorched paper, have glittering colored beads strung round their withered necks and resting on their shrunken breasts.

These female forms, once voluptuous and alluring, now seered distorted skeletons—lips once fresh, now drawn and parched—rotting into dust; eyes once bright and happy, now closed and expressionless like flowers withered and sun scorched—the end of woman's beauty—mere dried husks of creatures who once had lived.

Some sardonic wag had placed a scepter in the fleshless claws of a warped figure of a man and on his head a colored paper diadem crowning him Monarch of Mummies, King of a Throng of Ghosts, silent subjects that take no count of time in a kingdom of Equality Eternal.

Prisoners through all time in this dark, noisome place—no thought of home or kin, no sense of pain nor pleasure. Would that I could ask these crumbling



*In this Golgotha we meet death face to face.*

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mummies: "Does death bring peace? Would you wish to live again a life of toil and sorrow?" Surely their wailing song would resound and echo through these corridors, "Peace is ours and ours alone."

Guanajuato, in common with all Mexican cities, has a plaza in the center of which is a music stand, where concerts are given in the evenings. The promenade and seats nearest the band are reserved for the gentle-folk, the outer rings for the peons.

In the evening I went down to the Plaza with a Mrs. Hawley of Cincinnati, where we sat in the outer circle, the better to observe the peons at play. After a while some native women came up and offered Mexican drawn work for sale. Mrs. Hawley admired some of the pieces, and asked if I thought the price exorbitant. I told her that I knew nothing of the value of lace and drawn work.

Next to me was seated a Chinaman, and on hearing her question and my reply, he looked at me.

"Lady, she payee too muchee—much too muchee," he said.

"John Chinaman says they are asking too much," I told Mrs. Hawley; "would you like to have him buy for you?"

"Oh, yes—if he will?"

I asked him if he was willing.

"I buyee—" he said, "vereey cheapee—alee samee."

I gave him the order to buy, whereupon he said a few words in Spanish to the women, who quickly and excitedly put the drawn work back in their baskets and disappeared.

## LOOSE LEAVES

“Dontee lookee—” said John, seeing my look of bewilderment, “they come backee.”

Talking to the Oriental, I learned that he once owned a laundry in San Francisco, and had come to Guanajuato some seven years previously.

As he foretold, the women soon came back, once more he spoke to them in Spanish, and off they went. Again he repeated his warning to us.

“Dontee lookee—they come backee.”

He knew how to bargain, for they did come back, and he purchased the drawn work at half the price originally asked. I tried to persuade him to take five dollars as “commission,” but he refused.

“No—I’m good Amelican man!” he said.

While I was crossing the Atlantic in the spring of 1906, the steward arranged a dining table for a group which included Mr. and Mrs. William Bullock of Cincinnati, their two children, myself and family. We became very friendly on the trip, and when we reached London stopped at the same hotel.

It was a year when many distinguished Americans were in London, among them Mr. Nicholas Longworth and his bride, the former Alice Roosevelt. The Longworths were lavishly entertained everywhere, and were invited by the owner of the Ascot race course to be his guests with the Royal Party on Gold Cup Day.

Mr. Bullock desired to attend the races and called me in for a conference. He asked if I could arrange for a coach and four to take our party to Ascot.

We had an Irishman by the name of Edward Kelley

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in our employ who knew something about horses, and I mentioned this to Mr. Bullock.

"Ah," said Bullock, "we'll have a talk with him, and see what he can do for us."

I sent for Kelley, and Mr. Bullock, who was a great jollier, looked him over and said, "Well now, Kelley, you're an Irishman. I never knew an Irishman who wasn't a good judge of horse flesh. Do you know a good horse when you see one?"

"Sure and I do, Mr. Bullock."

"Well," said Bullock, "we want to go to Ascot, and we want to go in grand style. So we will need good spirited horses, a fine coach, with footmen in red coats, buttons and gold braid, and we must have a real tooter who'll wake up London, and get us a place in the sun, and attract a whole lot of attention at the race course. Understand?"

"Sure," said Kelley, "and what you'll be wanting most is a relay of fine fresh horses just outside of Ascot, that will go on the Heath at a lively gait, spirited and prancing."

"That's it exactly," said Bullock. "That's just what we want. Do you think you could get us some horses just like that?"

"Sure and I can."

"Well," said Bullock, "you get them, and don't spare any expense. You understand we want the best that money can buy."

Kelley was instructed to report within two or three days. He did so, and announced that every detail had been carried out.

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"Now," said I to Bullock, "we don't want to forget a very important thing, and that is to have a lunch put up."

"Oh! well," Bullock answered, "Kelley can arrange that for us too. Can't you, Kelley?"

"Sure," said he, "you'll be having the finest spread that's ever been eaten at Ascot."

The day of the races arrived—a beautiful morning. A page with countless buttons on his coat announced that a coach blocked the entrance to the hotel. We went down and found a gayly painted coach with sleek-coated horses, and two men in red livery covered with gold braid. Before mounting the ladder to the top of the coach, I noticed they were putting inside a number of caterer's baskets, and thought that nothing had been omitted to insure a perfect day.

Mr. Bullock and I were dressed in Prince Albert coats, and high hats. Kelley arrived in a black coat, wearing a straw with a gay hat band. We started off. The tooter tooted loudly, and the people along the route gaped and stared.

We stopped within a quarter of a mile of Ascot Heath for our relay of horses. They were all that Kelley had promised, fine looking animals, pawing the ground, champing their bits and tossing their heads. We drove on to the Heath, and took our position opposite the Royal Box. Mr. Bullock was enjoying it immensely, when time came for luncheon and the baskets were brought out. Alas the day! It was then found that two baskets had been left behind, those that contained all the eating utensils. We had

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brought everything to eat but nothing with which to eat it. There were lobsters, loaves of bread and cakes, cans of sardines and pâté de foie gras.

In our despair we sent Kelley and our liveried lackeys to the nearby coaches to borrow eating utensils. Every one needed all the table accessories they had brought, so the lackeys came back with only an infinite variety of corkscrews and can openers. Ill at ease and in discomfort we had to sit in our coach, surrounded by fashionable *Vanity Fair* and drink out of bottles, break our bread, snap off the claws of the lobsters and tear chickens apart with our hands, and lick our fingers, like cannibals.

Soon afterward came the Fourth of July, and I went with the Bullocks to the reception at Dorchester House where Mrs. Longworth was receiving with Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the Ambassador's wife, and there met Mr. Nicholas Longworth, whom I had previously met in Cincinnati.

The Longworth and Bullock families had known each other for many years.

Mr. Bullock related our adventures at Ascot, and Mr. Longworth enjoyed the story. "Do you know, I am sorry I was not with you, to enjoy your picnic," he said, "for my wife and I were guests at the luncheon attended by his Majesty. There was a wonderful collation—but unfortunately the King was not feeling well.

"As a rule, out of consideration for his guests, he retains his knife and fork, whether he is eating or not, but he was feeling too miserable to do this yesterday,

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and as etiquette demands that no one may continue eating after the King has laid down his knife and fork, we had an array of delicious food in abundance, but got up famished from a feast. You at least had food and you could eat."

There is one advantage in being the possessor of a name like Smith—every one can spell and remember it—but the disadvantages are legion as the following incidents will evidence. You stop at a hotel—another Smith receives your love letters and checks—and you receive his laundry and his bills! This story is amusing in the telling but might have given rise to a tragic misunderstanding.

When stopping at the Savoy Hotel, London, I was troubled for about two days by having all sorts of finery delivered to my room which I had not ordered, a straw hat with a bright colored ribbon, yellow gloves, and an umbrella with a fancy handle. I had gone down to our London office on business and when I returned to the hotel I found my wife reading a telegram which she had opened in my absence. She asked me to explain what it meant. I picked up the telegram and read "Meet the 6.45 train at Charing Cross. Feeling fit. Flossie." It was fortunate that I had so good an alibi, or this strange Smith and his Flossie flapper might have lost me my reputation and my latch-key.

When I made my annual trip abroad in the spring of 1919, the countries of Europe were still under military control. When the S. S. "Baltic" docked at Liver-

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pool, two soldiers in khaki were stationed at the end of the gangplank to examine each passenger's passport. I handed mine over, and was ordered to halt.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "My passport *is* in order?"

"We want you," one gruffly replied. "You're just the man we're looking for."

Under the guard of two soldiers I was marched back into the smoking room of the "Baltic." There I was held prisoner by them until officers in authority came, and questioned me in regard to my passport, business, etc. I was able, by means of letters of credit, business and club cards and letters, to identify myself and satisfy the officers that I was not the Smith they were looking for, so after many apologies I was set free.

I afterwards learned that during the war period some one with false passports had been traveling under the name of C. H. Smith. The name Smith is so common that initials are not sufficient means of identification, and though I had signed my passport with my full name, the passport itself bore the initials only. This is one time when the name Smith caused me a very unpleasant quarter of an hour and put me to considerable inconvenience.

But this is not so bad as what happened a little later, while I was still traveling with the same passport. I had taken the night boat from Havre for Southampton. The Channel passage had been exceedingly rough, and I arrived at Southampton in the early morning with little sleep and no breakfast.

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On the dock I was stopped by the authorities and, again under military escort, was taken to a small office where I was told to sit down and await the arrival of the Colonel. I pleaded with my khaki-clad guards to allow me to get some breakfast, but this request was refused: I had to remain their prisoner until the Colonel arrived to examine my papers.

I was so incensed at having been wrongfully detained that I told him when he arrived that I should write to the War Office in London and report the outrage. The Colonel was exceedingly courteous and said that the soldiers had only acted in accordance with orders, and that the authorities had for some time been trying to apprehend a man who was using the name C. H. Smith on a forged passport.

“ . . . And,” he added, “though you feel very indignant at having been put to so much inconvenience, it may comfort you to know that if I had any suspicion about you I would be within my rights in having you taken into that room over there, stripped, and put in a vinegar bath to see if there are any incriminating marks on your skin.”

Just why I should be subjected to treatment like a dill pickle or who the mysterious offender was, or what marks they expected to find on his skin, or if he ever was caught, I never learned, but since these two disagreeable incidents I have been exceedingly careful to have all official papers made out in my exact name.

Through a mutual friend I was introduced to the British labor leader, John Burns. He was a man of

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great strength, self-made and self-educated, who rose from the lowest rungs of the ladder, to become a member of Parliament for Battersea and ultimately a Cabinet Minister. His personality appealed to me, we became friends, and each summer when in England we arranged to lunch together.

It happened one year that just before my arrival in England a strike was declared involving a million or more men. It started among the freight handlers and stevedores, but many other workmen were called out in sympathy. Business was paralyzed, and the Government called upon Mr. Burns to endeavor to bring about a reconciliation between the employers and the strikers. A better mediator could not have been found, for Burns had been one of the people himself, they had confidence in him, and he not only possessed the gift of forceful eloquence, but could use a language they understood. He took the matter in hand with his usual thoroughness, and within a week a settlement was reached.

The accomplishment won him the acclaim of all England, and when I next saw him I asked him how he had been able to manage the titanic task of satisfying the employers and the multitude of strikers.

"Well," Burns said, "you will understand that it was absolutely impossible to talk to a million or more men; I could only influence the mass by first influencing the leaders. I soon found that the real obstacle in the way of a settlement was the inability or unwillingness of the leaders to agree among themselves. Each had

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his own views and purposes, to which he adhered with stubborn obstinacy.

“After setting forth what I believed could be accomplished by negotiations with their employers, I pointed out that neither success nor settlement was possible without unity of action. To emphasize the point I told them this story:

“I have always taken a great interest in welfare work for the insane. Last week I visited Coney Hatch Asylum, in which there are some 2,500 inmates.

“Do these people ever become dangerous?” I asked.

“Yes,” the Governor replied, ‘some become exceedingly violent and have to be confined in padded cells.’

“How many guards do you have to look after this army of madmen?”

“Oh, some hundred and fifty. Why do you ask?”

“Well, it seems to me an unnecessary risk is run. Say this vast number combined—could they not overpower their guards and free themselves?”

“The Governor shook his head.

“Mr. Burns, you may know something about politics, but you know nothing about lunatics. Lunatics never combine!” ”

In Russia, one thing that particularly interested me was the Foundling Institutions, established by Catherine the Great, and supported by the tax on playing cards. I was taken over one of these places and the management thoroughly explained to me. Sometimes as many as twenty children were brought to the Institution in one day. These babes had been aban-

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Abandoned in dark lanes, and some of them in winter-time were swaddled in warm clothes and left in the snow, or on the door-steps of the rich, the mother ringing the bell and running away.

In holy Russia no child could be admitted to the foundling hospital unless it was christened. On arrival at the institution, therefore, these infants were undressed and placed naked on planks, the boys on one side, the girls on the other, to await baptism. The priest carried a bottle of oil and a feather, and with the feather dipped in the oil he made the sign of the Cross on the forehead of each child. As they were without parents and without names, the Priest gave his own name to each child and the suffix "*ovna*" was added for each female child and "*vitch*" for each male child, so that if the Priest was named Alexander the girl was called Alexandrovna, the boy Alexandrovitch.

After baptism the infants were subjected to a very thorough medical examination. Healthy children were placed in one ward; children who showed signs of any particular weakness, and those suspected of any hereditary diseases were segregated in another.

The nurses attending the various wards wore different colored ribbons or streamers attached to their caps.

The babies were kept in these foundling hospitals until they were four or five years old, when they were sent on to special schools in the country. Later, the boys were drafted into the army and the girls into domestic service.

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Returning from one trip to Russia I stopped at several small towns on the Coast of Finland. Amusements there were none, and to kill time in the long evenings I used to take a Finnish bath.

In Finland every little town and village has its steam bath, usually connected with a laundry. The attendants are husky peasant women dressed in the native costume. The bather is first conducted to a sort of cubby-hole in which to remove his clothes, and is thence conducted in his birthday suit to a stone or concrete room in the middle of which is a pile of stones heated by wood fires underneath. Around the room are tiers of wooden slat shelves. Upon one of these the bather lies down, to simmer and sweat. If there is not sufficient steam in the room to bring out profuse perspiration, the attendant throws water upon the heated stones, from which steaming vapor arises in clouds.

When you feel that your "too solid flesh is melting" and your fat ascending as a vapor, you call for the attendant: then comes the surprise for the novice! A buxom female appeared, armed with a switch formed of boughs of the white birch. With this bundle of twigs she commenced to belay me, playing a tattoo upon my naked body, a form of chastisement which revived memories of boyhood, the only difference being that the Finnish birch is not denuded of leaves, so that as it is applied the leaves stick to the perspiring body. These gave me the appearance of Adam leaving the Garden of Eden.

When I had been well birched on one side, the

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husky peasant woman turned me over like a pancake and birched me on the other side. This trouncing made me tingle and smart, with a feeling 'twixt pleasure and pain. Covered with leaves and twigs like Jack-o'-the-Green, she lifted me up as if I were a feather, and dropped me into a bath tub, in which she removed my modest covering of leaves. Then she unceremoniously plumped me into another tub containing what felt like ice water. It was the custom in winter for the bather to go outside the building and roll in the snow. Such is the finish of the Finnish bath!

I went to put on my clothes, my body smarting from the birching I had received. The thought came to me that Providence had been kind in providing a part of the human body on which corporal punishment may be administered by parent, master or pastor to prevent a child being spoilt by sparing the rod. . . . I looked up and noticed my birching, buxom attendant stooping over a bath tub. It was a pose provocative, as if wooing me to retaliate. But discretion made me refrain. Again I looked. She had not changed her posture. It seemed like an invitation—yes, a challenge. I stole stealthily up behind her and with the flat of my hand gave her a resounding crack.

I had taken her by surprise—she turned quickly and rushed toward me with fire in her eye. I beat a hasty retreat, dodging her round the bath tubs. All of a sudden the humor of the situation struck her, and a smile stole over her face. Dressed, I gave her a good tip, and we parted, honors even!

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I believe I was one of the first to take an automobile trip from Copenhagen to Skagen, the most northerly point of Jutland, where the North and Baltic Seas come together, returning down the west coast. In the party were a Dane and his wife. At Aarhus we found a fair in progress. We visited the three or four hotels in the town, but could not obtain accommodation.

My Danish friend was equal to the emergency. Asking for the manager at the best hotel, he introduced me as the owner of the *New York Herald*, a man of great influence in the United States. He explained that whatever happened, the manager must find accommodation for our party, otherwise I would not write articles in my paper recommending Americans to come to the fair. This threat seemed to alarm the proprietor, for he gave us some of his best rooms.

From Aarhus we motored to Marienlust, the most fashionable seaside resort in Denmark. In my travels it is my practice to keep a linen bag in which I place small coins of the country. In this bag I had a collection of coins from nearly every country in the world: Sen from Japan, kronen from Austria, sous from France, pfennige from Germany, centavos from Mexico, piastres from Egypt, kopecks from Russia, Chinese cash and many other coins.

Arriving at Marienlust late at night we were shown to our rooms by a sleepy night porter. On the outside of all the bedroom doors hung the occupants' clothes. This is the usual custom in Europe, that the clothes may be brushed while the guests sleep. It occurred to me, for a joke, to put strange coins in the pockets

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of these different suits. Thus in one pocket we placed a five or ten centime piece, in another a German five pfennige, in a third the Chinese cash and so on. In the pocket of every man stopping at the hotel there was a coin, and each coin was from a different country.

When we came down to breakfast we watched the guests expectantly. They were whispering and talking and exhibiting the coins found in their pockets. The more they talked the more puzzled they became as to where the money had come from and why it had been put there! If any of the guests who were that night at Marienlust read this, they will solve at last the problem of the unknown donor.

It was a foolish thing to do, for had we been discovered in the act it would have been difficult to explain that we were putting money into empty pockets and not taking it out.

In the early spring of 1908, I crossed the Pacific from Yokohama to San Francisco on the S. S. "Siberia." I was seated at table next to the Captain, to whom I had been introduced in Shanghai. There were some eighty Chinese on board, including the Ambassador to Washington, Dr. Wu Ting Fang, an Oxford graduate, his attaché, Dr. Yen, a Professor of English literature, and also the new consuls for Honolulu, San Francisco, and New York, with their entourages. The Captain placed me opposite Dr. Wu Ting Fang and Dr. Yen, and for twenty days I had the opportunity of conversing with and studying these highly educated and clever Chinamen.

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Few Chinese show any emotion or even expression in their faces, and it is exceedingly difficult to excite them. There was, however, one subject, which if discussed would incense Dr. Wu, namely, the United States Exclusion Act. He claimed that concessions had been made to Japan by the United States, actuated by fear because Japan was a fighting nation, while China being a peaceful nation had been imposed upon. I remarked that with a Chinese population of over four hundred million, if the United States were to permit an unlimited number of Chinese immigrants to enter their country, so many would avail themselves of the privilege as eventually to become a serious menace to the country. I told Dr. Wu I had observed while in New Zealand that where white men married Maori women the half-caste offspring are an exceptionally fine race physically, yet these half-breeds invariably die at an early age from tuberculosis, the only apparent reason being the mixture of bloods so alien.

Dr. Wu said that this point had never been put to him before, and that he would take some time to consider it. He suggested that I should meet him the following evening on deck to finish the discussion. At the appointed time and place Dr. Wu appeared.

"There is nothing whatever in your argument," were his first words. "There is absolutely no proof that the Eurasian dies earlier, or is not as healthy as those of either pure Chinese or pure white blood. And you must remember that the offspring of these marriages which are almost invariably between a white man and

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a low-class Chinese woman, do not give a fair basis for judgment.

“And as with vitality, so with mentality. The hybrid Eurasian is as healthy as either of the parent stocks. When the British first settled in Hongkong they opened schools for white children. Chinese were not permitted to attend, but a little later they allowed Eurasians to come. What was the result? Scholarships were almost invariably won by the Eurasians. Now they allow a certain number of Chinese to enter, and these also take the scholarships away from those of entirely white blood.

“There is a man who is possibly the richest merchant in Hongkong. He has built up an enormous business, employing a great number of hands, and no one questions his integrity. He is an Eurasian.

“As regards your contention that the Chinese would flock in such great numbers to the United States as to imperil the descendants of the European races, it is absurd even to think of such a thing. All immigrants to the United States from China come from one province only, Canton. In the rest of China the poor people do not even know that such a country exists.”

In the course of one of my conversations with Dr. Yen, he attacked the system of education of Great Britain and the United States. He claimed that it made the acquisition of knowledge distasteful. One instance he cited was the prevalent practice of giving impositions to backward or badly behaved scholars. This he contended only made them detest school, learning and everything connected with it. He advised

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adoption of the Chinese system of solitary confinement for pupils who have been remiss in learning their lessons.

He told me the story of a Chinese boy who had not been paying sufficient attention to his English literature. He was taken to a room, where he was to be shut up alone, and told to make a play on words, in English. Before the door could be closed he called out:

“O-pun the door,” and was at once liberated.

During this conversation we somehow or another reached the subject of the high stools that were largely used in offices and banks.

“Why is there a hole in the center of them?” asked Yen.

“So that they can be picked up easily,” I replied.

“We have a number of those stools in the south-eastern provinces of China,” said Yen, “and we call them monkey stools. They look as though they had been built for monkeys, the hole being placed in the center in order that the monkey’s tail might go through!”

Dr. Wu never, under any circumstances, ate meat. He ate, however, a large number of eggs, some venerable and of ancient vintage, every day, cooked in vegetable broth. By the time we reached San Francisco we had become very friendly, and I invited him to dine with me in New York. He accepted, on condition that he might send his own cooks to prepare his food, as he could not eat American food. Courteously he asked me to call on him in Washington.

About a month later I was in Washington and de-

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cided to telephone the Embassy and make an appointment to visit Dr. Wu. I obtained the connection from my hotel, and a Chinese answered.

“Is Doctor Wu there?” I asked.

“Who?” queried the Oriental.

“Not ‘who’—Dr. Wu,” I persisted.

“Who?” again came the reply.

It seemed useless to try to make him understand that, so I asked for Dr. Yen.

“When?” said the bland voice.

I was becoming exasperated, but determined to try another sentence.

“I came over on the ‘Siberia,’ ” I cried.

“You come from Siberia?” replied the Chinese.

“No!” I yelled into the transmitter with rage. “I crossed the Pacific on the ‘Siberia’ with Dr. Wu.”

“Who do you come from in Siberia?”

In utter desperation I made one last attempt.

“Is His Excellency there?”

This he understood, and I finally made him comprehend at least a part of my message. After some delay he returned to the telephone and said:

“His Excellency will see you for not more than ten minutes, if you will come to the Embassy at eight o’clock this evening. Any fraction of time you are late, it is understood, will be taken from the ten minutes allowed for the interview.”

I thought this was a singularly arbitrary invitation, but arrived at the Embassy a minute before eight, and rang the bell exactly as the clock struck the hour. I was ushered into the reception room, and soon after,

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Doctor Wu entered. When he saw me he extended his arms in cordial recognition, and asked me to be seated.

"Why did you make a time limit for my call?" I asked.

"I was told you came from Siberia," Wu replied, "and I did not know any one in Siberia whom I wanted to see; however, I thought I might be able to obtain information from some one coming from Siberia with a special message, and I made the appointment, with the limitation as to time, so that if the Siberian stranger did not prove interesting I might excuse myself readily."

I remained with him for some time, talking over our trip together, but he would not discuss any matter connected with political conditions. He held the Confucian theory that caution seldom errs.

About three years before the late war, I was stopping at the Hotel de l'Europe in St. Petersburg. At the hotel I engaged a guide named Dmitri, one of the few official guides who spoke English. He was a big husky fellow, standing over six feet, and broad in proportion. He had been a sailor in the English Merchant Marine, where he learned English. His vocabulary was forceful and hardly suited to the drawing-room, being embellished by many "blokes" and "bloodies" like that of a parrot trained by sailors. He had weighed anchor in many ports which I also had visited, and in consequence a camaraderie sprang up between us.

In St. Petersburg I visited the principal churches and picture galleries, and also saw a number of private col-

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lections to which the public was not generally admitted. Dmitri made the bold boast that there was no place in Russia he could not take me, if I would pay the price. This meant a series of bribes to the itching palms of poorly paid officials.

With Dmitri I went to Tsarskoe-Selo, the palace occupied by Nicholas II, a short distance from St. Petersburg. Within the large and very beautiful grounds is also situated the Villa Imperial, surrounded by a high wall guarded by Cossacks. The palace of Tsarskoe-Selo is one of the largest and most luxurious in Europe. It was the custom upon the death of a Czar to open to the public those apartments which he had occupied, and furnish a new suite for the reigning Czar.

I had seen the suites of Catherine II, Alexander I, Nicholas I, Alexander II and Alexander III. These state apartments were interesting for their furnishings and *objets-d'art*, but I was curious to see those actually in use by Nicholas II—to get “behind the scenes,” and learn something of this autocratic Czar who had crowned himself as the Elect of God to rule a hundred million subjects.

Recalling Dmitri’s boast, I determined to see if he could make good. I told him I wished to go over the private apartments of the Czar. For an instant he looked nonplussed.

“You are asking me to do a very difficult thing,” he said after a pause. “But stand here and wait, and I will let you know if it can be done.”

He returned in a few minutes, stating it would take a lot of money, and named a sum. I made a rapid

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calculation of rubles into dollars, and found that about twenty dollars were required. I did not know when, if ever, I should be again in Russia, and was anxious to see if the pictures and works of art in the private rooms were of the same suggestive character as many I had seen in other Russian palaces. As I was paying Dmitri the money, I hesitated.

“Suppose I am caught in these private apartments —what will happen to me? I don’t want to be cast into one of those doleful dungeons in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul!”

“You need not be afraid,” replied Dmitri. “You could steal everything valuable in this palace and you wouldn’t get into any trouble. I am the one who would be punished as official guide.”

“What would they do to you, Dmitri, if I was caught?”

“Well, I might be sent to Siberia. . . .”

“I don’t want you sent to the mines in Siberia! I should never forgive myself if that happened.”

“If you will take the chance, I’m willing to run the risk.”

Curiosity prompted me to the adventure, and in a reckless mood I decided to pick up the gauntlet he had thrown down. I paid Dmitri the money, and he instructed me what to do. He would conduct me to a passageway out of which a door opened, and when I reached the far end of the apartments I was to scratch on the door. This was the signal for the guard stationed there to let me out. Dmitri was to return to the main entrance of the palace and await me there.

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I accompanied Dmitri to a door before which stood a guard in the imperial uniform. He saluted me, and Dmitri left me. The guard made a rapid survey to satisfy himself that he was unobserved, and without speaking a word opened the door and motioned me to enter. I did so, and heard the key turn in the lock behind me. I stood in the private apartments of the Czar, a labyrinth of marble columns and corridors—a series of rooms opening one into the other for what seemed an immense distance. As I passed through the mirrored rooms, I started often at my own reflection, and turned at the sound of my own footsteps on the parquetry. I had read so much of the tyranny and cruelties of the Czars that a thousand possibilities shot through my mind, all of them unpleasant. Suppose one of the guards should find me! I spoke no Russian—how could I explain my presence? Without Dmitri, what could I do? I had great faith in my guide, but somewhat doubted his assurance that I would not get into trouble. My one thought was hurriedly to see all I could, and get out!

The galleries were resplendent with gorgeous painted ceilings, gilded furniture and tapestried walls, beautiful draperies and rugs woven with the pattern of the imperial eagle. Halls were filled with magnificent cabinets and ottomans, chairs upholstered in tapes-tries and velvet damask, embroidered with pearls and gold. The uses of some of this endless succession of rooms I could not conjecture. In all the air was heavy and depressing, for the windows were closed. As I passed through the maze of apartments I noticed some-

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times an odor of tobacco smoke, sometimes the aroma of incense, faint breath of the Orient. There were salons and drawing rooms in which a perfume of women and fragrant flowers seemed to linger in the air. I could in imagination picture the gorgeous and brilliant spectacle of these salons illuminated, and crowded with men in military and court uniforms and bejeweled women in décolleté gowns. In sharp contrast to the suggestion of this worldly vanity were the jeweled ikons with the man-weary face of Christ, and the Italian Madonnas and saints in Majolica with love and pity portrayed in every lineament. Mixed with these religious subjects were paintings of nude naiads and seductive nymphs with palpitating flesh. The gorgeous palace betrayed the frenzied excesses of a sumptuous but dissolute court—a throne erected upon a down-trodden people and upheld by tyranny and cruelty. What a commingling of religion and luxury! What an atmosphere in which to live—surrounded by spies—traitors clad even in the uniform of the imperial guard—ruling by fear and ruled by fear.

One room especially attracted my attention. It was the private study and library of the Czar. In it was a large desk of French workmanship, highly ornamented with ormolu. An elaborate inkstand stood upon it, with a number of gold boxes filled with seals. There was also a pounce box at one side, filled with fine white sand in which was sprinkled gold dust. I sat in the stiff state chair which was gold-embroidered, and took up the pen which doubtless the Czar had held many times when he signed important *ukases* and

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warrants of life and death—I brought away with me some of the sand which he used in place of blotting paper to lessen the possibility of forgery.

All the time I was in this labyrinth of bedrooms, boudoirs and salons, I felt there might be some one watching me, or that some one would suddenly come upon me from one of the passages, or that a Cossack would confront me from behind one of the curtains. It was a great relief when I reached the last of these suites—on giving the prearranged signal the door was opened, and I was no longer a trespasser on forbidden ground.

When I rejoined Dmitri I asked him how the Czar was then regarded in Russia, as head of the church and state.

“The Czar is afraid of his shadow—” replied Dmitri. “He’s been superstitious ever since his coronation and the terrible disaster of Petrovskoie. He no more rules this country than I do! His advisers tell him every move to make—they’ve got his nose like putty: when they want him to look down, they bend it this way—when they want him to look up, they bend it that.”

When I left St. Petersburg finally, Dmitri accompanied me to my train.

“Come back to Russia,” were his parting words. “I’ll tell you how to make a fortune. All you have to do is to start an American company manufacturing aeroplanes—all the princes and grand dukes will take stock in your company. They’d want to be on the right side of any one with an aeroplane: they are scared to death of bombs and they’d look on the investment

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as a security. You would never have to build even one aeroplane!"

Dmitri's remarks bore out my own observations of conditions, foreshadowing the revolution which shook Russia to its foundations, not five years later.



## XI

### *Past and Future*

IN looking back over fifty years of active life, I have often asked myself the question: Is man's material advancement permanent? Is the present civilization conducive to his happiness? Mankind retains to a great extent his primitive instincts: will he one day find himself again in need of them?

Mortals are born into a world teeming with life, visible and invisible; a world where life depends upon death. The countless number of creatures results in endless warfare, life preying upon life—death for many, that the few may live, bringing in its train horrors and cruelties, a saturnalia of blood. Nature creates but to abandon, as if heedless of the lives she has brought into being, indifferent to their fate. The strong live upon the weak; the weak survive by craft

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and cunning. Millions of seeds are scattered broadcast, never to mature—millions of eggs laid, never to fructify—numbers of children born, only to die in infancy. This amazing fertility overwhelms man, as it does all that lives and moves upon the earth.

From nature's indifference to the fate of the individual sprang man's first instinct: self-preservation. Since his advent on earth he has been in a continuous conflict with nature, whose inexorable law is to eliminate the weak and old and create the strong and new. Nature keeps no record of lives—only those survive who are fit. To preserve the life balance, death is necessary, and as a concomitant, pain and suffering.

Back in the dim ages, most animal life was oviparous: to check and limit overproduction, the eggs and young had to be eaten, resulting in an appalling waste of life. It was a primitive world that knew neither maternity nor love, for the mother of millions is a mother in name only; it was a world hardened to cruelty, for where love is not, cruelty has little meaning. . . .

In the National Picture Gallery in Moscow, there is, or was before the war, a large canvas by possibly the greatest Russian artist, Aïvazovsky, entitled "The Moment of the Creation of the World," portraying the time when "the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." It is a graphic conception of a creative brain, translated by the hand of genius into an unforgettable picture. One sees across an amorphous, windswept waste, through nebulous veils of gaseous vapors, a world in the mak-

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ing. Scattered clouds rise from the surface of the waters, and through them lightning streaks in livid rifts of light that illumine the pall of darkness. As yet there is no day, only a trembling half light, as out of eternity time is born and awaits the awakening of a world. In the dim distance through scudding mist we see water subside and land appear. The forces of attraction and repulsion are bringing order out of chaos. . . . Upon this world—to him vast and limitless, encompassed around by forces—was placed man, knowing little and understanding less of nature's laws. Is it surprising he lived in a condition of abject fear?

To primitive man's untutored mind, nature was remorseless and pitiless. Fire and flood destroyed, plague and pestilence decimated his number. Blindly groping for light, he deified each natural force and attributed to a god or demon every phase of weal or woe. Everything good came from benign powers or gods, everything evil from malignant powers or demons. Thus polytheism and demon worship were the first crude efforts of the human to satisfy his intuitive craving to rely on something outside himself—something greater than himself. In short, man began to realize his need of God.

To his simple mind, mortal man seemed to be born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. Sorrow was his portion, his fate inevitable. The wild winds of heaven capsized his frail craft, the tornado blew down his rude hut. . . . But slowly he learned that the winds could be harnessed to fill the sails of his boat, and to turn the mills to grind his corn.

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Man became progressively hunter, herder, and agriculturist, in each of which pursuits he was surrounded by what he considered uncontrollable forces; praying for help he struggled blindly against floods and drought, pestilence and famine. In his struggle to conquer and utilize the forces of nature, there is one invention of man which has been most helpful—the wheel. The sphere, and the circle, which he could observe in nature, may have given him the original idea, but the wheel was the discovery of man, contrived by his skill and ingenuity. Legs, wings and fins the lower creatures use, but the wheel has outstripped them all for motion and speed.

The most progressive nations are those that have most diligently studied and used natural laws. The doctor inoculates against disease, deadens pain with anesthetics, prevents contagion and infection by anti-septics and sterilization. The surgeon removes diseased organs, grafts bones and glands taken from animals. The physicists and electricians can draw the lightning from the clouds. Electricity, invisible and intangible, can be transmitted over wires for use as light, heat and power. Chemists create new substances by transposition of the atoms; the metallurgist makes new alloys and amalgams, making metals stronger and more durable.

Machines have been built that count, calculate—in fact, almost think; that have hands quick and dexterous; that plow the land, sow the seed, reap the harvest and stack the straw. Mountains have been tunneled, canals cut across continents, sand drawn by

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suction from the depths of the sea to make new land. The waterfall is now the white coal: toll has been taken of the tides—water that flows or falls is converted into the sinews of giants that become the servants of man. Forces which man regarded as hurtful have been made helpful, and by a better understanding of these forces he is beginning to free himself from fear.

But I have not answered my question: “Is man’s material advancement permanent?” In many respects the work of the ancients is the work of pygmies as compared with the work of the modern giants. The ancients employed their captives, slaves and serfs to build their temples, palaces and monuments. The civilization of the past relied for immortality on bricks and stone that envious time can destroy. The moderns, having a knowledge of the control of natural forces which are continuous, constant and everlasting, bequeath a heritage of the intangible—not made of stone by the hands of man, but founded on knowledge lent by God. Through the development of transit facilities and the resultant intercommunication, nations are now no longer isolated, and the knowledge upon which the present civilization is built is more widely distributed—consequently is more likely to persist than the purely localized cultures of the days that have vanished.

In this lies the hope that never in the future will there be a “Dark Age”—that though nations may decline and fall, there will be at least one people who will bear the torch of knowledge forward to light fu-

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ture generations. Perhaps man's mission on earth is to conquer and subdue nature? Why should this not be? It opens up an interesting line of thought.

In the matchless account of creation as given in Genesis, whether viewed as an allegory by the skeptic or as a true account by the devout, we read of the benefits given to man—dominion over all created life, and we find that one of the first commands to man from his Creator was to subdue the earth.

The transgression of our first parents gained the greatest boon bestowed upon the human race—the knowledge of good and evil—as also the beneficent gift of death, a sacrifice of the living for the unborn. Birth is often attained at the cost of the mother's life. Love is born upon the bed of death—each generation is cradled in the coffin of its ancestors.

Since mankind has possessed this knowledge, he has sometimes chosen good—sometimes evil. The power for good has often lain dormant, for there have been generations that had eyes and saw not—had ears and heard not.

The earliest forms of polytheism depended on crude superstition and blind credulity. The pagan religions of Babylon, Greece, and Rome appealed largely to the senses and emotions, and the races practising them degenerated. With the swing of the pendulum, the civilized world was preparing for a religion of sacrifice and spirituality, when Christianity was embraced by the Emperor Constantine, and through his power and influence accepted by the Roman Empire.

With the fall of the Greek and Roman dynasties,

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and the rise of Christianity and Islam, the belief in many gods and goddesses, who had mated with mortals and whose power for good and evil overlapped, became discredited and was no longer revered.

The Hindu religion has a Trimurti, or triad of gods. The gods forming this trinity are not three-in-one, nor co-equal, and each has specific powers. The first god in the triad is Brahma, the creator; second, Vishnu, the preserver; and last and least, Siva, the destroyer and reproducer—a godhead which does not contradict the findings of science. It is true that there are many minor legendary gods in the Hindu religion, but the Trimurti stand supreme as creator, preserver, and destroyer.

Let us assume, as an allegorical hypothesis, that the three Hindu gods are represented by three separate fruits on the tree of knowledge, each if plucked giving the power of a controlling force—creation, preservation and destruction. Man learned early the power of destruction; since Cain killed Abel he has been developing this dire power. With each successive century he has applied many of his newest discoveries to the purpose of annihilating his fellows and laying waste the earth. The devastation of the late war, the ruins of towns, the blasted trees, the military cemeteries, bear mute witness to his terrible success.

Through the application of scientific principles to agriculture, forestry and breeding, man has been able to direct and adapt the fecundity of nature to his own purposes, and improve the qualities of animals, fruits

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and vegetables, thus taking unto himself the secondary attribute of Siva.

The second controlling power, vested in Vishnu, was to preserve, stabilize, and keep in equipoise the two opposing forces, creation and destruction. Man has to a certain extent acquired the power of preservation, lengthening human life by a more perfect knowledge of the causes of disease, by sanitation and hygiene, conserving vegetable and animal life and mineral resources.

On the highest bough of the tree, far from mortal reach, hangs the fruit that would give the power to create—this he has not picked, except insofar as the creative chemist has produced new substances not found in nature.

Yet what he has done in the last few years leads us to hope that man is on the threshold of even greater discoveries. Philosophers, astronomers, astrologists, and alchemists of old sought in vain the key to the hidden mysteries of the universe—but within the past few generations man has partly opened the door of the shrine of science, which grudging nature has kept closed so long, and learned some of the secret laws through which nature works, revealing God to man. With the knowledge thus obtained, there has poured forth a flood of seeming miracles, and as the serpent whispered in the ear of Eve, tempting her, man has become as one of the gods!

It is therefore with no vain hope that we may look forward to a revelation of that riddle of the universe: “What is man? What is his mission?”

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As to whether or not our scientific and social attainments conduce to happiness, there are as many different arguments as there are different minds.

The followers of the philosophy of Karl Marx believe that man's happiness depends upon an equal distribution of wealth. This seems a short-sighted theory which obviously would not lessen either misery or crime. It would be retrogression to the primitive state of our early progenitors who lived in huts, all dressed alike, and the only gradations in their prosperity were marked by the possession of a greater or lesser number of clubs or stone hatchets.

It is the inequality that gives the relish to life's feast—that gives it piquancy, fascination, and allure. It is the incentive and stimulus to endeavor. To a healthy mind, the anticipation of achievement is an urge to enter the battle of life. Neither possession nor poverty can be abolished, nor equality achieved, in a world where no two things are the same.

To-day there are more opportunities for the thinker and worker than at any previous time. In moral and social, no less than in material, progress there will ever be an exalted place for the man who thinks, and he will ever govern and direct those who only toil.



## XII

### *The Last Span of the Bridge*

I AM drawing to the end of my journey across the bridge of life. I have passed from the sunshine of youth into the shadows and darkness of age.

You who have followed me thus far in my life's history have read of my troubles in childhood and adolescence, the uphill climb and struggle for success. Like others, I have sought to avoid pain and attain happiness. Pain may be prevented by self-control and moderation in all things, but happiness is sought in vain. Momentary happiness comes, yes, but in the very nature of things it cannot be permanent. This have I learned, and many another thing in life's pilgrimage.

On the threshold of life there is the ardent dream of youth, in which we chase the end of the rainbow in answer to the call of the spirit of manhood, dauntless

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and daring, eager and restless. Then comes love's fever—the rapture and beautiful ecstasy of passionate love—and after the illusion is shattered there is the fading of the vision, until we meet the woman who becomes our helpmate—one who, if we have chosen wisely, comforts and sustains us. But even then, happiness eludes our grasp—joys are few and brief, troubles many and long. We see beauty wither, the fairness of the body pass, with the gradual loss of youth. Ever before us is the knowledge that we must meet that grisly thing called death—that shadow cast across our path as we travel the bridge of life.

I have seen many things change and pass, wax and wane—have known many men and women who will return no more. The cold breath of winter has whitened my hair. I am weary, and await the rest and silence eternal.

I have learned not to take life too seriously. Many events which once seemed calamities, I now see as blessings. It is foolish to worry about the future for the worst rarely happens; and futile to worry about the past. Learn from the past; do your best, and leave the rest to fate or fortune. Do not fear. The Japanese say: "There are only two things to fear: darkness and a fool—darkness, because you cannot see; a fool, because you do not know what he will do." Seek not excess: be wise—drain no pleasure to the lees.

The greatest satisfaction in life is to be found in achievement, and the gradual rise to triumph, for anticipation is greater happiness than realization. The poor think that if they had wealth they would be

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happy; the rich know differently, for with more cares there is less happiness. The poor live in hope of becoming rich--the rich live in the dread of becoming poor.

When you build, and see things grow and prosper through your industry, you are relatively happy; but when success is won and there is no longer need to strive, you are discontented, possession often palls. You travel, and seek in far countries the blue bird of happiness, only to find it in your own home. This truth the wanderer will find as he nears the end of the bridge of life. Writing as a naturalist and a disciple of Henri Fabre, I can point to but one living creature that has found Elysium. For supreme possible happiness I have taken that humble insect, the drone—one of the most despised of the two millions of species of insects that inhabit the earth—the drone which in normal life would be expelled from the hive with wings clipped and left to starve.

Is it by design or chance that a few of these drones have secured those things which should bring pleasure, health, and long life? This favorite of fortune, this loafer of the hive, takes up his winter quarters in the city greenhouses of Central Park, where any nature lover in New York may see him, flitting from flower to flower, in the warm perfumed air. Here he lives, surrounded by the fairest flowers, in a crystal palace of indolence. Here, sheltered from the cold winds, he lives on nectar of flowers that are grown for him and open their leaves in the warm air. He reigns, a prince, in a paradise of flowers.

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Why should this despised insect, that is only tolerated in the hive, have the chance for such supreme enjoyment? The drone is a by-word, for he leads a lazy life and eats the honey of idleness: he is a wastrel, a sluggard, in comparison with his sisters, the working bees. Although the bee is eulogized as a pattern of industry and thrift, it is the insect I dislike most. To me she is a scolding shrew, a bustling fussy old maid, who, not being content to be truly female, evolved herself into a loveless, sexless creature, cruel and stupid: cruel, because she suffocates her queen mother and massacres her brothers, and has changed her ovum depositor into a sting of venom; stupid, because having stored her honey she allows others to deprive her of the fruits of her labor: like Sisyphus, she keeps on pushing a stone up the hill, only to watch it roll down. But to return to the Beau Brummell of the hive. Is there a magic wand that guides—or a finger that beckons—is there a hand that directs this dull drone? Or is it chance? By what vagary of fate is this booby insect so specially favored? By what turn of the wheel of chance? The same wheel that in its turning may lead one on the straight road on which none are lost, and another on the slippery road that ends in shame and misery.

Men who have failed blame chance for all the vicissitudes of life. Is this just? For to each man in his life the turn of the wheel will bring opportunity: it is for him to recognize that opportunity when it comes, and be prepared to seize the favorable moment.

What is chance? Another name for fate?—the fate

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at whose behest we come into this world to suffer and rejoice, live and die, according to the turn of the wheel.

Is it luck, fate, destiny, or chance that on the self-same night in the same city two infants are born, one on a bed of roses, the other on a bed of thorns—one to rank and riches, the other to sordid poverty—one perfect being, the other incomplete. Is there a reason, or is it chance?

The realist says there is no such thing as chance—that for every effect there is logical and positive cause—that chance plays no part in creation as a whole—that in this world no man can gamble—that, for instance, a roulette wheel is governed by the law of averages, and if we but understood that law, each turn might be foretold. Thus men argue about everything, from the games of chance to the greatest gamble of all—Life.

Chance may be found to be the follower and offspring of forethought—a forethought which unites the future with the past, for some concealed purpose beyond our ken. Perhaps what we in our ignorance call chance is but the veiled and inscrutable working of the Master Mind—for in a universe governed by laws it seems incredible that life and death should be haphazard. . . . But no man yet on the bridge of life can see the far shore, nor guess the reason for his journey; none may know whence he came nor whither he is bound—and least of all can he penetrate the veil that obscures the purpose of destiny. As one nears the end of the bridge one realizes the futility of arguing over the “whence?” “whither?” and “wherefore?” For

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truly in this life "we see through a glass darkly."

Maybe when our earthly journey is ended, and we reach that farther shore, the purposes of the Infinite Mind may be made clear to us. . . . Until then, as we travel the bridge of life, unknowing, unseeing, let us bow to Lady Luck and the Goddess of Chance—Godmothers of Fate and Destiny.

(1)

THE END







